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The Shakespeare Head Edition  
of the Noyels of Samuel Richardson



SIR CHARLES GRANDISON VOL. II





THE  
H I S T O R Y  
*of* Sir  
Charles Grandison

In a SERIES of LETTERS published  
from the ORIGINALS by the Editor  
of PAMELA and CLARISSA

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IN SIX VOLUMES

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VOLUME II

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The History of Sir Charles Grandison ·  
Volume II



THE  
H I S T O R Y  
OF  
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON

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LETTER I.

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Miss HARRIET BYRON, To Miss LUCY SELBY.

Sunday, Mar. 5.

MY cousins will have it, that I am far gone in a certain passion [*They speak quite out*]; and with a man that has given me no encouragement—Encouragement! how meanly sounds that word! But I hope they are mistaken. I cannot say, but I might prefer, if I were to have my choice—one man to another—But that is a different thing from being run away with by so *vehement* a folly as they are ready to ascribe to me.

Well, but, under this notion, they are solicitous that I should not neglect any opportunity [What a poor creature do they think me!] of *ingratiating* myself with the sisters: And therefore I must by all means, accept of Miss Grandison's invitation to tea.

I insisted, however, that they should accompany me, as they likewise were invited: And they obliged me—I may say *themselves* too; for they admire the brother and sisters as much as I do.

We found together Lord and Lady L. Miss Grandison, Miss Jervois, Dr. Bartlett, and Mr. Grandison. Sir Charles was in his drawing-room, adjoining to the Study; a Lady with him they said. What business had I to wish to know whether it was an elderly or a young Lady? But I must tell you all my follies. When we alighted, a very genteel chair made way for our coach.

Mr. Grandison made up to me; and, as heretofore, said very silly things, but with an air, as if he were accustomed to say such, and to have them received as gallant things, by those to whom he addressed them. How painful is it to a mind not quite at ease, to be obliged to be civil, when the ear is invaded by contemptible speeches, from a man who must think as highly of himself for uttering them, as meanly of the understanding of the person he is speaking to!

Miss Grandison saw me a little uneasy, and came up to us. Mr. Grandison, said she, I thought you had known Miss Byron's character by this time. She is something more than a pretty woman. She has a *soul*, Sir: The man who makes a compliment to her on her beauty, depreciates her understanding.

She then led me to her seat, and sat down next me. .

Mr. Grandison was in the midst of a fine speech, and was not well pleased. He sat down, threw one leg over the knee of the other, hemmed three or four times, took out his snuff-box, tapped it, let the snuff drop thro' his fingers, then broke the lumps, then shut it, and twirled it round with the fore-finger of his right-hand, as he held it between the thumb and fore-finger of the other; and was quite like a sullen boy: Yet, after a while, tried to recover himself, by forcing a laugh at a slight thing or two said in company, that was not intended to raise one.

I think, my dear, I could have allowed a little more for him, had not his name been Grandison.

We soon adjusted every-thing for the little journey. Mr. Grandison told Miss Grandison, that if she would make him amends for her treatment of him just now, she should put Lord L. upon inviting *him*. Lord and Lady L. joined to do so. But Miss Grandison would not admit of his going; and I was glad of it.

But, not to affront you, cousin, said she, Miss Byron and I want to have a good deal of particular conversation: So shall not be able to spare *you* an hour of our company at Colnebrooke. But one thing, Sir: My brother sets out for Canterbury to-morrow: Tell him, that *we* won't be troubled with your company: Ask him, if *he* will?

Not in those words neither, cousin Charlotte: But I will offer my attendance; and if he accepts of it, I shall be half as happy as if I went to Colnebrooke; and *only* half, bowing to me.

Why, now, you are a good docible kind of man! I want to hear what will be my brother's answer: For we know not one syllable, nor can guess at his business at Canterbury.

The tea-equipage being brought in, we heard Sir Charles's voice, complimenting a Lady to her chair; and who pleaded engagement for declining to drink tea with his sister. And then he entered the parlour to us. He addressed my cousins, who were next him, with his usual politeness. He then came to me: How does my good Miss Byron? Not discomposed, I hope, by your yesterday's visitors. They are all of them in love with you. But you must have been pained—I was pained for you, when I heard they had visited you. But extraordinary merit has some forfeitures to pay.



I am sure then, thought I, you must have a great many. Every-time I see him, I think he rises upon me in the gracefulness of his behaviour.

I have one agreeable piece of news to tell you, madam. Sir Hargrave will go abroad for a twelvemonth. He says, he cannot be in the same kingdom with you, and not see you. He hopes therefore to lessen the torment, by flying from the temptation. Mr. Bagenhall and Mr. Merceda will go with him.

Then whispering me, he said, From an hint in the Letter of the penitent Wilson, that Mr. Bagenhall's circumstances are not happy, and that he is too much in the power of Sir Hargrave; I have prevailed on the latter, in consideration of the other's accompanying him abroad, to make him easy. And, would you believe it? and can you forgive me?—I have brought Sir Hargrave to give Wilson the promised 100 *l.* To induce him to do this, Merceda (influenced by the arguments I urged, founded on the unhappy fellow's confessions in that Letter) offered 50 *l.* more, for his past services to himself: And both, as a proof of the sincerity of their promised reformation. Wilson shall not have the money, but upon his marrying the girl to whom he is contracted: And on my return from a little excursion I am making to Canterbury, I shall put all in a train. And now, let me ask you, once more, Can you forgive me for *rewarding*, as you may think it, a base servant?

O Sir! how can I answer you?—You told me at Colnebrooke, that we were to endeavour to bring good out of the evil from which you had delivered me. This indeed is making your words true in a very extensive sense: To make your enemies your friends; to put wicked men into a way of reformation; and to make it a bad man's interest

to be good—*Forgive* you, Sir!—From what I remember of that poor wretch's Letter, I was obliged to him myself: Tho' vile, he was less vile than he might have been. The young woman behaved with tenderness to me at Paddington: Let me therefore add 50 *l.* to Mr. Merceda's 50 *l.* as an earnest that I can follow a noble example.

You charm me, madam, said he. I am not disappointed in my opinion of you—The fellow, if he give hope of real penitence, shall not want the fourth 50 *l.*—It would be *too good* in you, so great a sufferer as you were by his wickedness, to give it: But it will become a man to do it, who has not been injured by him, and who was the occasion of his losing the favour of his employer; and the rather, as he was an adviser to his fellow-agents to fly, and not to fire at my servants, who might have suffered from a *sturdier* villain. He has promised repentance and reformation: This small sum will give me a kind of right to enforce the performance—But no more of this just now.

Miss Jervois just then looking as if she would be glad to speak with her guardian, he arose, and taking her hand led her to the window. She was in a supplicating attitude as if asking a favour. He seemed to be all kindness and affection to her.—Happy girl!—Miss Grandison, who had heard enough of what he said of Wilson, to be affected, whispered me, Did I not tell you, Harriet, that my brother was continually employed in doing good? He has invention, forecast, and contrivance: But you see how those qualities are all employed.

O Miss Grandison! said I, I am such a nothing!—I cannot, as Sir Hargrave says, bear my own littleness.

Be quiet, said she—You are an exceeding good girl! But you have a monstrous deal of pride. Early I saw that. You are not half so good as the famous Greek, who losing

an election for which he stood, to be one in 300 only, thanked the gods, that there were in Athens (I think it was) 300 better men than himself. Will you not have honour enough, if it can be said, that, *next* to Sir Charles Grandison, you are the best creature in the world?

Sir Charles led his ward to a seat, and sat down by us.

Cousin Charlotte, said Mr. Grandison, you remember your treatment of me, for addressing Miss Byron in an open, and I thought, a very polite manner: Pray where's *your* impartiality? Sir Charles has been shut up in his Study with a Lady who would not be seen by any-body else.—But Sir Charles may do any-thing.

I am afraid it is too late, cousin, said Miss Grandison: Else it would be worth your while to try for a reputation.

Has Charlotte, Mr. Grandison, said Sir Charles, used you ill? Ladies will do as they please with you gallant men. They look upon you as their own; and you wish them to do so. You must bear the inconvenience for the sake of the convenience.

Well, but, Sir Charles, I am refused to be of the Colnebrooke party—Absolutely refused. Will *you* accept of my company? Shall I attend you to Canterbury?

Are you in earnest, cousin Grandison? Will you oblige me with your company?

With all my heart and soul, Sir Charles.

With all mine, I accept your kind offer.

This agreeably surprised his sisters as well as me: But why then so secret, so reserved, to them?

Mr. Grandison immediately went out to give orders to his servant for the journey.

A good-natured man! said Sir Charles.—Charlotte, you are sometimes too quick upon him—Are you not?

Too quick upon him!—No, no: I have hopes of him; for he can be ashamed! That was not always the case with him. Between your gentleness and my quickness, we shall make something of him in time.

Mr. Grandison immediately returned; and we lost something that Sir Charles was going to reply. But, by some words he dropt, the purport was to blame his sister for not sparing Mr. Grandison before company.

I imagine, Sir Charles, that if you take Mr. Grandison with you, one may venture to ask a question, Whether you go to any family at Canterbury, that we have heard of?—It is to do good, I am sure.

Your eyes have asked me that question several times, Charlotte. I aim not at making secrets of any-thing I do. I need not on *this* occasion. Yet you, Charlotte, have your secrets.

He looked grave.

Have I my secrets, Sir Charles?—Pray what do you mean?

She coloured, and seemed sensibly touched.

Too much emotion, Charlotte, is a kind of confession. Take care. Then turning it off with a smile—See, Mr. Grandison, I am revenging your cause. Alarming spirits love not to be alarmed.

So, Harriet! whispering to me, I am silenced, said she. Had I told you all my heart, I should half have suspected you. How he has fluttered me!—Lady L. this is owing to you, whispering her behind my chair.

I know nothing; therefore could tell nothing. Conscience, conscience! Charlotte, re-whispered Lady L.

She sat still, and was silent for a little while; Lord and Lady L. smiling, and seeming to enjoy her agreeable con-

fusion. At last—But, Sir Charles, you *always* had secrets. You got out of me two or three of mine without exchange.—You—

Don't be uneasy, my Charlotte. I expected a *prompt*, not a *deliberate* reply. My life is a various life! Some things I had better not have known myself. See, Charlotte, if you are serious, you will make me so. I have not any motives of action, I hope, that are either capricious or conceited [Surely, Lucy, he cannot have seen what I wrote to you about his reserves! I thought he looked at me]—Only this one hint, my sister: Whenever you condescend to consult me, let me have every-thing before me, that shall be necessary to enable me to form a judgment—But why so grave, Charlotte? Impute all I have said, as a revenge of Mr. Grandison's cause, in gratitude for his obliging offer of accompanying me to Canterbury.

Cannot you reward *him*, Sir Charles, but by punishing *me*?

A good question, Charlotte. But do you take what I have said in that light?

I have done for the present, Sir: But I hope, when you return, we shall come to an *eclaircissement*.

*Needs* it one?—Will not better and more interesting subjects have taken place by that time?—And he looked at her with an eye of particular meaning.

Now is he beginning to wind about me, whispered she to me, as I told you at Colnebrooke. Were he and I alone, he'd have me before I knew where I was. Had he been a wicked man, he would have been a *very* wicked one.

She was visibly uneasy; but was afraid to say any more on the subject.

Lady L. whispered—Ah! Charlotte, you are taken in

Let. I.]      SIR CHARLES GRANDISON      ,9  
your own toils. You had better let me into your secret. I would bring you off, if I could.

Be quiet, Lady L.

We then talked of the time in the morning of our setting out for Colnebrooke. I thought I read Miss Emily's mind in her eyes—Shall we not have the pleasure of Miss Jervois's company? said I, to the sisters.

Emily bowed to me, and smiled.

The very thing that Miss Jervois was petitioning to me for, said Sir Charles: And I wished, Ladies, to have the motion come from one of you.

Emily shall go with us, I think, said Miss Grandison.

Thank you, madam, said she: I will take care not to break in upon you impertinently.

What! dost *thou* too think we have secrets, child?

Consent with your usual grace, Charlotte: Are you not too easily affected? Sir Charles spoke this smiling.

Every-thing you say, Sir Charles, affects me.

I ought then to be very careful of what I say. If I have given my sister pain, I beg her to forgive me.

I am afraid to go on, whispered she to me. Were he and I only together, my heart would be in his hand in a moment.

I have only this to observe, Miss Grandison, whispered I—When you are too hard upon me, I know to whom to apply for revenge.

Such another word, Harriet, and I'll blow you up!

What could she mean by that?—*Blow me up!* I have locked up my aunt's last Letters, where so much is said about *entangling*, and *inclination*, and so-forth. When any-thing occurs, that we care not to own, I see by Miss Grandison, that it is easy for the slightest hint to alarm us.

But Sir Charles to say so seriously as he did, "That his life was a various life;" and that "he had better not have known some things himself;" affects me not a little. What can a man of his prudence have had to disturb him? But my favourite author says,

*Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,  
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,  
The good man has his clouds that intervene,  
Clouds that obscure his sublunary day;  
But never conquer. Ev'n the best must own,  
Patience and resignation are the pillars  
Of human peace on earth.*——

[Night-thoughts.]

But so young a man! so prudent! as I said; and so generally beloved! But that he is so, may be the occasion.—Some Lady, I doubt!—What sad people are we women at this rate! Yet some women may have the worst of it. What are your thoughts on all these appearances, Lucy?

Miss Grandison, as I said, is uneasy. These are the words that disturb her: "Only this one hint, my sister: Whenever you condescend to consult me, let me have every-thing before me, that shall be necessary to enable me to form a judgment."—And so they would *me*, in her case.

But it seems plain from Sir Charles's hint, that he keeps to himself (as Miss Grandison once indeed said in his favour) those intelligences which would disturb her, and his other friends, to know. The secret which he would have made of the wicked challenge; his self-invited breakfasting with Sir Hargrave; are proofs, among others, of this: And if this be his considerate motive, what a forward, what a censorious creature have I been, on so many

occasions, to blame him for his reserves, and particularly for his Canterbury excursions! I think I will be cautious for the future, how I take upon me to censure those actions, which in such a man I cannot account for.

Miss Grandison, on her brother's withdrawing with Dr. Bartlett, said, Well, now that my cousin Grandison will accompany my brother to Canterbury, we shall have ~~that~~ secret out in course.

*Lady L.* It seems to be your fault, Charlotte, that we have not had it before.

*Miss Gr.* Be quiet, Lady L.

*Mr. Gr.* Perhaps not. You'll find I can keep a secret, cousin; especially if I am desired to do so.

*Miss Gr.* I shall wonder at that.

*Mr. Gr.* Why so?

*Miss Gr.* Shall I give it you in plain English?

*Mr. Gr.* You don't use to mince it.

*Miss Gr.* It would be strange, cousin, if a man should make a secret of an innocent piece of intelligence, who has told stories of himself, and gloried in them, that he ought, if true, to have been hanged for.—You *would* have it.

• *Mr. Gr.* I knew I must have the plain English, whether I *asked* for it or not. But give me leave to say, cousin Charlotte, that you made not so superior a figure just now.

*Miss Gr.* True, Mr. Grandison. There is but one man in the world, of whom I stand in awe.

*Mr. Gr.* I believe it; and hope you never design to marry, for ~~that~~ reason.

*Miss Gr.* What a wretch is my cousin! Must a woman stand in awe of her husband? Whether, Sir, is marriage a state of servitude or of freedom to a woman?



*Mr. Gr.* Of freedom, as women generally make it—Of servitude, if they know their duty.—Pardon me, Ladies.

*Miss Gr.* Don't pardon him. I suppose, Sir, it is owing to your consciousness, that you have only the *will*, and not the *spirit*, to awe a woman of sense, that you are a single man at this day.

*Lady L.* Pray, my Lord, what have I done, that you treat me with so much contempt?

*Lord L.* Contempt! my best life!—How is that?

*Lady L.* You seem not to think it worth your while to over-awe me.

*Miss Gr.* Lord, my dear! how you are mistaken in applying thus to Lord L.! Lord L. is a good man, a virtuous man: None but rakes hold these *over-awing* doctrines. They know what they deserve; and live in continual fear of meeting with their deserts; and so, if they marry, having the hearts of slaves, they become tyrants. Miss Byron—

*Mr. Gr.* The devil's in it if you two Ladies want help. I fly the pit.

*Lord L.* And I think, Mr. Grandison, you have fought a hard battle.

*Mr. Gr.* By my soul I think so too. I have held it out better than I used to do.

*Miss Gr.* I protest I think you have. We shall brighten you up among us. I am mistaken if there were not two or three smart things said by my cousin. Pray, did any-body mind them? I should be glad to hear them again. Do you recollect them yourself, cousin?

*Mr. Gr.* You want to draw me on again, cousin Charlotte. But the d—l fetch me, if you do. I'll leave off while I am well.

*Miss Gr.* Would you have thought it, Lady L.? My cousin has *discretion* as well as *smartness*. I congratulate you, Sir: A new discovery!—But hush! 'Tis time for both to have done.

Sir Charles entered. Mr. Grandison a sufferer again? said he.

*Mr. Gr.* No, no! Pretty well off this bout!—Miss Byron, I have had the better end of the staff, I believe.

*Harriet.* I can't say that, Sir. But you got off, I think, in very good time.

*Mr. Gr.* And that's a victory, to what it used to be, I can assure you. Nobody ever could *awe* Miss Grandison.

*Miss Gr.* Coward!—You would *now* begin again, would you?—Sir Charles loves to take me *down*.

*Mr. Gr.* Never, madam, but when you are *up*: And laughed heartily.

*Miss Gr.* Witty too!—A man of repartee! A *verbal* wit! And that's half as good as a punster, at any time.

*Sir Ch.* Fight it out, cousin Grandison. You can laugh on, tho' the laugh of every other person should be against you.

*Mr. Gr.* And thou, Brutus?—It is time to have done.

• As I think these conversations characteristic, I hope the recital of them will be excused. Yet I am sensible, those things that go off well in conversation, do not always *read* to equal advantage.

They would fain have engaged us to stay supper: But we excused ourselves. I promised to breakfast with them.

I chose not to take my maid with me. Jenny is to be made over to me, occasionally, for the time of my stay. Dr. Bartlett had desired to be excused. So our party is only the two sisters, Lord L. Miss Jervois, and I.

Sir Charles and Mr. Grandison are to set out for their journey early in the morning.

Adieu, my Lucy. It is late: And sleepiness promises to befriend

*Your*

HARRIET.

## LETTER II.

*Mrs. SELBY, To Miss BYRON (a).*

*My dearest Child, Selby-house, Sunday Mar. 5.*

WE are all extremely affected with your present situation. Such apparent struggles betwixt your natural openness of heart, and the confessions of a young, of a new passion, and that so laudably founded, and so visibly encreasing—O my Love, you must not affect reserves. They will sit very awkwardly upon a young woman, who never knew what affectation and concealment were.

You have laid me under a difficulty with respect to Lady D. She is to be with me on Saturday next. I have not written to her, tho' you desired I would; since, in truth, we all think, that her proposals deserve consideration; and because we are afraid, that a *greater* happiness will never be yours and ours. It is impossible, my dear, to imagine, that such a man as Sir Charles Grandison should not have seen the woman whom he could love, before he saw you; or whom he had not been engaged to love by

(a) This Letter, and the two that follow it, are inserted in this place, tho' not received, and answered, till Miss Byron was at Colnebrooke, for the sake of keeping entire the subject she writes upon from thence.

his *gratitude*, as I may call it, for her *love*. Has not his sister talked of half a score Ladies, who would break their hearts for him, were he to marry?—And may not this be the reason why he does not?

You see what an amiable openness of heart there is in the countess of D. You see, that your own frankness is a particular recommendation of you to her. I had told her, that you were disengaged in your affections: By your own disclaiming to her the proposed relation, you have given reason to so wise a Lady to think it otherwise; or that you are not so much above affectation, as she had hoped you were. And tho' we were grieved to read how much you were pushed by Miss Grandison (a), yet Lady D. will undoubtedly make the same observations and inferences, that Miss Grandison did. And what would you have me do? since you cannot give a stronger instance of your affections being engaged, than by declining such a proposal as Lady D. made, before you have conversed with, or even seen Lord D. And it becomes not your character nor mine, either to equivocate, or to say the thing that is not.

Lady L. you think (and indeed so it appears) hinted to Lady D. that Sir Charles stands not in the way of Lord D.'s application. I see not, therefore, that there can be any room to hope from that quarter. Nor will your fortune, I doubt, be thought considerable enough. And as Sir Charles is not engaged by affection, and is generous and munificent, there is hardly room to imagine, but that, in prudence, fortune will have some weight with him. At least, on our side, that ought to be supposed, and to make a part of our first proposals, were a treaty to be begun.

Your grandmamma will write to you with her own

hand. I refer myself wholly to her. Her wisdom, and her tenderness for you, we all know. She and I have talked of *every-thing*. Your uncle will not railly you, as he has done. We still continue resolved not to prescribe to your ~~inclinations~~. We are afraid therefore of advising you as to this new proposal. But your grandmamma is very much pleased that I have not written, as you would have had me, a Letter of absolute refusal to the countess.

Your uncle has been enquiring into the state of Sir Charles Grandison's affairs. We have heard so many good things of him, that I have desired Mr. Selby to make no further enquiries, unless we could have some hopes of calling him ours. But do you, my dear, nevertheless, omit nothing that comes to your knowlege, that may let us know in him what a good man is, and should be.

His magnanimity in refusing to engage in a duel, yet acquitting himself so honourably, as to leave no doubt about his courage, is an example, of itself, of a more than human rectitude of thinking and acting. How would your grandfather have cherished such a young man! We every one of us admire and revere him at the same time; and congratulate you, my dear, and his sisters, on the happy issue of the affair between him and that vile Sir Hargrave.

You will let me know your mind as to the affair of Lord D.; and that by the next post. Be not rash: Be not hasty. I am afraid I pushed your delicacy too much in my former. Your uncle says, that you are at times not so frank in directly owning your passion, as from your natural openness of heart he expected you would be, when a worthy object had attracted you: And he triumphs over us, in the imagination, that he has at last detected you of affectation in some little degree. We all see, and own,

your struggle between virgin-modesty and openness of heart, as apparent in many passages of your Letters; and we lay part of your reserve to the apprehensions you must have of his raillery: But after you have declared, "That you had rather converse but one hour in a week with Sir Charles Grandison" (and *his sister* you put in: And sisters are good convenient people sometimes to a bashful or beginning Lover, of our Sex) "than be the wife of any man you have ever seen or known; and that, mean as the word *pity* sounds, you would rather have his pity than the love of any other man;"—Upon my word, my dear, you need not be backward to speak quite out. Excuse me, my child.

I have just now read the inclosed. Had I known your grandmamma could have written so long a Letter, I might have spared much of mine. Hers is worthy of her. We all subscribe to it; but yet will be determined by your next, as to the steps to be taken in relation to the proposal of Lady D. But if you love, be not ashamed to own it to us. The man is Sir Charles Grandison.

With all our blessings and prayers for you, I bid you, my dear Love, Adieu.

MARIANNA SELBY.

### LETTER III.

*Mrs. SHIRLEY, To Miss BYRON.*

*Sunday, March 5.*

**D**ON'T be afraid, don't be ashamed, my dearest Life, to open your whole heart to your aunt Selby and me. You know how we all dote upon you. It is no disgrace for

a young woman of virtue to be in love with a worthy man. Love is a natural passion. *You* have shewn, I am sure, if ever young creature did shew, that you are no giddy, no indiscreet person. Not Greville, with all his gaiety; not Fenwick, with all his adulation; not the more respectable Orme, with all his obsequiousness; nor yet the imploring Fowler; nor the terrifying, the shocking Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; have seen the least shadow of vanity or weakness in you. How happily have you steered thro' difficulties, in which the love of being admired often involves meaner minds! And how have you, with mingled dignity and courteousness, entitled yourself to the esteem, and even veneration, of those whom you refused! And why refused? Not from pride, but principle; and because you could not love any one of them, as you thought you ought to love the man to whom you gave your hand.

And at last, when the man appeared to you, who was worthy of your Love; who had so powerfully protected you from the lawless attempt of a fierce and cruel pretender; a man who proved to be the best of brothers, friends, landlords, masters, and the bravest and best of men; is it to be wondered at, that a heart, which never before was won, should discover sensibility, and acknowledge its fellow-heart?—What reason then can *you* have for shame? And why seeks my Harriet to draw a curtain between herself and her sympathizing friends? You see, my dear, that we are above speaking slightly, because of our uncertainty, of a man that all the world praises. Nor are you, child, so weak as to be treated with such poor policy.

You were not educated, my dear, in artifice. Disguises never sat so ill upon any woman, as they do, in most of your late Letters, upon you. Every child in Love-matters

would find you out. But be it your glory, whether our wishes are, or are not, answered, that your affection is laudable; that the object of it is not a man mean in understanding, profligate in morals, nor sordid in degree; but such a one as all we your friends are as much in love with as you can be. Only, my dear Love, my Harriet, the Support of my life, and Comfort of my evil days, endeavour, for ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> sake, and for the sake of us all, to restrain so far your laudable inclination, as that, if it be not your happy lot to give us, as well as yourself, so desirable a blessing, you may not suffer in your health (a health so precious to me) and put yourself on a foot with vulgar girls run away with by their headstrong passions. The more desirable the object, the nobler the conquest of your passion, if it is to be overcome. Nevertheless, speak out, my dear, your whole heart to us, in order to intitle yourself to our best advice: And as to your uncle Selby, don't let his raillery pain you: He diverts us as well as himself by it: He gains nothing over us in the arguments he affects to hold with us: And you must know, that his whole honest heart is wrapt up in his and our Harriet. Worthy man! He would not, any more than I, be able to support his spirits, were any misfortune to befall his niece.

Your aunt Selby has just now shewn me her Letter to you. She repeats in it, as a very strong expression in yours, "That you had rather converse with this excellent man but one hour in a week, than be the wife of any man you have ever seen or known." It is a strong expression; but, to me, is an expression greatly to your honour; since it shews, that *the mind*, and not the *person*, is the principal object of your Love.

I knew that, if ever you did love, it would be a love of the purest kind. As therefore it has not so much *person* in



it, as most Loves; suffer it not to triumph over your reason; nor, because you cannot have the man you could prefer, resolve against having any other. Have I not taught you, that marriage is a duty, whenever it can be entered into with prudence? What a mean, what a selfish mind must that person have, whether man or woman, who can resolve against entering into the state, because it has its cares, its fatigues, its inconveniencies! Try Sir Charles Grandison, my dear, by this rule. If he forbears to marry on such narrow motives, this must be one of his great imperfections. Nor be afraid to try. No man is absolutely perfect.

But Sir Charles may have engagements, from which he cannot free himself. My Harriet, I hope, will not give way to a passion, which is not likely to be returned, if she find that to be the case. You hope, you prettily said in one of your Letters, “that you shall not be undone by a *good* man.” After such an escape as you had from Sir Hargrave, I have no fear from a *bad* one: But, my child, if you are undone by a good one, it must be by your own fault, while neither he nor his sisters give you encouragement.

I know, my dear, how these suppositions will hurt your delicacy: But then you must doubly guard yourself; for the *reality* will be worse wounding to that delicacy, than the *supposition* ought to be. If there be but one man in the world that can *undo* you, will you not guard against him?

I long to fold my dearest Harriet to my fond heart: But yet, this that follows, is the advice I give, as to the situation you are now in: Lose no opportunity of cultivating the friendship of his amiable sisters [By the way, if Miss Grandison guesses at your mind, she is not so generous in her raillery as is consistent with the rest of her amiable character]. Never deny them your company, when they

request it. Miss Grandison has promised you the history of their family. Exact the performance of that promise from her. You will thus come at further lights, by which you may be guided in your future steps.—In particular, you will find out, whether the sisters espouse the interest of any other woman; tho' Sir Charles's reservedness, even to them, may not let them know the secrets of his heart in this particular. And if they do not espouse any other person's interest, why may they not be made *your* friends, my dear?—As to fortune, could we have any hint what would be expected, we would do every-thing in our power to make that matter easy; and must be content with moderate settlements in your favour.

But as I approve of your aunt's having forborn to write, as you would have had her, to Lady D. What shall we do in that affair? it will be asked.

What? Why thus: Lady D. has made it a point, that you are disengaged in your affections: Your aunt has signified to her that you are: You have given that Lady a hint, which, you say, overclouded her brow. She will be here on Saturday next. Then will she, no doubt, expect the openest dealing.—And she ought to have it. Her own frankness demands it; and the character we have hitherto supported, and I hope always shall support, requires it. I would therefore let Lady D. know the whole of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's attempt [You, my dear, was so laudably frank as to *hint* it to her] and of the generous protection given you by Sir Charles Grandison. Truth never leaves room for self-reproach. Let your aunt Selby then own, that you had written to her; declining, with the most respectful gratitude, the honour intended you: Which she could no otherwise account for, than by supposing, and indeed believing, that you would prefer Sir Charles

Grandison, from motives of gratitude, to any other man: But that you knew nothing of his engagements; nor had reason to look upon any part of his behaviour to you, but as the effect of his general politeness; nor that his sisters meant more by calling you *sister*, than their *brother's* sister, as well as *theirs*.

All this shall be mentioned to Lady D. in *strict confidence*. Then will Lady D. know the whole truth. She will be enabled, as she *ought*, to judge for herself. You will not appear in her eye as guilty of affectation. We shall all act in character. If Lady L. and Miss Grandison did (as you suppose) acquaint Lady D. that you were not addressed by their brother, they will be found to have said the truth; and you know, my dear, that we should be as ready to do justice to others veracity, as to our own. She will see, that your regard for Sir Charles (if a regard you have, that may be an obstacle to her views) is owing to a laudable gratitude for his protection given to a young woman, whose heart was *before* absolutely disengaged.

And what will be the consequence?—Why, either that her Ladyship will think no more of the matter; and then you will be just where you were; or, that she will interest herself in finding out Sir Charles's engagements: And as you have communicated to Lady L. and Miss Grandison the Letters that have passed between Lady D. and your aunt, together with the contents of yours, so far as relates to the proposal; and as Lady D. is acquainted with those two Ladies; she will probably inform herself of *their* sentiments in relation to the one affair and the other; and the matter on every side, by this means, will sooner come to a decision, than probably it can any other way.

I don't know whether I express myself clearly. I am not what I was: But, blessed be God, that I am what I

am! I did not think, that, in so little a time, I could have written so much as I have. But my dear Harriet is my subject; and her happiness is, and has ever been, my only care, since I lost the husband of my youth, the dear man who divided with me that, and all my cares; who had a Love for you equal to my own; and who, I think, would have given just *such* advice. What would Mr. Shirley have thought? How would he, in the like case, have acted? are the questions I always ask myself, before I give my opinion in any material cases, especially in those which relate to you.

And here let me commend a sentiment of yours, that is worthy of your dear grandfather's pupil: "I should despise myself," say you, "were I capable of keeping one man in suspense, while I was balancing in favour of another."

Good young creature, hold fast your principles, whatever befalls you. Look upon this world as you have been taught to look upon it. I have lived to a great age: Yet, to look backward to the time of my youth, when I was not a stranger to the hopes and fears that now agitate you, what a short space does it seem to be! Nothing with-holds my wishes to be released, but my desire of seeing the darling of my heart, my sweet orphan-girl, happy in a worthy man's protection. O that it could be in—— But shall we, my dear, prescribe to Providence? How know we what *that* has designed for Sir Charles Grandison? *His* welfare is the concern of hundreds, perhaps. He, compared to us, is as the public to the private. I hope we are good people: *Comparatively*, I am sure, we are good. That, however, is not the way by which we shall be judged hereafter. But yet, to him, we are but as that private.

Don't think, however, my best Love, that I have lived

too long to be sensible of what most affects you. Of your pleasures, your pains, I can and do partake. Your late harassings, so tender, so lovely a blossom, cost me many a pang; and still my eyes bear witness to my sensibility, as the cruel scenes are at times read to me again, or as I recal them to memory. But all I mean is, to arm you against feeling too sensibly, when it *is* known, the event which is now hidden in the bosom of Providence, should it, as it is but too likely, prove unfavourable.

You have a great deal of writing upon your hands. We cannot dispense with any of that. But if you write to your aunt Selby (as the time till next Saturday is short) that will be writing to us both.

God preserve, direct, and bless, my sweet orphan-child!—This is the hourly prayer of

*Your ever-affectionate Grandmother,*

HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.

## LETTER IV.

*Miss HARRIET BYRON, To Mrs. SELBY.*

*Colnebrooke, Tuesday, March 7.*

**I** HAVE the favour of yours, and of my dear grand-mamma's, just brought me. The contents are so affecting, that, tho' in full assembly, as I may say, in this delightful family, I begged to be permitted to withdraw, to write to them. Miss Grandison saw my confusion, my puzzle, what shall I call it? To be charged so home, my dear aunt!—*Such apparent struggles*—And were they, madam, so *very* apparent?—*A young, a new passion!*—

And so *visibly increasing*!—Pray, 'madam, if it be *so*, it is not at its height—And is it not, while but in its progress, conquerable?—But have I been guilty of *affectation*? of *reserves*?—If I have, my uncle has been very merciful to the *awkward* girl.

And you think it impossible, madam, but *he* has seen women whom he could love, before he saw me? Very likely! But was it kind to turn the word *gratitude* upon me in such a manner?

I do see what an amiable openness of heart there is in Lady D. I admire her for it, and for her other matronly qualities. What can *you* do, madam? What can *I* do? That is the question, called upon as I am, by my grandmamma, as well as by you, to speak still plainer, plain as in your opinion I *had* spoken, and indeed in my own, now I read the free sentence, drawn out and separated from the rest of the Letter. My grandmamma forgives, and even praises me, for this sentence. She encourages me to speak still plainer. It is no disgrace, she says, for a woman of virtue to be in love with a worthy man. Love is a natural passion, she tells me: Yet cautions me against suffering it to triumph over my reason; in short, not to love till there shall be a certainty of return.—And so I can love *as* I will, *when* I will, nay, *whom* I will; for if *he* won't have me, I am desired not to resolve against marrying some other; Lord D. for example, if *he* will be so good as to have me!

Well, but upon a full examination of my heart, how do I find it, now I am called upon by my two most venerable friends, to *undraw the curtain*, and to *put off the disguises*, through which every *child in Love-matters* finds me out? Shall I speak my whole heart?—To such *sympathizing* friends surely I ought. Well, then, I own to you, my honoured grandmamma and aunt, that I cannot think of en-

couraging any other address. Yet have I no hope. I look upon myself as presumptuous: Upon him as too excellent, and too considerable; for he has a great estate, and still greater expectations: And as to personal and intellectual merit, what woman can deserve him?—Even in the article of fortune only, you think that, in prudence, a man so munificent should look higher.

Be pleased therefore, madam, in conformity to my grandmamma's advice, to tell Lady D. from me, 'That I think her laudable openness deserves like openness: That your Harriet *was* disengaged in her affections, absolutely disengaged, when you told her that she was: Tell her what afterwards happened: Tell her how my *gratitude* engaged me: That, at first, it was no more; but that now, being called upon, on this occasion, I have owned my gratitude exalted' [It may not, I hope, be said, *debased*, the object so worthy] 'into—Love'—Yes, say *Love*—since I act too *awkwardly* in the *disguises* I have assumed: 'That, therefore, I can no more in *justice*, than by *inclination*, think of any other man: And own to her, that her Ladyship has, however, engaged my respectful Love, even to reverence, by her goodness to me in the visit she honoured me with; and that, for *her* sake (had I seen nothing objectionable in Lord D. upon an interview, and further acquaintance) I could have given ear to this proposal, preferably to any other that had yet been made me, were my heart as free, as it was when she made her first proposal.' And yet, I own to you, my venerable friends, that I always think of Mr. Orme with grateful pity, for his humble, for his modest perseverance. What would I give to see Mr. Orme married to some very worthy woman, in whom he could be happy!

Finally, bespeak for me her Ladyship's favour and

friendship; but *not* to be renewed'till my Lord is married—And may his nuptials be as happy as wished to be by a mother so worthy! But tell her at the same time, that I would not, for twelve times my Lord's 12,000 *l.* a year, give my hand to him, or to any man, while another had a place in my heart; however unlikely it is, that I may be called by the name of the man I prefer.

But tell Lady D. all this in confidence, in the strictest confidence; among more general reasons regarding the delicacy of our Sex, for fear the family I am with, who now love, should hate, and, what would be still worse, despise, your Harriet, for her presumption.—I think I could not bear that!—Don't mind this great blot—Forgive it—It *would* fall—My pen found it, before I saw it.

As to myself; whatever be my lot, I will endeavour to reap consolation from these and other passages in the two precious Letters before me:

"If you love, be not ashamed to own it to *us*—The man is Sir Charles Grandison."

"Love is a natural passion."

"Mine is laudable: The object of it is a man not mean in understanding; nor profligate in morals; nor sordid in degree. All my friends are in love with him as well as I."

"My love is a love of the purest kind."

"And I ought to acquiesce, because our love of him is but as the love of private, compared to the love of public."

Noble instructions! my dearest two mamma's! to which I will endeavour to give their full weight.

And now let me take it a little unkindly, that you call me your *orphan-girl*! You two, and my honoured uncle, have supplied all wanting relations to me: My father then,



my grandmamma, and my other mamma, continue to pray for, and to bless, not your orphan, but your real, daughter, in all love and reverence,

HARRIET BYRON-SHIRLEY-SELBY.

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LETTER V.

*Miss* HARRIET BYRON, *To Miss* LUCY SELBY.

*Colnebrooke, Tuesday, March 7.*

HERE I am, my dear Lucy, returned to this happy Asylum: But with what different emotions from the first time I entered it! How did my heart flutter, when one of Sir Charles's servants, who attended us on horseback, pointed out to us, at the command of the Ladies, the very spot where the two chariots met, and the contest began. The recollection pained me: Yet do I not owe to that terrifying incident the friendship I am admitted into with so amiable a family?

Miss Grandison, ever obliging, has indulged me in my choice of having a room to myself. I shall have the more leisure for writing to you, my dear friends.

Both she and Lady L. are very urgent with me to shew them some of the Letters in our correspondence; and Miss Grandison says, if that will encourage me to oblige them, they will shew me some of their brother's.—Who would not be tempted by such an exchange? I am more than half-afraid—But surely, in such a heap of stuff as I have written, there is something that I can *read* to them. Shall I be permitted, do you think, to have my Letters re-

turned me for this purpose? The remarks of these Ladies on what I shall think fit to shew them, will be of great use in helping to settle my judgment. I know I have thrown out many things at random; and, being a young creature, and not passed the *age of fancy*, have, in all those sentiments which are not borrowed, been very superficial. How can it be otherwise?

The conversation in the coach turned upon their own family (for I put in my claim to Miss Grandison's former promise on that head); from which I gathered the following particulars.

Sir Thomas Grandison was one of the handsomest men of his time: He had a great notion of magnificence in living; and went deep into all the fashionable diversions, except gaming with cards and dice; tho' he ran into one as expensive, but which he called a nobler vice; valuing himself upon his breed of race-horses and hunters, and upon his kennel; in both which articles he was extravagant to profusion.

His father, Sir Charles, was as frugal as Sir Thomas was profuse. He was a purchaser all his life; and left his son, besides an estate of 6,000 *l.* a year in England, and near 2,000 *l.* a year in Ireland, rich in money.

His Lady was of a noble family; sister to Lord W. She was, as you have already been told, the most excellent of women. I was delighted to see her two daughters bear testimony to her goodness, and to their own worth, by their tears. It was impossible, in the character of so good a woman, not to think of my own mamma; and I could not help, on the remembrance, joining my tears with theirs.

Miss Jervois also wept, not only from tenderness of nature, and sympathy, but, as she owned, from regret,

that she had not the same reason to rejoice in a living mother, as we had to remember affectionately the departed.

What I have written, and shall farther write, to the disadvantage of Sir Thomas Grandison, I gathered from what was dropt by one Lady, and by the other, at different times; for it was beautiful to observe with what hesitation and reluctancy they mentioned any of his failings, with what pleasure his good qualities; heightening the one, and extenuating the other. O my Lucy, how would their hearts have overflowed in his praises, had they had such a faultless father, and excellent man, as was my father! Sweet is the remembrance of good parents to good children!

Lady Grandison brought a great fortune to Sir Thomas. He had a fine poetical vein, which he was fond of cultivating. Tho' his fortune was so ample, it was his person, and his verses, that won the Lady from several competitors. He had not, however, *her* judgment. He was a poet; and I have heard my grandfather say, that to be a poet, requires a heated imagination, which often runs away with the judgment.

This Lady took the consent of all her friends in her choice; but here seemed a hint to drop from Lady L. that they consented, *because* it was her choice; for Sir Thomas, from the day he entered upon his estate, set out in a way that every-body concluded would diminish it.

He made, however, a *kind* husband, as it is called. His good-sense and his politeness, and the pride he took to be thought one of the best-bred men in England, secured her *complaisant* treatment. But Lady Grandison had qualities that deserved one of the best and tenderest of men. Her eye and her ear had certainly misled her. I believe a woman who chooses a man whom every-body admires, if

the man be not good, must expect that he will have calls and inclinations, that will make him think the character of a domestic man beneath him.

She endeavoured, at setting out, to engage his *companionableness*—shall I call it? She was fond of her husband. He had reason to be, and *was*, proud of his wife: But when he had shewed her every-where, and she began to find herself in circumstances, which ought to domesticate a wife of a much gayer turn than Lady Grandison pretended to have, he gave way to his predominant byas; and after a while, leaving the whole family-care to her, for her excellence in every branch of which he was continually praising her (He did her that justice) he was but little at home in the summer; and, in the winter, was generally engaged four months in the diversions of this great town; and was the common patron of all the performers, whether at plays, operas, or concerts.

At first setting out in this way, he was solicitous to carry his Lady with him to town. She always chearfully accepted of his invitation, when she saw he was urgent with her to go. She would not give a pretence for so gay a man to throw off that regard to appearances, which pride made him willing to keep up. But afterwards, his invitations growing fainter and fainter, and she finding that her presence lengthened the time of his stay in town, and added greatly to his expences (for he never would abate, when they were together, of that magnificence in which he delighted to live in the country) she declined going up: And having by this time her three children, she found it was as agreeable to Sir Thomas, as to herself, that she should turn her thoughts wholly to the domestic duties. Lady Grandison, when she found that she could not bring Sir Thomas to lessen his great expences, supposed it to

be wisdom to endeavour, to the utmost of her power, to enable him to support them without discredit to himself, or visible hurt to his family. The children were young, and were not likely to make demands upon him for many years to come.

Here was a mother, my dear! Who will say, that mothers may not be the *most* useful persons in the family, when they do their duty, and their husbands are defective in theirs? Sir Thomas Grandison's delights centred in himself; Lady Grandison's in her husband and children. What a superiority, what an inferiority!

Yet had this Lady, with the best oeconomy, no narrowness in her heart. She was beloved for her generosity and benevolence. Her poor neighbours adored her. Her table was plenteous. She was hospitable, as well from the largeness of her own heart, as to give credit to her husband; and so far to accommodate herself to his taste, as that too great a difference might not be seen between his absence and presence. As occasions offered, she would confer benefits in the name of a husband, whom, perhaps, she had not seen of months, and knew not whether she might see for months to come. She was satisfied, tho' hers was the *first* merit, with the *second* merit reflected from that she gave him: "I am but Sir Thomas's almoner: I know I shall please Sir Thomas by doing this: Sir Thomas would have done thus: Perhaps *he* would have been more bountiful had he been present."

He had been once absent from this admirable wife six whole months, when he left her but for one: He designed only an excursion to Paris, when he set out; but, when in company as gay as himself, while he was there, he extended his tour; and, what was still more inexcusable, he let his Lady hear from him by second-hand only. He never

wrote one line to her with his own; yet, on his return, affected to surprise her by a sudden appearance, when she knew not that he was in England.

Was not this intolerably vain in him? The moment he appeared, so secure was he of his Lady's unmerited Love, that he supposed the joy she would break out into, would banish from her thoughts all memory of his past unkindness.

He asked her, however, after the first emotions (for she received him with real joy) If she could easily forgive him?—Forgive you, Sir?—Yes, if you can forgive yourself.

This he called severe. Well he might; for it was just. Lady Grandison's goodness was founded in principle; not in tameness or servility.

Be not serious, Sir Thomas, said my Lady; and flung her arms about him. You know, by your question, you were unkind. Not one line from your own hand neither—But the seeing you now safe and well, compensates me for all the anxieties you have given me in the past six tedious months—Can I say they were not anxious ones? But I pity you, Sir, for the pleasure you have lost by so long an absence: Let me lead you to the nursery; or, let the dear prattlers come down to receive their father's blessing. How delightful is their dawning reason! Their improvements exceed my hopes: Of what pleasure do you deprive yourself by these long absences!

My dear Miss Grandison, *let* me write on. I am upon a sweet subject. Why will you tear me from it? Who, Lucy, would not almost wish to be the wife, the half-slighted wife, of a gay Sir Thomas, to be a Lady Grandison?

One reflexion, my dear Miss Grandison, let me make, before I attend you; lest I should lose it: What man who

now, at one view, takes in the whole gay, fluttering life of Sir Thomas Grandison, tho' young, gay, and fluttering, himself, can propose to be more happy than Sir Thomas thought himself? What woman, who, in like manner, can take in the whole, useful, prudent, serene, benevolent, life of Lady Grandison, whatever turn to pleasure, less solid, and more airy, she may have, sees not, from this imperfect sketch, all that they should wish to be; and the transitory vanity of the one, and the solid happiness that must attend the other, as well here as hereafter?

Dear Lady!—had you not hurried me so, how much better should I have expressed myself!

I come. I come.

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## LETTER VI.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

MISS GRANDISON has been making me read aloud some part of the Letter I had just writ to you, Lucy. We know, said she, it is about *us*; but we shall think what you have written, greatly to our disadvantage, if we cannot hear some of it. Then she insisted (she is an arbitrary dear creature) on my giving the company [It was at tea, and Lord L. present] such histories as she should call for of my own family. On this condition only, said she, will we consent to be made fully known, as I find we shall, if I do not steal away your pen and ink, to *our* grandmother Shirley, *our* aunt Selby, and even to *our* Lucy.

Do not you think, Lucy, I ran on with pleasure in describing the persons and tempers of my father and mother, and relating their fortunes, loves, difficulties; as my

grandmamma and aunt had enabled me to do, from what they used to recount in many a long summer-day, and in many a winter-evening, as we girls sat at work—Happy memorials!—Ay, but do you believe she did not question me about later events? She did, indeed, call upon me for two other histories.

And of whom? methinks you ask.

I won't tell *you*, Lucy: But if my *aunt* should be solicitous to know, and should *guess* that my uncle's and her's (so entertaining and instructive) was one of them; and if you, Lucy, should *guess* that the history of a young Lady, whose discretion got the better of her Love, and who cannot be dearer to herself than she is to me, is the other—Why, perhaps, neither my aunt, nor you, my dear, may be much mistaken.

Methinks I would fain rise now-and-then to my former *serene-pertness* [Allow you of the words so connected?]: But my heart is heavy.

They were delighted with a certain gentleman's humorous character and courtship; with his Lady's prudence and goodness, in the one story; and in the other, with the young Lady's victorious discretion. They wish to be personally acquainted with each, and with my grandmamma. *All* the worthies in the world, my dear, are not in the Grandison-family!

Before I resume the continuation of the Ladies family-history, let me ask; Don't you think, my dear, that God has blessed these happy children, for the sake of their excellent mother? And who knows, but for their duty to their less-deserving father? It is my notion, that one person's remissness in duty, where there is a reciprocal one, does not absolve the other party from the performance of



his. It is difficult, indeed, to love so well a faulty or remiss parent, as a kind and good one: But our duty is indispensable; and where it is paid, a blessing may the rather be expected, as the parent has not done his. If, *when you do well, and suffer for it*, says the Apostle, *ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God*:—Not to mention one consideration, which, however, ought not to be left out of the account; that a good child will be no less benefited by the *warning*, as Sir Charles no doubt is, from his father's unhappy turn; than by the *example*, as he is from that of his excellent mother.

Lady L. referred to the paper given in by the shorthand writer, for the occasion (as mentioned by Sir Charles) to which these three worthy children owed the loss of such a mother (*a*): And this drew her into a melancholy relation of some very affecting particulars. Among other things, she said, her mother regretted, in her last hours, that she had no opportunity, that she could think just and honourable, to lay by any thing considerable for her daughters. Her jewels, and some valuable trinkets, she hoped, would be theirs: But that would be at their father's pleasure. I wish, said she, that my dear girls were to have between them the tenth part of what I have saved—But I have done but my duty.

I have told you, Charlotte, said the Countess, what my mother said to me, a few hours before she died; and I will repeat it to Miss Byron. After having, upon general principles, recommended filial duty, and brotherly and sisterly love to us all; and after my brother and sister had withdrawn; My dear Caroline, said she, let me add to the general arguments of the duty I have been enforcing upon you all, one respecting your *interest*; and let your

sister know it: I am afraid there will be but a slender provision made for my dear girls. Your papa has the notion riveted in him, which is common to men of antient families, that daughters are but incumbrances, and that the son is to be every-thing. He loves his girls: He loves you dearly: But he has often declared, that, were he to have entire all the fortune that descended to him from his father, he would not give to his daughters, marry whom they would, more than 5,000 *l.* apiece. Your brother loves you: He loves me: It will be in *his* power, should he survive your father, to be a friend to you.—Love your brother.

To my brother afterwards she said something: I believe, recommending his sisters to him; for we coming in, boy as he was in years, but man in behaviour and understanding, he took each of our hands—You remember it, Charlotte [Both sisters wept] and kneeling down, and putting them in my mother's held-out dying hands, and bowing his face upon all three—All, madam—All, my dearest, best of mamma's, that you have enjoined—

He could say no more: And our arms were wet with his tears.—Enough, enough, my son; I distress you!—And she kissed her own arm—These are precious tears—You embalm me, my son, with your tears—O how precious the balm!—And she lifted up her head to kiss his cheek, and to repeat her blessings to the darling of her heart.

Who could refrain tears, my Lucy, on the representation of such a scene? Miss Jervois and I wept, as if we had been present on the solemn occasion.

But, my Charlotte, give Miss Byron some brief account of the parting scene between my father and mother. She is affected as a sister should be—Tears, when

time has matured a pungent grief into a sweet melancholy are not hurtful: They are as the dew of the morning to the green herbage.

*I cannot, said Miss Grandison—Do you, Lady L.*

Lady L. proceeded—My father had long kept his chamber, from the unhappy adventure, which cost him and us all so dear. My mother, till she was forced to take to her bed, was constantly his attendant: And *then* was grieved she could not attend him still.

At last, the moment, happy to her, long dreaded by us, the releasing moment, approached. One last long farewell she wished to take of the man, who had been *ever* dear to her; and who had cost her *so* dear. He was told of her desire to be lifted to his bed-side in her bed; for one of his wounds (too soon skinned over) was broken out, and he was confined to his bed. He ordered himself to be carried, in a great chair, to hers. But then followed *such* a scene—

All we three children were in the room, kneeling by the bed-side—praying—weeping—O how ineffectually—Not even hope remaining—Best beloved of my soul! in faltering accents, said my mother, her head raised by pillows, so as that she sat upright—Forgive the desire of my heart once more to see you!—They would not bring me to *you*!—O how I distress you!—For my father sobbed; every feature of his face seemed swelled almost to bursting, and working as if in mortal agonies.—Charlotte, relieve me!—

*The sweet Lady's eyes were drowned in tears—*

*I cannot, said Miss Grandison; her handkerchief spread over her face.*

Miss Emily sobbed. She held her hand before her eyes: Her tears trickled through her fingers.

I was affected beyond measure—Yet besought her to proceed.—She went on.

I have endeavoured, said my mother, in broken sentences—It was my wish—It was my pride: Indeed, my chiefest pride—to be a good wife!—

O my dear!—You *have* been—My father could not say what.

• Forgive my imperfections, Sir!—

O my dearest life! You had no imperfections: I, I, was all imper—He could not speak out the word for his tears.

Bless your children in my sight: God hitherto has blessed them: God will continue to bless them, if they continue to deserve their father's blessing. Dear Sir Thomas, as you love them, bless them in my sight. I doubt not your goodness to them—But the blessing of a dying mother, joined with that of a surviving father—must have efficacy!

My father looked earnestly to us all—He could not speak.

My brother following my mother's dying eye, which was cast upon my father, arose from his knees, and approaching my father's chair, cast himself at his feet. My father threw his arms about his neck—God bless—God bless my son, said he—and make him a better man than his father. My mother demanding the cheek of her beloved son, said, God bless my dearest child, and make you an honour to your father's family, and to your mother's memory!

We girls followed my brother's example.

God bless my daughters!—God bless you, sweet loves, said my father; first kissing one, then the other, as we kneeled.—God make you as good women as your mother: Then, then, will you deserve to be happy.

God bless you, my dear girls, God bless you both, said my mother, kissing each, as you are dutiful to your father, and as you love one another—I hope I have given you no bad example.

My father began to accuse himself. My brother, with the piety of the Patriarch's two best sons, retired, that he might not hear his father's confessions. We followed him to the further end of the room. The manly youth sat down between us, and held an hand of each between his: His noble heart was penetrated: He two or three times lifted the hand of each to his lips. But he could only once speak, his heart seeming ready to burst; and that was, as I remember, O my sisters!—Comfort yourselves!—But who can say comfort?—These tears are equally our duty and our relief.

My mother retained to the last that generosity of mind which had ever distinguished her. She would not permit my father to proceed with his self-accusation: Let us look forward, my dearest, my only Love, said she. I have a blessed hope before me: I pity, as well as pray for, survivors: You are a man of sense, Sir, and of enlarged sentiments: God direct you according to them, and comfort you! All my fear was (and that more particularly for some of the last past months) that I should have been the mournful survivor. In a very few moments all my sufferings will be over; and God give you, when you come to this unavoidable period of all human vanity, the same happy prospects that are now opening to me! O Sir, believe me, all worldly joys are now nothing; *less* than nothing: Even my Love of you, and of the dear pledges of our mutual Love, with-holds not *now* my wishes after a happier state. There may we meet, and never be separated!—Forgive me only, my beloved husband, if I have ever made you

for one hour unhappy or uneasy—Forgive the petulancies of my *Love*!

Who can bear this goodness? said my father: I have not deserved—

Dear Sir, no more—Were you not the husband of my choice?—And now your grief affects me—Leave me, Sir. You bring me back again to earth—God preserve you, watch over you, *heal* you, support you. Your hand, Sir Thomas Grandison, the name that was ever so pleasant in my ears! Your hand, Sir! Your heart was my treasure: I have now, and only now, a better treasure, a diviner Love, in view. Adieu, and in this world for ever adieu, my husband, my friend, my Grandison!

She turned her head from him, sunk upon her pillows, and fainted; and so saw not, had not the *grief* to see, the stronger heart of my father overcome; for he fainted away, and was carried out in his chair by the servants who brought him in. He was in a strong convulsion-fit, between his not half-cured wounds and his grief; and recovered not till all was over with my blessed mother.

After my father was carried out, she came to herself. Her chaplain was once more admitted. The fatal moment approached. She was asked, if she would see her children again? No, she said; but bid her last blessing be repeated to them, and her charge, of *loving one another*, in the words of our Saviour, as *she had loved us*: And when the chaplain came to read a text, which she had imperfectly pointed to, but so as to be understood, she repeated, in faltering accents, but with more strength of voice than she had had for an hour before, *I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith—There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness*: And then her voice failing, she gave signs of satisfaction, in the hope of being in-

titled to that crown; and expired in an ejaculation that her ebbing life could not support.

O my Lucy! may my latter end, and the latter end of all I love, be like hers! The two Ladies were in speechless tears; so was Miss Jervois; so was I, for some minutes. And for an hour or two, all the joys of life were as nothing to me. Even the regard I had entertained for the excellent son of a Lady *so* excellent, my protector, my deliverer, had, for some hours, subsided, and was as nothing to me. Even now that I have concluded this moving recapitulation, it seems as nothing; and the whole world, my dear, is as a bit of dirt under my feet.

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## LETTER VII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

THE son was inconsolable upon his mother's death. He loved his father, but next to adored his mother. His father, tho' he had given so little attention to his education, was excessively fond of him: And, no doubt, but he the more easily satisfied himself on this head, as he knew his remissness was so well supplied by his Lady's care, which mingled with the cares of the masters of the several sciences, who came home to him, at her desire.

A deep melancholy having seized the young gentleman on a loss so irreparable, his father, who himself was greatly grieved, and the more, as he could not but reproach himself as having at least hastened that loss, was alarmed for his son; and yielded to the entreaties of General W. brother of Lord W. to permit him to travel. The general recommended for a governor to the young

gentleman, an officer under him, who had been wounded, and obliged to quit the military service. Sir Thomas allowed his son 800 *l.* a year, from the day of his setting out on his travels, which he augmented afterwards to 1,000 *l.* Sir Charles was about seventeen when his mother died.

The two daughters were taken by Lady W. But she dying in about twelve months after Lady Grandison, they returned to their father; who by that time, had pretty well got over his grief for the loss of his Lady, and was quite recovered of the wounds which he received in the duel that cost her her life.

He placed over his daughters, as governess (though they both took exceptions at that title, supposing themselves of age to manage for themselves) the widow of one of his gay friends, Oldham by name, whose fortune had not held out as Sir Thomas's had done. Men of strong health, I have heard my grandfather say, and of a riotous turn, should not, in mere *compassion*, keep company with men of feebler constitutions, and make them the companions of their riots. So may one say, I believe, that extravagant men, of great and small fortunes, are equally ill-suited; since the expences which will but shake the one, will quite demolish the other.

Mrs. Oldham had fine qualities, and was an oeconomist. She deserved a better husband, than had fallen to her lot; and the young Ladies having had a foundation laid by a still *more* excellent manager, received no small advantage from her skill in family-affairs. But it was related to me with reluctance, and as what I must know on a further acquaintance with their family, if they did not tell it me, that Sir Thomas was grateful to this Lady in a way that cost her her reputation. She was obliged, in short, in little more than a twelvemonth, to quit the country,



and to come up to town. She had an indisposition, which kept her from going abroad for a month or two.

Lady L. being then about nineteen, and Miss Grandison about sixteen, they had spirit enough to oppose the return of this Lady to her charge. They undertook themselves to manage every-thing at the capital seat in Hampshire.

Sir Thomas had another seat in Essex. Thither, on the reluctance of the young Ladies to receive again Mrs. Oldham, he carried her; and they, as well as every-body else, for some time, apprehended they were actually married. She was handsome; well-descended; and tho' she became so unhappily sensible of the favours and presents by which Sir Thomas made way to her heart, she had an untainted character when he took her as a governess to the young Ladies.

Was not Sir Thomas very, very faulty, with regard to this poor woman?—She had already suffered enough from a bad husband, to whom she remarkably well performed her duty.—Poor woman!—The example to his own daughters was an abominable one. She was the relict of his friend: She was under his protection: Thrown into it by her unhappy circumstances.—Were not these great aggravations to his crime?—Happy for those parents who live not to see such catastrophes as attended this child! This darling, it seems: Not undeservedly so; and whom they thought they had not unhappily married to Mr. Oldham—And he, poor man! thought himself not unhappy in Sir Thomas Grandison's acquaintance; tho' it ended in his emulating him in his expences, with a much less estate; in the ruin of his fortune, which indeed was his own fault; and in the ruin of his wife's virtue, which was more Sir Thomas's than hers.—May I say so?

—If I may not (since women, whose glory is their chastity, must not yield to temptation) had not the husband, however, something to answer for, who, with his eyes open, lived at such a rate, against his wife's dutiful remonstrances, and better example, as reduced her (after his death) to the necessity of dependence on another's favour, and *such* another!

Sir Thomas was greatly displeased with his daughters, for resisting him in the return of their governess. He had thought the reason of her withdrawing a secret, because he wished it to be one: And yet her disgrace was, at the time, every-where talked of, but in *his* presence.

This woman is still living. She has two children by Sir Thomas, who are also living; and one by Mr. Oldham. I shall be told more of her history, when the Ladies come to give me some account of their brother's.

Sir Thomas went on in the same gay fluttering way that he had done all his life. The love of *pleasure*, as it is called, was wrought into his habit. He was a *slave* to it, and to what he called *freedom*. He was deemed one of the best companions among men, and one of the gallantest men among women. His advantages of person and mind were snares to him. Mrs. Oldham was not the only one of her Sex with whom he was intimate: He had another mistress in town, who had a taste for all its gaieties, and who even assumed his name.

He would now-and-then, by way of excursion, and to surprise the young Ladies, visit Grandison-hall; but tho' it was once the seat he most delighted in, neither gave, nor seemed to receive, much pleasure there; hurrying away on a sudden, as if he had escaped from it; tho' never father had more reason to be pleased with the conduct and duty of daughters: And this he often declared, boasting

of them in their absence; but snubbing, chiding, and studying to find fault with them, when present.

But what equally surprised and affected them, was, that hisson had not been a year abroad, when he prohibited them to write to, or correspond with, him; and, by their brother's discontinuing to write to them, from about the same time, they supposed that he was under the same prohibition: And so, it seems, he was.

They presumed, their father's reason for this unkind prohibition was, his fear that his gaieties would have been one of the subjects of the correspondence; and the rather, as those gaieties were so likely to affect all three in their fortunes.

The young Ladies, however, for some time, continued writing to their brother. Miss Grandison, in mentioning this, said, in her usual sprightly manner, that she never had any notion of obeying unreasonable commands; commands so evidently unreasonable as to be unnatural: And she called upon me to justify her in her notion. The Countess also desired me to speak my mind on this subject.

I am apprehensive, said I, of childrens *partiality* in this respect: If they make themselves their own judges in the performance or non-performance of a duty, *inclination* I am afraid, will too often be their guide, rather than right reason. They will be too apt, perhaps, to call those commands unnatural, which are not *so* unnatural as this seems to be.

But, Harriet, said Miss Grandison, would not you have written on, in the like circumstances?

I believe not, replied I; and partly for this reason; because I should have had no doubt but my brother would have the same prohibition; and I should only have shewn my brother, as well as my father (were my father to know

it) an instance of my refractoriness, without obtaining the desired end; or, if my brother had written, I should have made him a partaker in my fault.

Your answer regards the policy of the thing, Harriet, said Miss Grandison: But ought an unnatural command—

There she stopt: Yet by her looks expected me to speak.

I should have thought it hard; but that it was more meritorious to submit, than the contrary. I believe I should have supposed, that my father might have reasons which might not appear to me. But, pray, Ladies, how did your brother—

O, he was implicit—

Will you forgive me, Ladies?—I should have been concerned, I think, that my brother, in a point of duty, tho' it were one that might be *disputable*, should be more *nice*, more *delicate*, than I his sister.

Miss Emily looked as if she were pleased with me.

Well, you are a good girl, a *very* good girl, said Miss Grandison: *That*, whether your doctrine be just or not, is out of dispute.

This prohibition gave the sisters the more sensible concern, as they were afraid it would lay a foundation for distance and indifference in their brother to them; on whom, as their mother had presaged, they were likely, if he survived their father to have a too great dependence; but more particularly at that time, as their brother had promised, at his taking leave of them, to write a regular account of all that befel him, and of all that was curious, and worthy notice, in the courts and places he visited; and had actually begun to do so and as he had asked their advice in relation to his governor, who proved not so proper a person for that employment, as was expected; and

to which they had answered, without knowing, for some time, what was the resolution he took.

They asked their father, from time to time, after the welfare of their brother. He would answer them with pleasure, and sometimes with tears in his eyes, He is all that is *dutiful, brave, pious, worthy*: And would sometimes add, *God reward him!* I cannot. But when he mentioned the word *dutiful*, he would look at them, as if he had in his thoughts their resisting him in his intention of reinstating their governess; the only time they could recollect that they had given him the shadow of displeasure.

The Ladies went on, and said, that Sir Thomas, in all companies, gloried in his son. And once Lord W. who himself, on his Lady's death, openly indulged himself in liberties which before he was only suspected to take [O my Lucy! how rare a character, in this age, is that of a virtuous man!] told some gentlemen, who wondered that Sir Thomas Grandison could permit a son so beloved to be absent from him so many years, that the reason Sir Thomas gave, was, that his son's morals and his own were so different, that he should not be able to bear his own consciousness, if he consented to his return to England. The unhappy man was so habituated to vice, that he could talk familiarly of his gaities to his intimates, seeming to think them too well known for him to endeavour to conceal them; but, however, would add sometimes, I intend to set about altering my course of life; and then will I send for my son. But, alas! Sir Thomas went on from year to year, only *intending*: He lived not to begin the promised *alteration*, nor to see his son.

Yet one awakener he had, that made him talk of beginning the alteration of his way of living out of hand,

and of sending for his son; which last act was to be the fore-runner of his reformation.

• It happened, that Mrs. Farnborough, the woman he lived with when in town, was struck with the small-pox, in the height of her gaiety and pleasure; for she was taken ill at the opera, on seeing a Lady of her acquaintance there, whose face bore too strongly the marks of the distemper, and who, it seems, had made her first visit to that place, rather than to a better. The malady, aided by her terror, proved mortal; and Sir Thomas was so much affected with the warning, that he left town, and, in pursuance of his temporary good resolutions, went down to his daughters; talked of sending for his son; and, for some few months, lived like the man of sense and understanding he was known to be.

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## LETTER VIII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

LORD L. returned from his travels about the time that Mrs. Farnborough was taken ill. He had brought some presents to Sir Thomas from his son, who took all opportunities to send him over curiosities, some of considerable value; which served at the same time to shew his oeconomy, and his duty. He forgot not, in this way, his sisters, tho' his accompanying Letters were short, and merely polite, and such as required no other answer than thanks! Only they could discover by them, that he had warm wishes to be allowed to return to England; but such a submission to his father's pleasure, as entirely to give up his own.

Sir Thomas seemed fond of Lord L. And, setting out, on Mrs. Farnborough's death, for Grandison-hall, gave him an invitation to visit him there; for he would listen with pleasure, an hour together, to him, or to any one, who would talk, and give him some account of his son. How predominant must those passions, those habits, be in his heart, which could take place of a Love so laudably paternal!

In pursuance of this invitation, Lord L. attended him at the Hall; and there fell in Love with the eldest of the young Ladies. He revealed his passion to her. She referred herself wholly to her father. Sir Thomas could not be blind to their mutual affection. Every-body saw it. Lord L's passion was of the ardent kind; and he was too honest to wish to conceal it. But yet Sir Thomas would not see it. He behaved, however, with great freedom and civility to my Lord; so that the heart of the young Lady was insensibly engaged; but Sir Thomas avoided several opportunities which the Lover had lain in wait for, to open his mind, and make proposals.

At last, my Lord desired an audience of Sir Thomas, as upon a subject of the last importance. The Baronet, after some little delays, and not without some inauspicious reluctance, granted it: And then my Lord revealed his passion to him.

Sir Thomas asked him, if he had made it known to his daughter? And yet must have seen, on a hundred occasions, at breakfast, at dinner, at tea, at supper, how matters stood with both the Lovers, if Miss Grandison's pleasant account of the matter may be depended upon.

Lord L. owned he had; and that he had asked her leave to make proposals to her father, to whom she wholly referred herself.

Sir Thomas seemed uneasy; and oddly answered, He was sorry for it: He wished his Lordship had not put such notions in the girl's head. Both his daughters would now be set a romancing, he supposed. They were, till now, modest young creatures, he said. Young women should not too soon be set to look out of themselves for happiness—He had known many quiet and orderly girls set a madding by the notice of men. He did not know what business young fellows had to find out qualifications in other mens daughters, that the parents of those daughters had not given themselves leisure to discover. A daughter of *his*, he hoped, had not encouraged such discoveries. It was to him but as *yesterday*, when they were crowing in the arms of their nurses; and now, he supposed, they would be set a crowing after wedlock.

What an *odd* father was Sir Thomas, my Lucy! His own life, it is evident, had passed away very pleasantly.

Indeed he could hardly bear to think, he added, of either of his daughters as marriageable yet. They have not been nursed in the town hot-beds, my Lord. They are sober country-girls, and good housewives. I love not that girls should marry before they have done growing. A young wife makes a vapourish mother. I forget their age—But twenty-six or twenty-eight is time enough for a woman, either for the sake of modesty or discretion, to marry.

We may like *gay* men for *husbands*, Lucy: Some of us do: But, at this rate, those daughters must be very good girls, who can make their best courtesies to their mothers, and thank them for their *fancies*; or the fathers must be more attentive to their growth than Sir Thomas was to that of *his* daughters.—What have I said?—I am here afraid of my uncle.

My Lord was surprised; and well he might. Sir Tho-



mas had forgot, as Lady L. observed, that he himself thought Miss *W.* was not too young at seventeen, to be *Lady Grandison*.

My Lord was a modest man: He was begging (as it may be called) the young woman, whom of all the women in the world he loved best, of her father, who was a man that knew the world, and had long made a considerable figure in it; and who, for reasons which would have held with him had he lived to see her *forty*, had no mind to part with her. Yet my Lord pleaded his passion, her great and good qualities, as acknowledged by himself; and modestly hinted at the unexceptionableness of his own character, and the favour he stood in with his son; not saying the least word of his birth and alliances, which some Lovers, of his rank, would not have forgot: And, it seems, he was right in forbearing to make these accidents a plea; for Sir Thomas valued himself upon his ancestry; and used to say, that his progenitor, in James the First's time, disgraced it by accepting of the title of Baronet.

Sir Thomas allowed something to the plea of his standing well with his son: Let me tell you, my Lord, said he, that I shall take no step in a family-affair of this consequence, without consulting with my son; and the rather, as he is far from expecting so much of my consideration for him. He is the pride of my life.

My Lord desired, that his suit might be put upon the issue of his son's approbation.

But pray, my Lord, what fortune do you expect with my girl? Well as you love her, I suppose the return of her Love for yours, which you seem not to doubt, will not be enough. Can the poor girl be a Countess without a confounded parcel of dross fastened to her petticoat, to make her weight in the other scale?

My circumstances; said my honest Lord L. permit me not, in discretion, to make that compliment to my Love, which my heart would with transport make, were they better: But I will lay them faithfully before you, and be determined by your generosity.

I could not but expect, from a young man of your Lordship's good sense, such an answer as this: And yet I must tell you, that we fathers, who know the world, expect to make some advantage of a knowlege that has cost us so much. I should not dislike a little more romancing in Love, from a man that asks for my daughter, tho' I care not how little of it is shewn by my son to another man's. Every father *thinks* thus, my Lord; but is not so honest as to *own* it.

I am sure, Sir Thomas, that you would not think a man worthy of your daughter, who had no regard to anything, but the gratification of his own wishes; who could think, for the sake of that, in involving a young Lady in difficulties, which she never knew in her father's house.

Why, this, my Lord, is well said. You and I may afford to make handsome compliments to one another, while compliments only are expected. I have a good share of health: I have not quitted the world so entirely, nor think I ought, as to look upon myself as the necessary tool of my children, to promote their happiness at the expence of my own. My Lord, I have still a strong relish for the pleasures of this world. My daughters *may* be women grown: Your Lordship seems to have *found out*, that they *are*; and has persuaded one of them, that she *is*; and the other will be ready to think she is not three years behind her. This is an inconvenience which you have brought upon me. And as I would be glad to live a little longer for myself, I wish you to withdraw your suit; and leave me

to do as well as I *can* with my daughters. I propose to carry them to town next winter. They shall there look about them, and see whom they could like, and who could like them, that they may not be liable to after-repentance, for having taken the first man that offered.

My Lord told Sir Thomas, that he hoped there could not be reason to imagine, that any-thing could possibly arise from his address, that should be incompatible with the happiness of a father—And was going on in the same reasonable strain; but Sir Thomas interrupted him—

You must not, my Lord, suppose I can be a stranger to whatever may be urged by a young man on this subject. You say you are in love: Caroline is a girl that any-body may love: But I have not a mind she should marry so soon. I know the inconvenience of early marriages. A man's children treading upon his heels, and *shouldering him* with their shoulders: In short, my Lord, I have an aversion to be called a grandfather, before I am a *grey* father [Sir Thomas was not put to it to try to overcome this aversion]. Girls will start up, and look up, and parents cannot help it: But what father, in the vigour of his days, would not *wish* to help it? I am not fond of their partnership in my substance. Why should I divide my fortune with novices, when, making the handsome allowances to them, that I do make, it is not too much for myself? My son should be their example. He is within a year as old as my eldest girl. On his future alliances I build, and hope to add by them to the consequence of all my family [Ah! Lucy!] Girls are said to be sooner women than boys *are* men. Let us see that they are so by their discretion, as well as by stature.—Let them stay—

And here Sir Thomas abruptly broke off the conversation for that time; to the great distress of Lord L. who

had reason to regret, that he had a man of wit, rather than a man of reason, to contend with.

Sir Thomas went directly into his closet, and sent for his two daughters; and, tho' not ill-naturedly, raillied them both so much on their own *discoveries*, as he wickedly phrased it, and on admitting Lord L. into the secret, that neither of them could hold up her head, for two or three days, *in* his presence: But, *out* of it, Miss Caroline Grandison found that she was in love; and the more for Lord L's generous attachment, and Sir Thomas's not so generous discouragement.

My Lord wrote over to young Mr. Grandison, to favour his address. Lady L. permitted me to copy the following answer to his application.

*My Lord,*

I HAVE the honour of your Lordship's Letter of the 17th. Never brother loved his sisters better than I do mine. As the natural effects of that love, I receive with pleasure the notification of your great regard for my elder sister. As to myself, I cannot have one objection. But what am I in this case? She is wholly my father's. I also am his. The consideration he gives me in this instance, confounds me: It binds me to him in double duty. It would look like taking advantage of it, were I so much as to offer my humble opinion, unless he were pleased to command it from me. If he does, assure yourself, my Lord, that (my sister's inclination in your Lordship's favour presupposed) my voice shall be warmly given, as you wish. I am, my Lord, with equal affection and esteem,

*Your Lordship's faithful and obedient Servant.*

Both sisters rejoiced at the perusal of this affectionate

Letter; for they were afraid, that the unnatural prohibition of correspondence between them and their brother had estranged his affections from them.

The particulars of one more conversation I will give you, between my Lord and Sir Thomas, on this important subject; for you must believe, that Lord L. could not permit a matter of such consequence to his own happiness to go easily off; especially as neither of the two daughters were able to stand their father's continual railery, which had banished from the cautious eyes, and apprehensive countenances, of both Ladies, all indications of Love, tho' it reigned with the more absolute power in the heart of Miss Caroline, for that concealment.

In this conversation, my Lord began with a little more spirit than he finished the former. The Countess lent me my Lord's minutes of it; which he took for her to see, and to judge of all that passed at the time.

On my Lord's lively, but respectful, address to Sir Thomas, on the occasion, the Baronet went directly into the circumstances of my Lord, and his expectations.

Lord L. told him frankly, that he paid interest for 15,000 *l.* for sisters fortunes; three of whom were living, and single: That he believed two of them would soon be advantageously married; and he should wish to pay them their portions on the day; and was contriving to do so, by increasing the incumbrance that his father had left upon the finest part of his estate, to the amount of 5,000 *l.*; which, and his sisters fortunes, were all that lay upon a clear estate of 5,000 *l.* a year. After he had thus opened himself, he referred the whole to Sir Thomas's consideration.

My advice, my Lord, is this, said the Baronet; That you should by no means think of marriage till you are clear of the world. You will have 10,000 *l.* to pay directly:

You will have the interest of 10,000 *l.* more to pay: And you men of title, on your marriages, whether you like ostentation or not, must be ostentatious. Your equipages, your houses, your furniture—A certain increase of expence.—By no means, my Lord L. think of marriage till you are quite clear of the world, unless you could meet with some rich widow or heiress, who could do the business at once.

Lord L. could only, at first, urge his passion [He durst not his daughter's affection, and the happiness of both, which were at stake]. Sir Thomas opposed discretion to that plea. Poor *passion*, Lucy, would be ashamed to see the fun, if *discretion* were always to be attended to in treaties of this kind.

Afterwards he told Sir Thomas, that he would accept the Lady upon his own terms. He besought his consent to their nuptials. He would wait his own time and pleasure. He would be content, if he gave not Miss Caroline a single shilling.

Sir Thomas was fretful—And so, Lover-like, you would involve the girl you profess to Love, in difficulties. I will ask her, if she wants for any-thing with me, that a modest girl can wish for? But, to be serious, it is a *plaguy* thing for a man to be obliged, by the officious *Love*, as it is called, of a pretender to his daughters, to open his affairs, and expose his circumstances, to strangers. I wish, my Lord, that you had let my girls alone. I wish you had not found them out in their country-retirement. I should have carried them to town, as I told you, in a few months. Women so brought up, so qualified, and handsome girls, are such rarities in this age, and men worth having are so affrighted at the luxury and expensiveness of the modern women, that I doubted not but the characters of my girls would have made their fortunes, with very little of my

help. They have *family*, my Lord, to value themselves upon, tho' but spinsters. And, let me tell you, since I shall be thought a more unnatural man than I am, if I do not obey the present demand upon me to open my circumstances, I owe my son a great deal more than 30,000 *l*.

I don't understand you, Sir Thomas.

Why, thus, my Lord, I explain myself: My father left me what is called rich. I lessened the ready money which he had got together for a purchase he lived not to complete, a great deal. That I looked upon as a deodand: So was not answerable for it: And as I was not married, my son had no right in it. When I was married, and he was given me—

Forgive me, Sir Thomas: Your son a *right*—And had not your other children—

No, my Lord: They were girls—And as to them, had I increased my fortune by penuriousness, instead of living *like a man*, I was determined as to their fortunes—

But, as I was saying, when Lady Grandison died, I think (tho' every father does not; nor should I, were he not the best of sons, and did he *expect* it) the produce of her jointure, which is very considerable, should have been my son's. As to what I annually allowed him, *that* it was my duty to allow him, as my son, and for my own credit, had his mother not brought me a shilling.—Then, my Lord, I have been obliged to take up money upon my Irish estate; which being a family-estate, my son ought to have had come clear to him. You see, my Lord, how I expose myself.

You have a generous way of thinking, Sir Thomas, as to your son: But a man of your spirit would despise me, if I did not *say*, that—

I have not so generous a way of thinking for my daugh-

ters—I will save your Lordship the trouble of speaking out, because it is more agreeable from myself than it would be for any other man to do it. But to this I answer, that the late Earl of L. your Lordship's father, had one son and three daughters—I have one son, and two. He was an Earl—I am but a simple Baronet—If 5,000 *l.* apiece is enough for an Earl's daughters, half the sum ought to do for a Baronet's.

Your fortune, Sir Thomas—And in England, where estates—

And where living, my Lord, will be five times more expensive to you than it need to be, if you can content yourself to live where your estate lies.—As for me, I have lived nobly—But had I been as rich as my father left me, 5,000 *l.* should have done with a daughter, I assure you. You, my Lord, have *your* notions: I have *mine*. Money and a girl you expect from me: I ask nothing of you. As matters stand, if my girls will *keep* (and I hope they will) I intend to make as good a bargain for them, and with them, as I can. Not near 5,000 *l.* apiece must they expect from me. I will not rob my son more than I *have* done.—See, here is a Letter from him. It is in answer to one I had written, on the refusal of a wretch to lend me, upon my Irish estate, a sum that I wanted to answer a debt of honour, which I had contracted at Newmarket, unless my son (tho' it is an estate in fee) would join in the security. Does not such a son as this deserve every-thing?

I obtained a sight of this Letter; and here is a copy.

*Honoured Sir,*

I COULD almost say I am sorry that so superior a spirit as yours should vouchsafe to comply with Mr. O.'s disagreeable and unnecessary demand. But, at least, let



me ask, Why, Sir, did you condescend to write to me on the occasion, as if for my consent? Why did you not send me the deeds, ready to sign? Let me beg of you, ever-dear and ever-honoured Sir, that you will not suffer any difficulties, that I can join to remove, to oppress your heart with doubts for one moment. Are you not my *father*?—And did you not give me a mother, whose memory is my glory? That I *am*, under God, is owing to you. That I am *what I am*, to your indulgence. Leave me not any-thing! You have given me an education, and I derive from you a spirit, that, by God's blessing on my duty to you, will enable me to make my own fortune: And, in that case, the foundation of it will be yours; and you will be intitled, for that foundation, to my warmest gratitude. Permit me, Sir, to add, that, be my income ever so small, I am resolved to live within it. And let me beseech you to remit me but one half of your present bounty. My reputation is established; and I will engage not to discredit my father. All I have ever aimed at, is, to be in condition rather to lay, than to receive, an obligation. *That* your goodness has always enabled me to do: And I am rich, thro' your munificence; richer, in your favour.

Have you any thought, Sir, of commanding me to attend you at Paris, or at the Hague; according to the hopes you gave me in your last?—I will not, if you do me this honour, *press* for a return with you to my native country: But I long to throw myself at your feet; and, where-ever the opportunity of that happiness shall be given me, to assure you personally of the inviolable duty of

*Your*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

Must not such a Letter as this, Lucy, have stung to the heart a man of Sir Thomas Grandison's pride? If not, what *was* his pride?—Sir Thomas had as good an education as his son: Yet could not live within the compass of an income of upwards of 7,000 *l.* a year. His son called himself rich with 800 *l.* or 1000 *l.* a year; and tho' abroad, in foreign countries, desired but half that allowance, that he might contribute, by the other half, to lessen the difficulties in which his father had involved himself by his extravagance.

His father, Lady L. says, *was* affected with it. He wept: He blessed his son; and resolved, for his sake, to be more cautious in his wagerings than he had hitherto been. Policy, therefore, would have justified the young gentleman's chearful compliance, had he *not* been guided by superior motives. O my dear! the Christian Religion is a blessed religion! How does honest policy, as well as true greatness of mind, recommend that noble doctrine of returning good for evil!

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## LETTER IX.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

**M**Y Lord *repeated* his request, that he might have Sir Thomas's consent to his nuptials, upon his own terms; and promised never to expect a single shilling in dowry, but to leave the whole of that to time, and to his own convenience and pleasure.

We know, said Sir Thomas, what all this means. You talk, my Lord, like a young man. You ought not to think (You once said it yourself) of involving a young woman

you love, as well as yourself, in difficulties. I know the world, and what is best to be done, if you will think no more of my daughter. I hope she has discretion. *First love* is generally *first folly*. It is seldom *fit* to be encouraged. Your quality, my Lord, to say nothing of your merit, will procure you a rich wife from the city. And the city now is as genteel, as polite, as the court was formerly. The wives and daughters of citizens, poor fellows! are apes of us gentry; and succeed pretty well, as to outward appearance, in the mimicry. You will, by this means, shake off all your father's sins. I speak in the language of young fellows, who expect a father to live solely for them, and not for himself. Some sober young men of quality and fortune, affrighted at the gaiety and extravagance of the modern women, will find out my girls: Who, I hope, will have patience. If they have not, let them pursue their inclinations: Let them take their *fill of love*, as Solomon says; and, if they run their heads into a hedge, let them stick there by the horns, with all my heart!

See, my dear, what a man a rakish father is!—O my good Lady Grandison, how might your choice have punished your children!

I pray to God, Sir Thomas, said my Lord, bowing, but angry; I pray to God, to continue me in a different way of thinking from yours, if this *be* yours. Give me leave to say, you are too young a gentleman to be a father of grown-up children. But I must love Miss Grandison; and still, if possible, poor young Lady! more than ever, for what has passed in this conversation. And saying this, he withdrew.

Sir Thomas was very angry at this spirited speech. He sent for his daughter, and forbade her to receive my Lord's addresses. He ordered her never to think of him: And

directing Miss Charlotte to be called in, repeated his commands before her; and threatened to turn them both out of his house, if they presumed to encourage any address, but with his knowlege. And don't think, said he, of going on to *engage your affections*, as a sensual forwardness is called; and then hope to take advantage of *my* weakness, to countenance *your own*. I know the world: I know your sex.—Your sister, I see, Charlotte, is a whining fool: See how she whimpers!—Begone from my presence, Caroline! And remember, Charlotte (for I suppose this impertinent Lord's address to your sister will go near to set you agog) that I expect, whether absent or present, to know of any application that may be made to you, before your liking has taken root in *love*, as it is called, and while my advice may have the weight that the permission or dissent of a father ought to have.

They both wept, courtesied, and withdrew.

At dinner, Miss Caroline begged to be excused attending her gay and arbitrary father; being excessively grieved, and unfit, as she desired her sister to say, to be seen. But he commanded her attendance.

Miss Charlotte Grandison told me what this wicked man [Shall I call Sir Charles Grandison's Father so?] said on the occasion: "Womens tears are but, as the Poet says, the sweat of eyes. Caroline's eyes will not misbecome them. The more she is ashamed of herself, the less reason will she give me to be ashamed of her.—Let me see how the fool looks, now she is conscious of her folly. Her bashful behaviour will be a half-confession; and this is the first step to amendment. Tell her, that a woman's grief for not having been able to carry her point, has always been a pleasure to me. I will not be robbed of my pleasure. She owes it me for the pain she has given me."

Lord L. and she had parted. He had, on his knees, implored her hand. He would not, he said, either ask or expect a shilling of her father: His estate would and should work itself clear, without injury to his sisters, or postponing their marriage. Her prudence and generosity he built upon: They would enable him to be just to every one, and to preserve his own credit. He would not, he generously said, for the beloved daughter's sake, utter one reflecting word upon her father, after he had laid naked facts before her. Those, however, would too well justify him, if he did. And he again urged for her hand, and for a private marriage. Can I bear to think with patience, my dearest Miss Grandison, added he, that you and your sister, according to Sir Thomas's scheme, shall be carried to town, with minds nobler than the minds of any women in it, as adventurers, as *female* fortune-hunters, to take the chance of attracting the eyes and hearts of men, whether worthy or unworthy, purely to save your father's pocket? No, madam: Believe me, I love you not for my own sake merely, tho' heaven knows you are dearer to me than my life, but for yours as well: And my whole future conduct shall convince you, that I do. My love, madam, has *friendship* for its base; and your worthy brother, once, in an argument, convinced me, that *love* might be selfish; that *friendship* could not; and that in a pure flame they could not be disunited; and when they were, that love was a cover only to a baseness of heart, which taught the pretender to it to seek to gratify his own passion, at the expence of the happiness or duty of the object pretended to be beloved.

See, my Lucy!—Did we girls ever think of this nice, but just, distinction before? And is not *friendship* a nobler band than *love*?—But is not Lord L. a good man? Don't

you love him, Lucy?—Why have I not met with these notions before in the men I have known?

But Miss Caroline was not less generous than my Lord L. No scheme of my father's shall make me forget, said she, the merits of Lord L. Your Lordship's affairs will be made easier by time. I will not embarrass you. Think not yourself under any obligation to me. Whenever any opportunity offers to make you easy all at once (for a mind so generous ought not to be laid under difficulties) embrace it: Only let me look upon you as my *friend*, till envy to a happier woman, or other unworthiness in Caroline Grandison, make me forfeit your good opinion.

Generous creature! said my Lord. Never will I think of any other wife while you are single. Yet will I not fetter *her*, who would leave me free.—May I, madam, hope, if you will not bless me with your hand now, that my Letters will be received?—Your father, in forbidding my address to you, has forbidden me his house. He is, and ought to be, master in it.—May I hope, madam, a correspondence—

I am unhappy, said she, that, having such a brother as sister never had, I cannot consult him. The dear Charlotte is too partial to me, and too apt to think of what may be her own case. But, my Lord, I depend upon your honour, which you have never given me reason to doubt, that you will not put me upon doing a wrong thing, either with regard to my duty to my father, or to my own character. Try me not with a view to see the power you have over me. That would be ungenerous. I own you have some: Indeed a great deal.

## LETTER X.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.**Tuesday Night.*

YOU may guess what were my Lord's assurances on this generous confidence in him. They agreed upon a private correspondence by Letters.—Ah! Lady L. was this *quite* right, tho' it came out happily in the event? Does not concealment always imply somewhat wrong? Ought you not to have done *your* duty, whether your father did *his*, or not? Were you not *called upon*, as I may say, to a *trial of yours*? And is not virtue to be proved by trial? Remember you not who says, "For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? But if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God."—But you, Lady L. lost your excellent mother very early.

The worthy young Lady would not, however, be prevailed upon to consent to a private marriage; and my Lord took leave of her. Their parting was extremely tender; and the amiable Caroline, in the softness of her heart, overcome by my Lord's protestations of everlasting Love to her in preference to all the women on earth, voluntarily assured him, that she never would receive any other proposal, while he was living, and single.

Sir Thomas shewed himself so much displeased with Lord L. for the freedom of his last speech, that my Lord chose not to desire another audience of him; and yet, being unwilling to widen the difference, he took polite leave of the angry Baronet in a Letter, which was put into his hands just before he had commanded Miss Caroline to

attend him at dinner, which she had begged to be excused doing.

Don't you pity the young Lady, Lucy, in this situation? Lord L. having but a little before taken leave of her, and set out for London?

Miss Charlotte told her sister, that, were it she, she should hardly have suffered Lord L. to go away by *himself*—Were it but to avoid an interview with a father who seemed to have been too much used to womens tears to be moved by them; and who had such a satirical vein, and such odd notions of Love.

I was very earnest to know what passed at this dinner-time.

Miss Grandison said, It is best for *me* to answer Miss Byron's curiosity, I believe; as I was a stander-by, and only my father and sister were the players.

*Players!* repeated Lady L.—It was a cruel scene. And I believe, Miss Byron, it will make you not wonder, that I liked Lord L. much the better for being rather a man of understanding than a man of wit.

Miss Grandison began as follows:

I went up with my father's *peremptory*, as I may call it, to my sister.

O my dear mamma! said Caroline, when she found she must go down, on what a new occasion do I want your sweet mediation! But, Charlotte, I can neither *walk* nor *stand*—

You must then lean upon me, my dear, and *creep*: Love will creep, they say, where it cannot go.

Wicked girl! interrupted Lady L. I remember that was what she said.

I said it to make you smile, if I could, and take courage: But you know I was in tears for you, notwithstanding.



You thought of what might befall yourself, Charlotte.

So I did. We never, I believe, *properly* feel for others, what does not touch ourselves.

A compassionate heart, said I, is a blessing, though a painful one: And yet there would be no supporting life, if we felt quite as poignantly for others as we do for ourselves. How happy was it for my Charlotte, that she could smile, when the father's apprehended lecture was intended for the use of both!

I thank you for this, Harriet. You will not be long my creditor—But I will proceed.

Caroline took my advice. She leaned upon me; and creep, creep, creep, down she *crept*. A fresh stream of tears fell from her eyes, when she came to the dining-room door. Her tremblings were increased: And down she dropt upon a window-seat in the passage: I can go no further, said she.

Instantly a voice, that we knew must be observed, alarmed our ears—Where are you, Caroline! Charlotte? Girls! where are you? The housekeeper was in hearing, and ran to us: Ladies! Ladies! Your papa calls!—And we, in spite of the weakness of the one, and the unwillingness of the other, recovered our feet; and, after half a dozen creeping motions more, found ourselves within the door, and in our father's sight, my sister leaning upon my arm.

What devil's in the wind now! What tragedy-movements are here!—What measured steps!—In some cases, all women are natural actresses. But come, Caroline, the play is over, and you mistake your cue.

Good Sir!—Her hands held up—I wept for her; and for my own remoter case, if you will, Miss Byron.

The prologue is yours, Caroline. Charlotte, I doubt

not, is ready with her epilogue. But come, come, it is time to close this farce—Take your places, girls; and don't be fools.—A pretty caution, thought I, said Miss Charlotte, when you make us both such!

However, the servants entering with the dinner, we hemm'd, handkerchief'd, twinkled, took up our knives and forks, laid them down, and took them up again, when our father's eye was upon us; piddled, sipped; but were more busy with our elbows than with our teeth. As for poor sister Caroline, Love stuck in her throat. She tried to swallow, as one in a quinsy; a wry face, and a strained neck, denoting her difficulty to get down but a lark's morsel—And what made her more awkward (I am sure it did me) was a pair of the sharpest eyes that ever were seen in a man's head, and the man a father (the poor things having no mother, no aunt, to support their spirits) cast first on the one, then on the other; and now-and-then an overclouded brow, adding to our awkwardness: Yet still more apprehensive of dinner-time being over, and the withdrawing of the servants.

The servants loved their young Ladies. They attended with very serious faces; and seemed glad when they were dismissed.

Then it was that Caroline arose from her seat; made her courtesy, awkwardly enough; with the air of a boarding-school Miss, her hands before her.

My father let her make her honours, and go to the door, I rising to attend her; but then called her back; I dare say, on purpose to enjoy her awkwardness, and to punish her. -

Who bid you go? Whither are you going, Caroline? Come back, Charlotte.—But it will be always thus: A father's company is despised when a girl gets a Lover into

her head. Fine encouragement for a father, to countenance a passion that shall give himself but a second or third place, who once had a first, in his childrens affections! But I shall have reason to think myself fortunate, perhaps, if my children do not look upon me as their enemy.—Come back when I bid you.

We crept back more awkwardly than we went from table.

Sit down—We crossed our hands, and stood like a couple of fools.

Sit down when I bid you. You are confoundedly humble. I want to talk with you.

Down sat the two simpletons, on the edge of their chairs; their faces and necks averted.

Miss Grandison then gave the following dialogue, She humorously, by her voice (an humble one for her sister, a less meek one for herself, an imperious one for Sir Thomas) marked the speakers. I will prefix their names.

*Sir Thomas*. What sort of leave has Lord L. taken of you, Caroline? He has sent *me* a Letter. Has he sent *you* one? I hope he did not think a personal leave due to the daughter, and not to the father.

*Charlotte*. He thought you were angry with him, Sir, said I [Poor Caroline's answer was not ready].

*Sir Tho*. And supposed that your sister was *not*. Very well! What leave did he take of you, girl? woman? What do you call yourself?

*Charlotte*. Sir, my Lord L. I dare say, intended no disrespect to—

I might as well have been silent, Harriet.

*Sir Tho*. I like not your preface, girl, interrupted he—

Tell me not what *you* dare say. I spoke to your sister.—Come, sit upright. None of your averted faces, and wry necks. A little more innocence in your hearts, and you'll have less shame in your countenances. I see what a league there is between you. A promising prospect before me, with you *both*! But tell me, Caroline, do you love Lord L.? Have you given him hope that you will be his, when you can get the cross father to change his mind; or, what is still better, out of your way for ever? All fathers are plaguy ill-natured, when they don't think of their girl's fellows, as their foolish girls think of them! Answer me, Caroline?

*Caroline* (weeping at his severe speech). What can I say, Sir, and not displease you?

*Sir Tho.* What!—Why, that you are all obedience to your father. Cannot you say *that*? Sure you can say *that*.

*Car.* I hope, Sir—

*Sir Tho.* And I *hope* too. But it becomes you to be *certain*. Can't you answer for your own heart?

*Car.* I believe you think, Sir, that Lord L. is not an unworthy man.

*Sir Tho.* A man is not more worthy, for making my daughter forget herself, and behave like a fool to her father.

*Car.* I may behave like a fool, Sir, but not undutifully. You frighten me, Sir. I am unable to hold up my head before you, when you are angry with me.

*Sir Tho.* Tell me that you have broken with Lord L. as I have commanded you. Tell me, that you will never see him more, if you can avoid it. Tell me, that you will not write to him—

*Car.* Pardon me, Sir, for saying, that Lord L.'s beha-

viour to me has been ever uniformly respectful: He reveres my papa too: How can I treat him with disrespect?—

*Sir Tho.* So! I shall have it all out, presently—Go on, girl—And do you, Charlotte, attend to the lesson set you by your elder sister.

*Char.* Indeed, Sir, I can answer for the goodness of my sister's heart, and for her duty to you.

*Sir Tho.* Well said! Now, Caroline, do you speak up for Charlotte's heart: One good turn deserves another. But say what you will for each other, I will be my own judge of both your hearts; and facts shall be the test. Do you know, Caroline, whether Charlotte has any Lover that is to keep you in countenance with yours?

*Car.* I dare say, Sir, that my sister Charlotte will not disoblige you.

*Sir Tho.* I hope, Caroline, you can say as much for Charlotte's sister.

*Car.* I hope I can, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Then you know my will.

*Car.* I presume, Sir, it is your pleasure, that I should always remain single.

*Sir Tho.* Hey-day! But why, pray, does your Ladyship suppose so?—Speak out.

*Car.* Because I think, forgive me to say it, that my Lord L.'s character and his quality are such, that a more creditable proposal cannot be expected.—Pray, Sir, forgive me. And she held up her hands, pray-pray-fashion, thus—

Well said, Caroline! thought I (said Miss Grandison).—Pull up a courage my dear!—What a duce—

*Sir Tho.* His quality!—Gewgaw!—What is a Scottish peerage?—And does your silly heart beat after a Coro-

net? You want to be a Countess, do you?—But let me tell you, that if you have a *true* value for Lord L. you will not, incumbered as he is with sisters fortunes, wish him to marry you.

*Car.* As to title, Sir, that is of very little account with me, without the good character.—As to prudence; my Lord L. cannot see any-thing in me to forfeit his prudence for.

Well answered, Caroline! thought I, again said Miss Grandison. In such a laudable choice, all should not be left upon the poor *Love-er*!

*Sir Tho.* So the difficulty lies not with *you*, I find. *You* have no objection to Lord L. if he has none to you. You are an humbled and mortified girl, then. The woman must be indeed in Love, who, once thinking well of herself, can give a preference against herself to her Lover.

What business had Sir Thomas to say this, my Lucy?

*Sir Tho.* Let me know, Caroline, what hopes you have given to Lord L.—Or rather, perhaps, what hopes he has given *you*?—Why are you silent? Answer me, girl.

*Car.* I hope, Sir, I shall not disgrace my father, in thinking well of Lord L.

*Sir Tho.* Nor will he disgrace himself, proud as are the Scottish beggars of their ancestry, in thinking well of a daughter of mine.

*Car.* Lord L. though not a beggar, Sir, would think it an honour, Sir—

*Sir Tho.* Well said! Go on: Go on. Why stops the girl?—And so he *ought*. But if Lord L. is not a beggar for my daughter, let not my daughter be a beggar for Lord L. But Lord L. would think it an honour, you say—To be what?—Your husband, I suppose. Answer my question; How stand matters between you and Lord L.?

*Car.* I cannot, such is my unhappiness! say any-thing that will please my father.

*Sir Tho.* How the girl evades my question!—Don't let me repeat it.

*Car.* It is not disgraceful, I hope, to own, that I had rather be—

There she stopt, and half-hid her face in her bosom. And I thought, said Miss Grandison, that she never looked prettier in her life.

*Sir Tho.* Rather be Lord L.'s wife, than my daughter—Well, Charlotte, tell me, when are *you* to begin to estrange me from your affections? When are *you* to begin to think your father stands in the way of your happiness? When do *you* cast your purveying eyes upon a mere stranger, and prefer him to your father?—I have done my part, I suppose: I have nothing to do but to allot you the fortunes that your Lovers, as they are called, will tell you are necessary to their affairs, and then to lie me down and die. Your fellows then, with you, will dance over my grave, and I shall be no more remembered, than if I had never been—except by your brother.

I could not help speaking here, said Miss Grandison. O Sir! how you wound me!—Do all fathers—Forgive me, Sir—

I saw his brow begin to lour.

*Sir Tho.* I bear not impertinence. I bear not—There he stopt in wrath—But why, Caroline, do you evade my question? You know it. Answer it.

*Car.* I should be unworthy of the affection of such a man as Lord L. is, if I disowned my esteem for him. Indeed, Sir, I have an esteem for Lord L. above any man I ever saw. You, Sir, did not *always* disesteem him—My brother—

*Sir Tho.* So! Now all is out!—You have the forward-

ness—What shall I call it?—But I did, and I do, esteem Lord L.—But as what?—Not as a son-in-law. He came to me as my son's friend. I invited him down in that character. He, at that time, knew nothing of you. But no sooner came a single man into a single woman's company, but you both wanted to make a match of it. You were dutiful: And he was prudent: Prudent for himself. I think you talked of his prudence a while ago. He made his application to you, or you to him, I know not which—[Then how poor Caroline wept! And I, said Miss Charlotte, could hardly forbear saying *Barbarous!*] And when he found himself sure of you, then was the fool the father to be consulted: And for what? Only to know what he would do for two people, who had left him no option in the case. And this is the trick of you all: And the poor father is to be passive, or else to be accounted a tyrant.

*Car.* Sir, I admitted not Lord L's address, but conditionally, as you should approve of it. Lord L. desired not my approbation upon other terms.

*Sir Tho.* What nonsense is this?—Have you left me any way to help myself?—Come, Caroline, let me try you. I intend to carry you up to town: A young man of quality has made overtures to me. I believe I shall approve of his proposals. I am sure you will, if you are not prepossessed. Tell me, Are you, have you left yourself at liberty to give way to my recommendation?—Why don't you answer me?—You know, that you received Lord L's addresses *but conditionally, as I should approve of them.* And your spark desired not your approbation upon other terms. Come, what say you to this?—What! are you confounded?—Well you may, if you cannot answer me as I wish! If you can, why don't you?—You see, I put you but to your own test.

*Car.* Sir, it is not for me to argue with my father. Sure-



ly, I have not *intended* to be undutiful. Surely I have not disgraced my family, by admitting Lord L's conditional—

*Sir Tho. Conditional!*—Fool!—How conditional!—Is it not absolute, as to the exclusion of me, or of my option? But I have ever found, that the man who condescends to argue with a woman, especially on certain points, in which *nature*, and not *reason*, is concerned, must follow her through a thousand windings, and find himself furthest off when he imagines himself nearest; and at last must content himself, panting for breath, to sit down where he set out; while she gambols about, and is ready to lead him a new course.

*Car.* I hope—

*Sir Tho.* None of your hopes—I will have certainty. May I—Come, I'll bring you to a point, if I can, woman as you are—May I receive proposals for you from any other man? Answer me, Yes or No. Don't deal with me, as girls do with *common* fathers—Don't be disobedient, and then depend upon my weakness to forgive you. I am no *common* father. I know the world. I know your Sex. I have *found* more fools in it than I have *made*.—Indeed, no man makes, or needs to make, you fools. You have folly deep-rooted within you. That weed is a native of the soil. A very little watering will make it sprout, and choak the noble flowers that education has planted. I never knew a woman in my life, that was wise by the experience of other people. But answer me: Say—Can you receive a new proposal? or can you not?

Caroline answered only by her tears.

*Sir Tho.* Damnably *constant*, I suppose!—So you give up real virtue, give up duty to a *father*, for fidelity, for constancy, for a fictitious virtue, to a *lover*! Come hither to me, girl!—Why don't you come to me when I bid you?—

## LETTER XI.

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation.*

MISS CAROLINE arose: Four creeping steps, her handkerchief at her eyes, brought her within her father's reach. He snatched her hand, quickened her pace, and brought her close to his knees. Poor sister Caroline! thought I: O the *Ty*—And I had like, at the time, to have added the syllable *rant* to myself.—He pulled the other hand from her eye. The handkerchief dropt: He might see that it was wet and heavy with her tears. Fain would she have turned her blubbered eye from him. He held both her hands, and burst out into a laugh—

And what cries the girl for? Why, Caroline, you *shall* have a husband, I tell you. I will hasten with you to the London market. Will you be offered at Ranelagh market first? the concert or breakfasting?—Or shall I shew you at the opera, or at the play? Ha, ha, hah!—Hold up your head, my amorous girl! You shall stick some of your mother's jewels in your hair, and in your bosom, to draw the eyes of fellows. You must strike at once, while your face is new; or you will be mingled with the herd of women, who prostitute their faces at every polite place. Sweet impatient soul!—Look at me, Caroline. Then he laughed again.

*Car.* Indeed, Sir, if you were not my father—

Well said; Caroline! thought I; and trod on her toe.

*Sir Tho.* Hey-day; But what then?

*Car.* I would say you are very cruel.

*Sir Tho.* And is that all you would say, poor soft thing!

in such circumstances, to any *other* man? Well, but, all this time, you don't tell me (still holding her hands) whether any other man will not do as well as your Scots-man?

*Car.* I am not kindly used. Indeed, Sir, you don't use me kindly. I hope I am *not* an *amorous* creature, as you call me. I am *not* in haste to be married. I am willing to wait your time, your pleasure: But, as I presume, that there can be no objection to Lord L. I wish not to be carried to any *London market*.

*Sir Tho.* (gravely). If I am disposed to railly you, Caroline; if I am willing to pass off, in a pleasant manner, a forwardness that I did not expect in my daughter; and for which, in my heart, I have despised the daughters of other men, tho' I have not told the wenches so; I will not be answered pertly. I will not have you forget yourself.

*Car.* (courtesying). Good Sir, permit me to withdraw. I will recollect myself, and be sorry.

*Sir Tho.* And is it necessary for you to withdraw, to recollect your *duty*?—But you shall answer my question—How stand you and Lord L.? Are you resolved to have him, and none other?—Will you wait for him, will he wait for you, till death has numbered me with my ancestors?

*Car.* O Sir! And she looked down after her dropt handkerchief. She wanted it; and would have withdrawn one of her hands to reach it; and when she could not, the big tears running down her cheeks [Yet she looked pretty] down she dropt on her knees—Forgive me, Sir—I dread your displeasure—But must say, that I am not an *amorous* girl: And, to convince you that I am not, 'I will never marry any man living, if it be not Lord L.

I all this time was in agitations for my poor sister. I tired three chairs; and now looked at her; now from her;

then at my fingers ends, wishing them claws, and the man a *husband*, instead of a father. Indeed, Miss Byron, I could not but make Caroline's treatment my own; and, in fancy, not so very remote, as you imagined, Lady L. Once I said to myself, If some Lord L. tenders himself to me, and I like him, I will not stand all this. The first moon-light night, if he urge me heartily, and I am sure the parson is ready, I will be under another protection, despicably as I have always thought of runaway daughters!—Should I have done right, Miss Byron?

The *Example*, Miss Grandison! replied I—Such a mamma as you were blessed with! The world that would have sat in judgment upon the flight of the daughter, would not have known the cruel treatment of the father. I believe, my dear, you are glad you had not the trial: And you see how Lady L. is rewarded for her patient duty.

That's my good Harriet! said Lady L. I love you for your answer. But, sister, you leave me in too much distress. You must release me from my knees, and send me up to my chamber, as fast as you can.

A little patience, Lady L.—But what say my minutes?—Miss Byron seems all attention. This is a new subject to her. She never had any-body to controul her.

I think I could have borne any-thing from a father or mother, said I, had it pleased God to continue to me so dear a blessing.

Fine talking, Harriet! said Miss Grandison. But let me say, that a witty father is not a desirable character—By the way, ours was as cruel [Shall I say it, Lady L.? You are upon your knees, you know] to two very worthy sisters of his own: One of them ran away from him to a relation in Yorkshire, where she lives still, and as worthy an old maid she is as any in the county; the other died be-

fore she could get her fortune paid, or she would have been married to a man she loved, and who loved her: But she left every shilling of her fortune to her maiden sister, and nothing to my father.

It is well my brother is not in hearing, said Lady L. He would not have borne the hundredth part of what we have said. But sufferers will complain. Remember, however, Charlotte, that I am still upon my knees.

See, my Lucy! Rakish men make not either good husbands, or good fathers; nor yet good brothers.—But, no wonder! The narrow-hearted creatures centre all their delight in themselves.—Finely do women choose, who, taken in by their specious airs, vows, protestations, become the abject properties of such wretches! Yet, a reformed rake, they say, makes the best husband—Against general experience this is said—But by whom? By the vulgar and the inconsiderate only, surely!

Miss Grandison proceeded.

*Sir Tho.* You will never marry any other man living!—And this is declared, in order to convince me that you are not amorous!—Quibbling nonsense!—Had you *not* been amorous, you had not put yourself into a situation, that should give you courage to say this to me. Bold fool! Begone!

She arose.

Yet you shall not go, holding both her hands. And *dare* you thus declare yourself?—What option, I again ask you, is left me?—And yet Lord L. and you, as you pretended just now, were determined only on a *conditional* courtship, as I should, or should not, *approve* of it! Confound your Sex! This ever was, and ever will be, the case. The blind god sets you out, where you mean the *best*, on a pacing beast; you amble, prance, parade, till your giddy

heads turn round; and then you gallop over hedge and ditch; leap fences; and duty, decency, and discretion, are trodden under foot!

Poor Miss Caroline! said I, Lucy, to them both—I expected this cruel retort.

I foresaw it, replied Lady L. And this kept me off so long from declaring my preference of Lord L. to all the men in the world; as, in justice to his merit, my heart several times bid me do without scruple.

Begone from my presence, said Sir Thomas, proceeded Miss Grandison—Yet he still held her hands—That little witch, I have been watching *her* eyes, and every working muscle of her saucy face [meaning poor me, said Miss Grandison]: She takes part with you in all your distresses—You are sorely distressed, are you not?—Am I not a tyrant with you both?—You want to be gone, both of you: Then shall I be the subject of your free discourses. All the resentment, that now you endeavour to confine, will then burst out: I shall be intitled to no more of your duty than is consistent with your narrow interest: Lord L. will be consulted in preference to me, and have the whole confidence of my daughters against me. I am now, from this hour, to be looked upon as your enemy, and not your father. But I will renounce you both; and permit your brother, the joy of my life, and the hope of my better days, to come over: And he shall renounce you, as I do, or I will renounce him: And, in that case, I shall be a father without a child; yet three living by the best of women. How would she—

I broke out here, said Miss Grandison, with an emotion that I could not suppress. O my dear mamma! How much do we miss you!—Were you to have become angel when we were *infants*, should we have missed you as we

do *now*?—O my dear mamma! This, this is the time that girls most want a mother!—

I was about to fly for it. I trembled at the sternness of my father's looks, on this apostrophe to my mother. He arose. Caroline, don't stir, said he; I have something more to say to *you*. Come hither, Charlotte!—and held out both his hands—You have burst out at last. I saw your assurance swelling to your throat.

I threw myself at his feet, and besought him to forgive me.

But taking both my hands in one of his, as I held them up folded—Curse me, if I do! said he. I was willing you should be present, in hopes to make you take warning by your sister's folly and inconsistency. Lord L. has been a thief in my house. He has stolen my elder daughter's affections from me: Yet has drawn her in, as pretending that he desired not her favour, but as I approved of his addresses. I do *not* approve of them. I hope I may be allowed to be my own judge in this case. She however declares, she will have nobody else. And have I brought up my children till the years that they should be of use and comfort to me; and continued a widower myself for their sakes [So my father was pleased to say, said Miss Grandison]; and all for a man I approve not?—And do you, Charlotte, call your blessed mother from her peaceful tomb, to relieve you and your sister against a tyrant-father?—What comfort have I in prospect before me, from such daughters?—But leave me. Leave my house. Seek your fortunes where you will. Take your cloaths: Take all that belongs to you: But nothing that was your mother's. I will give you each a draught on my banker for 500 *l*. When that is gone, according to what I shall hear of your behaviour, you shall, or shall not, have more.

Dear Sir! said Caroline, flinging herself on her knees by me, forgive my sister!—Dear, good Sir! whatever becomes of *me*, forgive your Charlotte!

*Sir Tho.* You are fearless of *your* destiny, Caroline. You will throw yourself into the arms of Lord L. I doubt not.—I will send for your brother. But you shall both leave this house. I will shut it up the moment you are gone. It shall never again be opened while I live. When my ashes are mingled with those of your mother, then may you keep open house in it, and trample under foot the ashes of both.

I sobbed out, Dear Sir, forgive me! I meant not to reflect upon my father, when I wished for my mother. I wished for her for *your* sake, Sir, as well as for *ours*. She would have mediated—She would have softened—

*Sir Tho.* My hard heart—I know what you mean, Charlotte!

And flung from us a few paces, walking about in wrath, leaving us kneeling at his vacant chair.

He then, ringing the bell, the door in his hand, ordered in the housekeeper. She entered. A very good woman she was. She trembled for her kneeling Ladies.

*Sir Tho.* Beckford, do you assist these girls in getting up every-thing that belongs to them. Give me an inventory of what they take. Their father's authority is grievous to them. They want to shake it off. They find themselves women-grown. They want husbands—

Indeed, indeed, Beckford, we don't, said Caroline; interrupted by my father—

Do you give me the lye, bold-face?—

Pray your honour—Good your honour—entreated honest Beckford: Never were modester young Ladies. They are noted all over the country for their modesty and goodness—



Woman, woman, argue not with me. Modesty never forgets duty. Caroline loves not her father. Lord L. has stolen away her affections from me. Charlotte is of her party: And so are *you*, I find. But take my commands in silence—A week longer they stay not in this house—

Beckford, throwing herself on her knees; repeated—  
Good your honour—

We both arose, and threw ourselves at his feet—

Forgive us! I beseech you forgive us!—For my mamma's sake, forgive us!—said Caroline—

For my mamma's sake, for my brother's sake, dear Sir, forgive your daughters! cried I, in as rueful an accent.

And we each of us took hold of his opened coat, both in tears; and Beckford keeping us company.

Unmoved he went on—I intend you a *pleasure*, girls. I know you want to be freed from my authority. You are women-grown. The man who has daughters knows not discomfort with them, till busy fellows bid them look out of their father's house for that happiness, which they hardly ever find but in it.

We are yours, my papa, said I—We are nobody's else—Do not, do not, expose your children to the censures of the world. Hitherto our reputations are unsullied—

Dear Sir, cried Caroline, throw us not upon the world, the wide world! Dear Sir, continue us in your protection. We want not to be in any other.

You shall try the experiment, girls—I am not *fit* to be your counsellor. Lord L. has distanced me with the one: The other calls upon her departed mother to appear, to shield her from the cruelty of an unnatural father. And Lord L. has the insolence to tell me to my face, that I am too young a father to take upon me the management of women-grown daughters. And so I find it. Blubber not,

Beckford; assist your young Ladies for their departure. A week is the longest time they have to stay in this house. I want to shut it up: Never more to enter its gates.

We continued our pleadings.

O Sir, said Caroline, turn not your children out of doors. We are *daughters*. We never more wanted a father's protection than now.

What have we done, Sir, cried I, to deserve being turned out of your doors?—For every offensive word we beg your pardon. You shall always have dutiful children of us. Permit me to write to my brother—

So, so! You mend the matter. You want to interest your brother in your favour—You want to appeal to him, do you? and to make a son sit in judgment upon his father!—Prate not, girls! Entreat not!—Get ready to be gone. I will shut up this house—

Where-ever you are, Sir, entreated I, there let us be—Renounce not your children, your penitent children.

He proceeded. I suppose Lord L. will as soon find out your person, Caroline, as he has your inclinations; so contrary to my liking. As to you, Charlotte, you may go down to your old aunt *Prue* in Yorkshire: [He calls their aunt Eleanor so from the word *Prude*—Yet we have seen, Lucy, it was owing to *him* that this Lady did not marry] She will be able to instruct you, that patience is a virtue; and that you ought not to be in haste to take a first offer, for fear you should not have a second.

Poor sister Caroline! He looked disdainfully at her. You are my father, Sir, said she. All is welcome from you: But you ~~shall~~ have no cause to reproach me. I will not be in haste. And here on my knees, I promise, that I will never be Lord L's, without your consent. I only beg of you, Sir, not to propose to me any other man.

My father partly relented [partly, Harriet]: I take you at your word said he: And I insist that you shall not correspond with him, nor see him.—You answer not to that. But you know my will. And once more, answer or not, I require your obedience. Beckford, you may go. Rise, Caroline.

And am *I* forgiven, Sir? said I—Dear Sir, forgive your Charlotte—[Yet, Miss Byron, what was my crime?]

Make the best use of the example before you, Charlotte: Not to imitate Caroline, in engaging your affections unknown to me—Remember *that*. She has *her* plagues in giving *me* plague. It is fit she should. Where you cannot in duty follow the Example, take the Warning.

Beckford was withdrawn. He graciously saluted each girl: And thus triumphantly made them express sorrow for—Do you know for what, Harriet?

I wish, thought I to myself, Lucy, that these boistrous spirits, either fathers or husbands, were not generally most observed.

But was Miss Grandison's spirit so easily subdued? thought I.

You smile, Harriet. What do you smile at?

Will you forgive me, if I tell you?

I don't know.

I depend on your good-nature.—I smiled to think, Lady L. how finely Miss Grandison has got up since that time.

*Miss Gr.* O the sly girl!—Remember you not, that I was *before* your debtor?

A good hit, I protest! said Lady L. Yet Charlotte was always a pert girl out of her father's presence. But I will add a word or two to my sister's narrative.

My father kept us with him till he read Lord L's Let-

ter, which he opened not till then, and plainly, as I saw, to find some new fault with him and me on the occasion: But I came off better than I apprehended I should at the time; for I had not seen it. Here is a copy of it.

Lady L. allowed me, Lucy, to take it up with me, when we parted for the night.

**P**ERMIT me, Sir, by pen and ink, rather than in person, as I think it will be most acceptable to you, to thank you, as I most cordially do, for the kind and generous treatment I have received at your hands, during a whole month's residence at Grandison-hall, whither I came with intent to stay but three days.

I am afraid I suffered myself to be surprised into an undue warmth of expression, when I last went from your presence. I ask your pardon, if so. You have a right in your own child. God forbid that I should ever attempt to invade it! But what a happy man should I be, if my Love for Miss Grandison, and that right, could be made to coincide! I may have appeared to have acted wrong in your apprehension, in applying myself first to Miss Grandison: I beg, Sir, your pardon for that also.

But perhaps I have a still greater fault to atone for. I need not indeed acquaint you with it; but had rather intitle myself by my ingenuousness to your forgiveness, than wish to conceal any-thing from you in an article of this high importance, whether you grant it me or not. I own then, that when I last departed from your angry presence, I directly went to Miss Grandison, and on my knees implored her hand. I presumed that an alliance with me was not a disgraceful one to her; and assured her, that my estate should work itself clear without any expectation from you; as it will, I hope, in a few years, by good

management, to which I was sure she would contribute. But she refused me, and resolved to await the good pleasure of her father; yet giving me, I must honestly add, condescending hopes of her favour, could your consent be obtained.

Thus is the important affair circumstanced.

I never will marry any other woman, while there is the least shadow of hope, that she can be mine. The conversation of the best of young men, your son, for two months, in Italy, and one before *that* in some of the German courts, has made me ambitious of following such an example in every duty of life: And if I might obtain, by your favour, so dear a wife, and so worthy a brother, as well as so amiable a sister as Miss Charlotte, the happiest man in the world would then be,

Sir,  
*Your obliged and faithful servant,*  
L.

Yet my father, said Lady L. called it an artful Letter; and observed, that Lord L. was very sure of me, or he had not offered to make a proposal to me, that deserved not to be excused. You were aiming at prudence, girl, in your refusal, I see that, said my father. You had no reason to doubt but Lord L. would hereafter like you the better for declining marriage in that clandestine manner, because the refusal would give him an opportunity to make things more convenient to himself. One half of a woman's virtue is pride, continued he [I hope not, truly, said Lady L.]; the other half, policy. If they were sure the man would not think the worse of them for it, they would not wait a second question. Had you had an independent fortune, Caroline, what would you have done?—But go;

you are a weak, and yet a cunning girl. Cunning is the wisdom of women. Womens weakness is man's strength. I am sorry that *my* daughters are not compounded of less brittle materials. I wonder that any man who knows the Sex, marries.

Thus spoke the *rakish*, the *keeping* father, Lucy, endeavouring to justify his private vices by general reflexions on the Sex. And thus are wickedness and libertinism called a knowlege of the world, a knowlege of human nature. Swift, for often painting a dunghil, and for his abominable Yahoo story, was complimented with this knowlege: But I hope, that the character of human nature, the character of creatures made in the image of the Deity, is not to be taken from the overflowings of such dirty imaginations.

What company, my dear, must these men be supposed to have generally kept? How are we authorized to wish (only that good is often produced out of evil, as is instanced in two such daughters, and such a son) that a man of this cast had never had the honour to call a Lady Grandison by his name! And yet Sir Thomas's vices called forth, if they did not establish, her virtues. What shall we say?

*Whatever is, is in its causes just;  
—— But purblind man  
Sees but a part o' th' chain, the nearest link;  
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam,  
That poises all above.*

DRYD.

I thought, my Lucy, that the conversation I have attempted to give, would not, tho' long, appear tedious to you; being upon a *new* subject, the behaviour of a free-

liver of a father to his grown-up daughters, when they came to have expectations upon him, which he was not disposed to answer; and the rather, as it might serve to strengthen us, who have had in our family none but good men (tho' we have neighbours of a different character, who have wanted to be acquainted with us) in our resolution to reject the suits of libertine men by a stronger motive even than *for our own sakes*: And I therefore was glad of the opportunity of procuring it for you, and for our Nancy, now her recovered health will allow her to look abroad more than she had of late been used to do. I am sure, my grandmamma, and my aunt Selby, will be pleased with it; because it will be a good supplement to the lessons they have constantly inculcated upon us, against that narrow-hearted race of men, who live only for the gratification of their own lawless appetites, and consider all the rest of the world as made for themselves, the worst and most noxious reptiles in it.

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## LETTER XII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

THUS far had the Ladies proceeded in their interesting story, when the Letters of my grandmamma and aunt were brought me by a man and horse from London. By my answer you will see how much I was affected by the contents. The Ladies saw my uneasiness, and were curious to know the cause. I told them from whence the Letters came, and what the subject was; and that my aunt was to give for me, next Saturday, an answer to Lady D. in person.

I then retired to write. When I had dispatched the messenger, the Ladies wished to know the resolution I had come to. I told them I had confirmed my negative.

Miss Grandison, with archness, held up her hands and eyes. I was vexed she did. Then, Charlotte, said I, spitefully, *you* would not have declined accepting this proposal.

She looked earnestly at me, and shook her head. Ah, Harriet, said she, you are an unaccountable girl! You will tell the truth; but not the whole truth.

I blushed, as I felt; and believe looked silly.

Ah, Harriet! repeated she; looking as if she would look me through.

Dear Miss Grandison! said I.

There is some Northamptonshire gentleman, of whom we have not yet heard.

I was a little easier then. But *can* this Lady mean anything particular? She cannot be so ungenerous, surely, as to play upon a poor girl, if she thought her *entangled*. All I am afraid of, is, that my temper will be utterly ruined. I am not so happy in myself, as I used to be. Don't you think, Lucy, that, taking one thing with another, I am in a situation that is very teasing?—But let me find a better subject.

The Ladies, at my request, pursued their FAMILY-HISTORY.

Lord L. and Miss Caroline went on, hoping for a change in Sir Thomas's mind. He would, no doubt, they said, have been overcome by the young Lady's duty, and my Lord L's generosity, had he not made it inconvenient to himself, to part with money.

He went to town, and carried his daughters with him;



and, it is thought, would not have been sorry, had the Lovers married without his consent; for he prohibited anew, on their coming to town, my Lord's visits; so that they were obliged to their sister, as she pleasantly had told Lady L. for contriving to forward their interviews.

Mean time, my Lord's affairs growing urgent, by reason of his two sisters marrying, he gave way to the offers of a common friend of his and Lord W's, to engage that nobleman, who approved of the match, to talk to Sir Thomas on the subject.

Lord W. and the Baronet met. My Lord was earnest in the cause of the Lovers. Sir Thomas was not pleased with his interfering in his family affairs. And indeed a more improper man could hardly have been applied to on the occasion: For Lord W. who is immensely rich, was always despised by Sir Thomas for his avarice; and he as much disliked Sir Thomas for what he called his profusion.

High words passed between them. They parted in passion; and Sir Thomas resenting Lord L's appeal to Lord W. the sisters were in a worse situation than before; for now, besides having incurred the indignation of their father, their uncle, who was always afraid that Sir Thomas's extravagance would reduce the children to the necessity of hoping for his assistance, made a pretence of their father's ill treatment of him, to disclaim all acts of kindness and relation to them.

What concerned the sisters still more, was, my Lord's declared antipathy to their brother; and that for no other reason, but because his father (who, he was sure, he said, could neither love nor hate in a right place) doted on him.

In this sad situation were these Lovers, when overtures were made to Sir Thomas for his younger daugh-

ter: But tho' Miss Charlotte gave him no pretence to accuse *her* of beginning a love-affair unknown to him; yet those overtures never came to her knowlege from him, tho' they did from others: And would you have wondered, Harriet, said she, with such treatment before my eyes as Caroline met with, if I had been provoked to take some rash step?

No provocation, replied I, from a father, can justify a rash step in a child. I am glad, and so, I dare say, are you, that your prudence was your safeguard, when you were deprived of that which so good a child might have expected from a father's indulgence, especially when a mother was not in being.

Miss Grandison coloured, and bit her lip. Why did she colour?

At last Sir Thomas took a resolution to look into and regulate his affairs, preparative to the leave he intended to give to his beloved son to come over. From *his* duty, discretion, and good management, he was sure, he said, he should be the happiest of men. But he was at a loss what to do with Mrs. Oldham and her two children. He doubted not but his son had heard of his guilty commerce with her: Yet he cared not, that the young gentleman should find her living in a kind of wife-like state in one of the family-seats: And yet she had made too great a sacrifice to him, to be unhandsomely used; and he thought he ought to provide for his children by her.

While he was meditating this change of measures, that he might stand well with a son, whose character for virtue and prudence made his father half afraid of him, a proposal of marriage was made to him for his son by one of the first men in the kingdom, whose daughter, accompanying her brother and his wife, in a tour to France and

Italy, saw and fell in Love with the young gentleman at Florence: And her brother gave way to his sister's regard for him, for the sake of the character he bore among the people of prime consideration in Italy.

Sir Thomas had several meetings on this subject, both with the brother, and the Earl his father; and was so fond of bringing it to bear, that he had thoughts of reserving to himself an annuity, and making over the whole of his estate to his son, in favour of this match: And once he said, He should by this means do as Victor Amadeus of Savoy did, rid himself of many incumbrances; and, being not a *king*, was sure of his son's duty to him.

The Ladies found a Letter of their brother's among Sir Thomas's loose papers, which shewed that this offer had been actually made to him. This is a copy of it.

*Dear and ever-honoured Sir,*

**I** AM astonished at the contents of your last favour. If the proposal made in it arose from the natural greatness of your mind, and an indulgence which I have so often experienced, what shall I say to it?—I cannot bear it. If it proceed from proposals made to you, God forbid that I should give your name to a woman, how illustrious soever in her descent, and how high soever the circumstances of her family, whose friends could propose such conditions to my father.

I receive with inexpressible joy so near a hope of the long wished-for leave to throw myself at your feet in my native country. When I have this happiness granted me, I will unbosom my whole heart to my father. The credit of your name, and the knowlege every one has of your goodness to me, will be my recommendation whenever you shall wish me to enlarge the family connexions.

Till I have this honour, I beseech you, Sir, to discontinue the treaty already begun.

You are pleased to ask my opinion of the Lady, and whether I have any objection to her person. I remember, I thought her a very agreeable woman.

You mention, Sir, the high sense the Lady, as well as Lord and Lady N. have of the civilities they received from me. My long residence abroad gives me the power of doing little offices for those of my country, who visit France and Italy. The little services I did to my Lord and the Ladies with him, are too gratefully remembered by them.

I am extremely concerned that you have reason to be displeased with any part of the conduct of my sisters. Can the daughters of such a mother as you had the happiness to give them, forget themselves? Their want of consideration shall receive no countenance from me. I shall let them know, that my love, my esteem, if it be of consequence with them, is not founded on relation, but merit: And that, where duty to a parent is wanting, all other good qualities are to be suspected.

You ask my opinion of Lord L. and whether he has sought to engage me to favour his address to your Caroline. He wrote to me on that subject: I inclose his Letter, and a copy of my answer. As to my opinion of him, I must say, that I have not met with any British man abroad, of whose discretion, sobriety, and good-nature, I think more highly than I do of Lord L's. Justice requires of me this testimony. But as to the affair between him and my sister, I shall be extremely sorry, if Lord L's *first* impropriety of behaviour were to you; and if my sister has suffered her heart to be engaged against her duty.

You have the goodness to say, that my return will be a

strengthening of your hands: May my own be weakened; May I ever want the power to do good to myself, or to those I love; when I forget, or depart from, the duty owing to the most indulgent of fathers, by

His CHARLES GRANDISON!

What an excellent young man is this!—But observe, Lucy; he says he will on his return to England unbosom his whole heart to his father; and till then, he desires him to discontinue the begun treaty with Lord N.—Ah, my dear!—What has any *new* acquaintance to expect, were she to be intangled in a *hopeless passion*? But let us consider—Had Sir Charles been actually married, would his being so, have enabled a woman's *reason* to triumph over her passion?—If so, passion is surely conquerable: And did I know any-body that would allow it to be so in the *one* case, and not in the *other*, I would bid her take shame to herself, and, with deep humiliation, mourn her ungovernable folly.

The above Letter came not to the hands of the young Ladies till after their father's death, which happened within a month of his receiving it, and before he had actually given permission for the young gentleman's return. You may suppose they were excessively affected with the bad impressions their father had sought to make in their brother's heart, of their conduct; and, when he died, were the more apprehensive of their force.

He had suspended the treaty of marriage for his son till the young gentleman should arrive: He had perplexed himself about his private affairs, which, by long neglect, became very intricate, and, of course, must be very irksome for such a man to look into. He was resolved there-

fore to leave it to each steward (having persuaded himself, against appearances, to have a good opinion of both) to examine the accounts of the other; not only as this would give the least trouble to himself, but as they had several items to charge, which he had no mind should be explained to his son. Nor were those gentlemen less solicitous to obtain discharges from him; for, being apprised of his reason for looking into his affairs, they were afraid of the inspection of so good a manager as their young master was known to be.

Mr. Filmer, the steward for the Irish estate, came over, on this occasion, with his accounts: The two stewards acted in concert; and, on the report of each, Sir Thomas examined totals only, and ordered releases to be drawn for his signing.

What a degrader even of *high* spirits, is vice! What meanness was there in Sir Thomas's pride! To be afraid of the eye of a son, of whose duty he was always boasting!

But who shall answer for the reformation of an habitual libertine, when a temptation offers? Observe what followed:

Mr. Filmer, knowing Sir Thomas's frailty, had brought over with him, and with a view to ensnare the unhappy man, a fine young creature, not more than sixteen, on pretence of visiting her aunt, who lived in Pall-mall, and who was a relation of his wife. She was innocent of actual crime: But her parents had no virtue, and had not made it a part of the young woman's education; but, on the contrary, had brought her up with a notion that her beauty would make her fortune; and she knew it was all the fortune they had to give her.

Mr. Filmer, in his attendance on Sir Thomas, was always praising the beauty of Miss Obrien; her genteel

descent, as well as figure; her innocence [Innocence! the Attractive equally to the attempts of Rakes and Devils!] But the Baronet, intent upon pursuing his better schemes, for some time, only gave the artful man the hearing. At last, however (for curiosity-sake) he was prevailed upon to make the aunt a visit. The niece was not absent. She more than answered all that Filmer had said in her praise, as to the beauty of her person. Sir Thomas repeated his visits. The girl was well tutored; behaved with prudence, with *reserve* rather; and, in short, made such an impression on his heart, that he declared to Filmer that he could not live without her.

Advantage was endeavoured to be taken of his infatuation. He offered high terms: But for some time the aunt insisted upon his marrying her niece.

Sir Thomas had been too long a *leader* in the free world, to be so *taken-in*, as it is called. But at last, a proposal was made him, from no part of which, the aunt declared she would recede, tho' the poor girl (who, it was pretended, loved him above all the men she had ever seen) were to break her heart for him. A fine piece of flattery, Lucy, to a man who numbered near three times her years; and who was still fond of making conquests!

The terms were: That he should settle upon the young woman 500 *l.* a year for her life; and on her father and mother, if they could be brought to consent to the (infamous) bargain, 200 *l.* a year for their joint and separate lives: That Miss Obrien should live at one of Sir Thomas's seats in England; be allowed genteel equipages, his livery; and even (for her credit-sake in the eye of her own relations, who were of figure) to be connived at in taking his name. The aunt left it to his generosity to re-

ward *her* for the part she had taken, and was to take, to bring all this about with the parents and girl.

Sir Thomas thought these demands much too high: He stood out for some time; but artifice being used on all sides to draw him on, *Love*, as it is called (prostituted word!) obliged him to comply.

His whole concern was now, how to provide for this new expence, without *robbing*, as he called it, his Son [daughters were but daughters, and no part of the question with him]; and to find excuses for continuing the young gentleman abroad.

Mrs. Oldham had, for some time, been uneasy herself, and made him so, by her compunction on their guilty commerce; and on Sir Thomas's communicating his intention to recal his son, hinted her wishes to be allowed to quit the house in Essex, and to retire both from that and him; for fear of making the young gentleman as much her enemy, as the two sisters avowedly were.

Sir Thomas, now that he was acquainted with Miss Obrien, better relished Mrs. Oldham's proposal than otherwise he would have done: And before he actually signed and sealed with Miss Obrien's aunt, for her niece, he thought it best to sound that unhappy woman, whether she in earnest desired to retire; and if so, what were her expectations from him: Resolving, in order to provide for both expences, to cut down timber, that, he said, groaned for the ax; but which hitherto he had let stand as a resource for his son, and to enable him to clear incumbrances that he had laid upon a part of his estate.

Accordingly, he set out for his seat in Essex.

THERE, while he was planning future schemes of living, and reckoning upon his savings in several articles, in



order the better to support an expence so guiltily to be incurred; and had actually begun to treat with Mrs. Oldham; who agreed, at the first word, to retire; not knowing but his motive (poor man!) as well as hers, was reformation; There was he attacked by a violent fever; which in three days deprived him of the use of the reason he had so much abused.

Mr. Bever, his English steward, posted down, on the first news he had of his being taken ill, hoping to get him to sign the ready-drawn up releases. But the eagerness he shewed to have this done, giving cause of suspicion to Mrs. Oldham, she would not let him see his master, tho' he arrived on the second day of Sir Thomas's illness, which was before the fever had seized his brain.

Mr. Filmer had been to meet, and conduct to London, Mrs. Obrien, the mother of the girl, who came over to see the sale of the poor victim's honour completed [Could you have thought, Lucy, there was such a mother in the world?]; and it was not till the fifth day of the unhappy man's illness that he got to him, with his releases also ready drawn up, as well as with the articles between him and the Obriens, in hopes to find him well enough to sign both. He was in a visible consternation when he found his master so ill. He would have staid in the house to watch the event; but Mrs. Oldham not permitting him to do so, he put up at the next village, in hopes of a favourable turn of the distemper.

On the sixth day, the physicians giving no hopes of Sir Thomas's recovery, Mrs. Oldham sent to acquaint the two young Ladies with his danger; and they instantly set out to attend their father.

They could not be supposed to love Mrs. Oldham; and, taking Mr. Grandison's advice, who accompanied

them, they let the unhappy woman know, that there was no further occasion for her attendance on their father. She had prudently, before, that she might give the less offence to the two Ladies, removed her son by her former husband, and her two children by Sir Thomas; but insisted on continuing about him, and in the house, as well from motives of tenderness, as for her own security, lest she should be charged with embezzlements; for she expected not mercy from the family, if Sir Thomas died.

Poor woman! what a tenure was that by which she held!

Miss Caroline consented, and brought her sister to consent, that she should stay; absolutely against Mr. Grandison's advice; who, libertine as he was himself, was very zealous to punish a poor Magdalen, who, *though* faulty, was not so faulty as himself. Wicked people, I believe, my dear, are the severest punishers of those wicked people, who administer not to their own particular gratifications. Can mercy be expected from such? Mercy is a *virtue*.

It was shocking to the last degree to the worthy daughters to hear their raving father call upon nobody so often, as upon Miss O'Brien; tho' they then knew nothing of the girl, nor of the treaty on foot for her; nor could Mrs. Oldham inform them, who or what she was. Sometimes, when the unhappy man was quietest, he would call upon his son, in words generally of kindness and love; Once in particular, crying out—O save me! save me! my Grandison, by thy presence!—I shall be consumed by the fire that is already lighted up in my boiling blood.

On the ninth day, no hope being left, and the physicians declaring him to be a dying man, they dispatched a Letter by a messenger to hasten over their brother, who

(having left his ward, Miss Emily Jervois, at Florence in the protection of the worthy Dr. Bartlett) was come to Paris, as he had written, in expectation of receiving there his father's permission to return to England.

On the eleventh day of his illness, Sir Thomas came a little to himself. He knew his daughters. He wept over them. He wished he had been kinder to them. He was sensible of his danger. Several times he lifted up his feeble hands, and dying eyes, repeating, God is just. I am, I have been, very wicked! Repentance! Repentance! how hard a task! said he once to the minister who attended him, and whose prayers he desired. And Mrs. Oldham once coming in his sight—O Mrs. Oldham! said he, what is this world now? What would I *give*—But repent, repent—Put your good resolutions in practice, lest I have more souls than my own to answer for.

Soon after this, his delirium returned; and he expired about eleven at night, in dreadful agonies. Unhappy man!—Join a tear with mine, my Lucy, on the awful exit of Sir Thomas Grandison, tho' we knew him not.

Poor man! in the pursuit—*Poor* man!—He lived not to see his beloved son!

The two daughters, and Mr. Grandison, and Mrs. Oldham (for her own security) put their respective seals on every place, at that house, where papers, or any-thing of value were supposed to be repositied: And Mr. Grandison, assuming that part of the management, dismissed Mrs. Oldham from the house; and would not permit her to take with her more than one suit of cloaths, besides those she had on. She wept bitterly, and complained of harsh treatment: But was not pitied; and was referred by Mr. Grandison to his absent cousin for still more rigorous justice.

She appealed to the Ladies; but they reproached her with having lived a life of shame, against better knowledge; and said, That now she must take the consequence. Her punishment was but beginning. Their brother would do her strict justice, they doubted not: But a man of his virtue, they were sure, would abhor her. She had mis-led their father, they said. It was not in *his* temper to be cruel to his children. She had lived upon their fortunes; and now they had nothing but their brother's favour to depend upon.

Daughters so dutiful, my Lucy, did right to excuse their father all they could: But Mrs. Oldham suffered for all.

I am so much interested in this important history, that I have not the heart to break into it, to tell you how very agreeably I pass my time with these Ladies and Lord L. in those parts of the day, when we are all assembled. Miss Emily has a fine mind; gentle, delicate, innocently childish beyond her stature and womanly appearance; but not her years. The two Ladies are very good to her. Lord L. is an excellent man.

This is Friday morning: And no Sir Charles! *Canterbury* is surely a charming place. Was you ever at *Canterbury*, Lucy?

To-morrow, Lady D. is to visit my aunt. My Letter to my aunt will be in time, I hope. I long to know—Yet why should I?—But Lady D. is so *good* a woman! I hope she will take kindly my denial; and look upon it as an absolute one. . .

I have a great deal more of the family-history to give you: I wish I could write as fast as we can talk. But, Lucy, concerning the Lady, with whose father Sir Thomas was

in treaty for his son? Don't you want to know something more about her?—But, ah, my dear, be this as it may, there *is* a Lady, in whose favour both sisters interest themselves. I have found that out. Nor will it be long, I suppose, before I shall be informed who she is; and whether or not Sir Charles encourages the proposal.

Adieu, my Lucy! You will soon have another Letter from

Your HARRIET BYRON.

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### LETTER XIII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

YOU see, my dear, how many important matters depended on the conduct and determination of the young Baronet.

Lord L. was at this time in Scotland, where he had seen married two of his three sisters; and was busying himself in putting his affairs in such a way, as should enable him to depend the less, either on the justice or generosity of Sir Thomas Grandison, whose beloved daughter he was impatient to call his.

Miss Charlotte was absolutely dependent upon her brother's generosity; and both sisters had reason to be the more uneasy, as it was now, in the worldly-wise way of thinking, become his *interest* to keep up the distance, which their unhappy father had been solicitous to create between them, from a policy low, and entirely unworthy of him.

The unhappy Mrs. Oldham had already received a severe instance of the change of her fortune; and had no

reason to doubt, but that the sisters, who had always, from the time she was set over them as their governess, looked upon her with an evil eye; and afterwards had but too just a pretence for their aversion; would incense against her a brother, whose fortune had been lessened by his father's profusion. The few relations she had living, were people of honour, who renounced all correspondence with her, from the time she had thrown herself so absolutely into the power of Sir Thomas Grandison: And she had three sons to take care of.

Bever and Filmer, the English and Irish stewards, were attending Sir Charles's arrival with great impatience, in hopes he would sign those accounts of theirs, to which they had no reason to question but his father would have set his hand, had he not been taken so suddenly ill, and remained delirious almost to the end of his life.

Miss Obrien, her mother, and aunt, I shall mention in another place.

Lord W. had a great dislike to his nephew, for no other reason, as I have said, than because he was his father's favourite. Yet were not his nieces likely to find their uncle more their friend for that. He was indeed almost entirely under the management of a woman, who had not either the birth, the education, the sense, or moderation of Mrs. Oldham, to put in the contrary scale against her lost virtue; but abounded, it seems, in a low selfish cunning, by which she never failed to carry every point she set her heart upon: For, as is usual, they say, with these keeping men, Lord W. would yield up, to avoid her teasing, what he would not have done to a wife of fortune and family, who might have been a credit to his own: But the *real slave* imagined himself master of his *liberty*; and sat down satisfied with the sound of the word.

The suspended treaty of marriage with Lord N's sister was also to be taken into consideration, either to be proceeded with, or broken off, as should be concluded by both parties.

This was the situation of affairs in the family, when Sir Charles arrived.

He returned not an answer to his sister's notification of his father's danger; but immediately set out for Calais, and the same day arrived at the house of his late father in St. James's Square. His sisters concluded, that he would be in town nearly as soon as a Letter could come; they therefore every hour, for two days together, expected him.

Judge, my dear, from the foregoing circumstances (sisterly love out of the question, which yet it could not be) how awful must be to them, after eight or nine years absence, the first appearance of a brother, on whom the whole of their fortunes depended; and to whom they had been accused by a father, now so lately departed, of want of duty; their brother's duty unquestionable!

In the *same* moment he alighted from his post-chaise, the door was opened; he entered; and his two sisters met him, in the hall.

The graceful youth of seventeen, with fine curling auburn locks waving upon his shoulders; delicate in complexion; intelligence sparkling in his fine free eyes; and good humour sweetening his lively features; they remembered: And, forgetting the womanly beauties into which their own features were ripened in the same space of time, they seemed not to expect that manly stature and air, and that equal vivacity and intrepidity, which every one who sees this brother, admires in his noble aspect: An aspect then appearing more solemn than usual; an unburied and beloved father in his thoughts.

O my brother! said Caroline, with open arms: But, shrinking from his embrace; *May* I say, my brother?—and was just fainting. He clasped her in his arms, to support her—

Charlotte, surprised at her sister's emotion, and affected with his presence, ran back into the room they had both quitted, and threw herself upon a settee.

Her brother followed her into the room, his arm round Miss Caroline's waist, soothing her; and, with eyes of expectation, My Charlotte! said he, his inviting hand held out, and hastening towards the settee. She then found her feet; and, throwing her arms about his neck, he folded both sisters to his bosom: Receive, my dearest sisters, receive your brother, your friend; assure yourselves of my unabated love.

That assurance, they said, was balm to their hearts; and when each was seated, he, sitting over-against them, looked first on one, then on the other; and taking each by the hand; Charming women! said he: How I admire my sisters! You *must* have minds answerable to your persons. What pleasure, what pride, shall I take in my sisters!

My dear Charlotte! said Miss Caroline, taking her sister's other hand, has not our brother, now we see him near, all the brother in his aspect? His goodness only looks stronger, and more perfect: What was I afraid of?

My heart also sunk, said Charlotte; I know not why. But we feared—Indeed, Sir, we both feared—O my brother!—Tears trickling down the cheeks of each—we meant not to be *undutiful*—

Love your brother, my sisters, as he will endeavour to deserve your love. My mother's daughters could not be undutiful! Mistake only!—Unhappy misapprehension!



—We have all something—Shades as well as lights there must be!—A kind, a dutiful veil—

He pressed the hand of each with his lips, arose, went to the window, and drew out his handkerchief.

What must he have had in his thoughts! No doubt, but his father's unhappy turn, and recent departure! No wonder, that such a son could not, without pious emotion, bear the reflexions that must crowd into his mind at that instant!

Then, turning towards them, Permit me, my dear sisters, said he, to retire for a few moments. He turned his face from them. My father, said he, demands this tribute. I will not ask *your* excuse, my sisters.

They joined in the payment of it; and waited on him to his apartment, with silent respect. No ceremony, I hope, my Caroline, my Charlotte. We were true sisters and brother a few years ago. See your Charles as you saw him then. Let not absence, which has increased my love, lessen yours.

Each sister took a hand, and would have kissed it. He clasped his arms about them both, and saluted them.

He cast his eye on his father's and mother's pictures with some emotion, then on them; and again saluted each.

They withdrew. He waited on them to the stairs head. Sweet obligingness! Amiable sisters! In a quarter of an hour I seek your presence.

Tears of joy trickled down their cheeks. In half an hour he joined them in another dress, and re-saluted his sisters, with an air of tenderness, that banished fear, and left room for nothing but sisterly love.

Mr. Grandison came in soon after. That gentleman, who (as I believe I once before mentioned) had affected,

in support of his own free way of life, to talk how he would laugh at his cousin Charles, when he came to England, on his *pious* turn, as he called it; and even to boast, that he would enter him into the town-diversions, and make a *man* of him; was struck with the dignity of his person, and yet charmed with the freedom of his behaviour. Good God! said he to the Ladies afterwards, what a fine young man is your brother!—What a self-denier was your father!

The Ladies retiring, Mr. Grandison entered upon the circumstances of Sir Thomas's illness and death; which, he told the sisters, he touched *tenderly*: As tenderly, I suppose, as a man of his unfeeling heart *could* touch such a subject. He inveighed against Mrs. Oldham; and, with some exultation over her, told his cousin what they had done as to her; and exclaimed against her for the state she had lived in; and the difficulty she made to resign Sir Thomas to his daughters care in his illness; and particularly for presuming to insist upon putting her seal with theirs to the cabinets and closets, where they supposed were any valuables.

Sir Charles heard all this without saying one word, either of approbation or otherwise.

Are you not pleased with what we have done, as to this vile woman, Sir Charles?

I have no doubt, cousin, replied Sir Charles, that everything was designed for the best.

And then Mr. Grandison, as he told the sisters, ridiculed the unhappy woman on her grief, and mortified behaviour; when she was obliged to quit the house, where, he said, she had reigned so long Lady Paramount.

Sir Charles asked, If they had searched for or found a will?

Mr. Grandison said, They had looked in every probable place; but found none.

What I think to do, cousin, said Sir Charles, is, to inter the venerable remains (I must always speak in this dialect, Sir) with those of my mother. This, I know, was his desire. I will have an elegant, but not sumptuous monument erected to the memory of both, with a modest inscription, that shall rather be matter of instruction to the living, than a panegyric on the departed. The funeral shall be decent, but not ostentatious. The difference in the expence shall be privately applied to relieve or assist distressed housekeepers, or some of my father's poor tenants, who have large families, and have not been wanting in their honest endeavours to maintain them. My sisters, I hope, will not think themselves neglected, if I spare them the pain of conferring with them on a subject that must afflict them.

These sentiments were new to Mr. Grandison. He told the sisters what Sir Charles had said. I did not contradict him, said he: But as Sir Thomas had so magnificent a mind, and always lived up to it, I should have thought he ought to have been honoured with a magnificent funeral. But I cannot but own, however, that what your brother said, had something great and noble in it.

The two Ladies, on their brother's hinting his intentions to them, acquiesced with all he proposed; and all was performed according to directions which he himself wrote down. He allowed of his sisters compliance with the fashion: But he in person saw performed, with equal piety and decorum, the last offices.

Sir Charles is noted for his great dexterity in business. Were I to express myself in the language of Miss Grandison, I should say, that a sun-beam is not more penetra-

ting. He goes to the bottom of an affair at once, and wants but to hear both sides of a question to determine; and when he determines, his execution can only be staid by perverse accidents, that lie out of the reach of human foresight: And when he finds *that* to be the case, yet the thing right to be done, he changes his methods of proceeding; as a man would do, who finding himself unable to pursue his journey by one road, because of a sudden inundation, takes another, which, tho' a little about, carries him home in safety.

As soon as the solemnity was over, Sir Charles, leaving every-thing at Grandison-hall as he found it, and the seals unbroken, came to town, and, in the presence of his sisters, broke the seals that had been affixed to the cabinets and escritaires in the house there.

The Ladies told him, that their bills were ready for his inspection; and that they had a balance in their hands. His answer was, I hope, my sisters, we shall have but one interest. It is for you to make demands upon me, and for me to answer them as I shall be able.

He made memorandums of the contents of many papers, with surprising expedition; and then locked them up. He found a bank note of 350 £. in the private drawer of one of the bureaux in the apartment that was his father's. Be pleased, my sisters, said he, presenting it to Miss Caroline, to add that to the money in your hands, to answer family calls.

He then went with his sisters to the house in Essex. When there, he told them, it was necessary for Mrs. Oldham (who had lodgings at a neighbouring farmhouse) to be present at the breaking of the seals, as she had hers affixed; and accordingly sent for her.

They desired to be excused seeing her.

It will be a concern to me, said he, to see her: But what *ought* to be done, *must* be done.

The poor woman came with fear and trembling.

You will not, Lucy, be displeased with an account of what passed on the occasion. I was very attentive to it, as given by Miss Grandison, whose memory was aided by the recollection of her sister. And, as I am used to aim at giving affecting scenes in the very words of the persons, as near as I can, to make them appear lively and natural, you will expect, that I should attempt to do so in this case.

Sir Charles, not expecting Mrs. Oldham would be there so soon, was in his Stud with his groom and coachman, looking upon his horses: For there were most of the hunters and racers, some of the finest beasts in the kingdom.

By mistake of Miss Caroline's maid, the poor woman was shewn into the room where the two Ladies were. She was in great confusion; courtesied; wept; and stood, as well as she could stand; but leaned against the tapestry-hung wall.

How came this? said Miss Caroline to her maid. *She* was not to be shewn in to us.

I beg pardon; courtesying, and was for withdrawing; but stopt on Charlotte's speech to her—My *brother* sent for you, madam—Not *we*, I assure you.—He says it is necessary, as you thought fit to put your seal with ours to the locked-up places, that you should be present at the breaking them. Yet he will see you with as much pain as you give us. Prepare yourself to see him. You seem mighty unfit—No wonder!

You have heard, Lucy, that Charlotte attributes a great deal of alteration for the better in her temper, and even in her heart, to the example of her brother.

Indeed, I *am* unfit, *very* unfit, said the poor woman. Let me, Ladies, bespeak your generosity: A little of your pity: A little of your countenance. I am, indeed, an unhappy woman!

And so you deserve to be.

I am sure *we* are the sufferers, said Caroline.

Lord L. as she owned, was then in her head, as well as heart.

If I may withdraw without seeing Sir Charles, I should take it for a favour. I find I cannot bear to see him. I insist not upon being present at the breaking the seals. I throw myself upon your mercy, Ladies, and upon his.

Cruel girls! shall I call them, Lucy? I think I will—*Cruel* girls! They asked her not to sit down, tho' they saw the terror she was in: And that she had the modesty to forbear sitting in their presence.

What an humbling thing is the consciousness of having lived faultily, when calamity seizes upon the heart!—But shall not virtue be appeased, when the hand of God is acknowledged in the words, countenance, and behaviour, of the offender? Yet, perhaps, it is hard for sufferers—Let me consider—Have I, from my heart, forgiven Sir Hargrave Pollexfen?—I will examine into that another time.

And so you have put yourself into mourning, madam?

Shall I say, that Caroline said this, and what follows? Yet I am glad it was not Charlotte, methinks; for Caroline thought herself a sufferer by her, in an especial manner—However, I am sorry it was either.

Pretty *deẽp* too! Your weeds, I suppose, are at your lodgings—

You have been told, Lucy, that Mrs. Oldham by many was called Lady Grandison; and that her birth, her edu-

cation, good sense, tho' all was not sufficient to support her virtue against necessity and temptation (poor woman!) might have given her a claim to the title.

Indeed, Ladies, I am a *real* mourner: But I never myself assumed a character, to which it was never in my thoughts to solicit a right.

Then, *madam*, the world does you injustice, *madam*, said Charlotte.

Here, Ladies, are the keys of the stores; of the confecti-  
onary; of the wine-vaults: You demanded them not, when you dismissed me from this house. I thought to send them: But by the time I could provide myself with a lodging, you were gone; and left only two common servants, besides the groom and helpers: And I thought it was best to keep the keys, till I could deliver them to your order, or Sir Charles's. I have not been a bad manager, Ladies, considered as a housekeeper. All I have in the world is under the seals. I am at yours and your brother's mercy.

The sisters ordered their woman to take the keys, and bring them to the foot of their thrones. Dear Ladies, forgive me, if you should, by surprize, see this. I know that you think and act in a different manner now.

Here comes my brother! said Caroline.

You'll soon know, *madam*, what you have to trust to from *him*, said Charlotte.

The poor woman trembled, and turned pale. O how her heart must throb, I warrant!

## LETTER XIV.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

SIR CHARLES entered. She was near the door. His sisters were at the other end of the room.

He bowed to her—Mrs. Oldham, I presume, said he—Pray, madam, be seated. I sent to you, that you might see the seals—Pray, madam, sit down.

He took her hand, and led her to a chair not far distant from them; and sat down in one between them and her.

His sisters owned, they were startled at his complaisance to her. Dear Ladies! they forgot, at that moment, that *mercy* and *justice* are sister-graces, and cannot be separated in a virtuous bosom.

Pray, madam, compose yourself; looking upon her with eyes of anguish and pity mingled, as the Ladies said, they afterwards recollected with more approbation than at the time. What, my Lucy, must be the reflexions of this humane man, respecting his father, and her, at that moment!

He turned to his sisters, as if to give Mrs. Oldham time to recover herself. A flood of tears relieved her. She tried to suppress her audible sobs, and, most considerately, he would not hear them. Her emotions attracting the eyes of the Ladies, he took them off, by asking them something about a picture that hung on the other side of the room.

He then drew his chair nearer to her, and again taking her trembling hand—I am not a stranger to your melancholy story, Mrs. Oldham—Be not discomposed—

He stopt to give her a few moments time to recover



herself—Resuming; See in me a friend, ready to thank you for all your past good offices, and to forget all mistaken ones.

She could not bear this. She threw herself at his feet. He raised her to her chair.

Poor Mr. Oldham, said he, was unhappily careless! Yet I have been told he loved you, and that you merited his Love—Your misfortunes threw you into the knowledge of our family. You have been a faithful manager of the affairs of this house—By written evidences I can justify you; evidences that no one here will, I am sure, dispute.

It was plain, that his father had written in her praise, as an oeconomist; the only light in which this pious son was then willing to consider her.

Indeed, I have—And I would still have been—

No more of that, madam. Mr. Grandison, who is a good-natured man, but a little hasty, has told me that he treated you with unkindness. He owns you were patient under it. Patience never yet was a solitary virtue. He thought you wrong for insisting to put your seal: But he was mistaken: You did right, as to the thing; and I dare say, a woman of your prudence, did not wrong in the manner. No one can judge of another, that cannot be that very other in imagination, when he takes the judgment-seat.

O my brother! O my brother!—said both Ladies at one time—half in admiration, tho' half-concerned, at a goodness so eclipsing.

Bear with me, my sisters. We have *all* something to be forgiven for.

They knew not how far they were concerned, in his opinion, in the admonition, from what their father had

written of *them*. They owned, that they were mortified: Yet knew not how to be angry with a brother, who, tho' more than an equal sufferer with them, could preserve *his* charity.

He then made a motion, dinner-time, as he said, not being near, for chocolate; and referred to Mrs. Oldham to direct it, as knowing best where every-thing was. She referred to the delivered-up keys. Caroline called in her servant, and gave them to her. Sir Charles desired Mrs. Oldham to be so good as to direct the maid.

The Ladies easily saw, that he intended by this, to relieve the poor woman by some little employment; and to take the opportunity of her absence, to endeavour to reconcile them to his intentions, as well as manner of behaving to her.

The moment she was gone out of the room, he thus addressed himself to the Ladies:

My dear sisters, let me beg of you to think favourably of me on this occasion. I would not disoblige you for the world. I consider not the case of this poor woman, on the foot of her own merits, with regard to us. Our father's memory is concerned. Was *he* accountable to us, was *she*, for what each did?—Neither of them was. She is intitled to justice, for its own sake: To generosity, for ours: To kindness, for my father's. Mr. Grandison accused her of living in too much state, as he called it. Can that be said to be *her* fault? With regard to *us*, was it *any-body's*? My father's magnificent spirit is well known. He was often at this house. Where-ever he was, he lived in the same taste. He praises to me Mrs. Oldham's oeconomy in several of his Letters. He had a right to do what he would with his own fortune. It was not *ours* till now. Whatever he *has* left us, he might have still lessened it. That oecon-

omy is all that concerns us in interest; and that is in her favour. If any act of kindness to my sisters was wanting from the parent, they will rejoice, that they *deserved* what they hoped to meet with from him: And where the parent had an option, they will be glad, that they acquiesced under it. He could have given Mrs. Oldham a title to a name that would have commanded our respect, if not our reverence. My sisters have enlarged minds: They are daughters of the most charitable, the most forgiving, of women. Mr. Grandison (it could not be *you*) has carried too severe a hand towards her. Yet he meant service to us all. I was willing, before I commended this poor woman to your *mercy* (since it was necessary to see her) to judge of her behaviour. Is she not humbled enough? From my soul I pity her. She loved my father; and I have no doubt but mourns for him in secret; yet dares not own, dares not plead, her Love. I am willing to consider her only as one who has executed a principal office in this house: It becomes us so to behave to her, as that the world should think we consider her in that light only. As to the *living proofs* (unhappy innocents!) I am concerned, that what are the delight of other parents, are the disgrace of this. But let *us* not, by resentments, publish faults that could not be *hers only*.—Need I say more?—It would pain me to be obliged to it. With pain have I said thus much—The circumstances of the case are such, that I cannot give it its full force. I ask it of you as a favour, not as a right (I should hate myself, were I capable of exerting to the utmost any power that may be devolved upon me) that you will be so good as to leave the conduct of this affair to me. You will greatly oblige me, if you can give me your chearful acquiescence.

They answered by tears. They could not speak.

By this time Mrs. Oldham returned; and, in an humble manner, offered chocolate to each young Lady. They bent their necks, not their bodies, with cold civility, as they owned; each extending her stately hand, as if she knew not whether she should put it out or not.

Methinks I see them. How could such gracious girls be so ungracious, after what Sir Charles had said?

Their brother, they saw, seemed displeased. He took the salver from Mrs. Oldham. Pray, madam, sit down, said he, offering her a dish, which she declined, and held the toasted bread to his sisters; who then were ready enough to take each some—And when they had drank their chocolate; Now, Mrs. Oldham, said he, I will attend you—Sisters, you will give me your company.

They arose to follow him. The poor woman courtesied, I warrant, and stood by while they passed: And methinks I see the dear girls bridle, and walk as stately, and as upright, as duchesses may be supposed to do in a coronation-procession.

Miss Grandison acknowledged, that she grudged her brother's extraordinary complaisance to Mrs. Oldham; and said to her sister, as arm in arm they went out, Politeness is a charming thing, Caroline!

I don't quite understand it, replied the other.

They did not intend their brother should hear what they said: But he did; and turned back to them (Mrs. Oldham being at distance, and, on his speaking low, dropping still further behind them): Don't you, my sisters, do too little, and I will not do too much. She is a gentlewoman. She is unhappy from *within*. Thank God, *you* are not. And she is not now, nor ever was, your servant.

They reddened, and looked upon each other in some confusion.

He pressed each of their hands, as in love. Don't let me give you concern, said he; only permit me to remind you, while it is yet in time, that you have an opportunity given you to shew yourselves Grandisons.

When they came to the chamber in which Sir Thomas died, and which was his usual apartment, Mrs. Oldham turned pale, and begged to be excused attending them in it. She wept. You will find every-thing there, Sir, said she, to be as it ought. I am ready to answer all questions. Permit me to wait in the adjoining drawing-room.

Sir Charles allowed her request.

Poor woman! said he: How unhappily circumstanced is she, that she dares not, in *this* company, shew the tenderness, which is the glory, not only of the female, but of the human nature!

In one of the cabinets in that chamber they found a beautiful little casket, and a paper wafered upon the back of it; with these words written in Sir Thomas's hand, *My wife's jewels, &c.*

The key was tied to one of the siver handles.

Had you not my mother's jewels divided between you? asked he.

My father once shewed us this casket at Grandison-hall, answered Caroline. We thought it was still there.

My dear sisters, let me ask you: Did my father forbear presenting these to you, from any declared *misapprehension* of your want of duty to him?

No, replied Miss Caroline. But he told us, they should be ours when we married. You have heard, I dare say, that he was not fond of seeing us dressed. ••

It must have been *misapprehension* only, had it been so. You could not be undutiful to a *father*.

He would not permit it to be opened before him : But, presenting it to them, Receive your right, my sisters. It is heavy. I hope there is more than jewels in it. I know that my mother used to deposit in it her little hoard. I am sure there can be no dispute between such affectionate sisters, on the partition of the contents of this casket.

While their brother was taking minutes of papers, the Ladies retired to open the casket.

They found three purses in it; in one of which was an India bond of 500 *l.* inclosed in a paper, thus inscribed by Lady Grandison—*From my maiden money.* 120 Carolus's were also in this purse in two papers; the one inscribed, *From my aunt Molly*; the other, *From my aunt Kitty.*

In the second purse were 115 Jacobus's, in a paper, thus inscribed by the same Lady, *Presents made at different times by my honoured mamma, Lady W.* three bank notes and an India bond, to the amount of 300 *l.*

The third purse was thus labelled, as Lady L. shewed me by a copy, she had of it in her memorandum book.

*"For my beloved son:* In acknowledgement of his duty to his father and me from infancy to this hour Jan. 1. 17 . . . —Of his Love to his sisters.—Of the generosity of his temper; never once having taken advantage of the indulgence shewn him by parents so fond of him, that, as the only son of an antient family, he might have done what he pleased with them—Of his Love of truth: And of his modesty, courage, benevolence, steadiness of mind, docility, and other great and amiable qualities, by which he gives a moral assurance of making a GOOD MAN.  
—GOD grant it. Amen!"

The Ladies immediately carried this purse, thus labelled, to their brother. He took it; read the label, turning his face from his sisters, as he read—Excellent woman! said he, when he had read it, *Being dead, she speaks*. May her pious prayer be answered! looking up. Then opening the purse, he found five coronation-medals of different princes in it, and several others of value; a gold snuff-box, in which, wrapt in cotton, were three diamond rings; one signified to be his grandfather's; the two others, an uncle's and brother's of Lady Grandison: But what was more valuable to him than all the rest, the Ladies said, was a miniature picture of his mother, set in gold; an admirable likeness, they told me; and they would get their brother to let me see it.

Neglecting all the rest, he eagerly took it out of the shagreen case; gazed at it in silence; kissed it; a tear falling from his eye. He then put it to his heart: Withdrew for a few moments; and returned with a cheerful aspect.

The Ladies told him what was in the other two purses. They said they made no scruple of accepting the jewels; but the bonds, the notes, and the money, they offered to him.

He asked, If there were no particular direction upon either? They answered, No.

He took them; and, emptying them upon the table, mingled the contents of both together: There may be a difference in the value of each: Thus mingled, you, my sisters, will equally divide them between you. This picture (putting his hand on his bosom, where it yet was) is of infinitely more value than all the three purses contained besides.

You will excuse these particularities, my dear friends. But if you do not, I can't help it. We are all apt, I believe,

to pursue the subjects that most delight us. Don't grudge me my pleasure: Perhaps I shall pay for it. I admire this man more than I can express.

Saturday Night—And *no* Sir Charles Grandison. With all my heart!

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## LETTER XV.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

WHEN Sir Charles and his sisters had looked over every other place in his father's apartment, they followed Mrs. Oldham to hers.

A very handsome apartment, upon my word!

How *could* Miss Grandison—She knew the situation the unhappy woman had been in: Mistress of that house.

Her brother looked at her.

Mrs. Oldham shewed them which of the furniture and pictures (some of the latter valuable ones) she had brought into the house, saved, as she said, from the wreck of her husband's fortune—But, said she, with the consent of creditors. I, for *my part*, did not wrong any-body.

In that closet, Sir, continued she, pointing to it, is all that I account myself worth in the world. Mr. Grandison was pleased to put his seal upon the door. I besought him to let me take 50 *l.* out of it; having but very little money about me: But he would not: His refusal, besides the disgrace, has put me to some shifts. But, weeping, I throw myself upon your mercy, Sir.

The sisters frankly owned, that they hardened each other by fault-finding. They whispered, that she expected no mercy from *them*, it was plain. O what a glory belongs



to goodness, as well in its influences, as in itself! Not even these two amiable sisters, as Miss Charlotte once acknowledged, were so noble in themselves before their brother's arrival, as they are now.

Assure yourself of justice, madam, said Sir Charles. Mr. Grandison is hasty; but he would have done you justice, I dare say. He thought he was acting for a trust.—You may have letters, you may have things, here in this closet, that we have no business with—Then, breaking the seal; I leave it to you, to shew us any-thing proper for us to take account of. The rest I wish not to see.

My Ladies, Sir—They will be pleased to—

YES, Mrs. Oldham, said Caroline: And was putting herself before her brother, and so was her sister, while Sir Charles was withdrawing from the closet: But he took each by her hand, interrupting Caroline—

NO, *Mrs. Oldham*—Do you lay out things as you please: We will step into the next apartment.

He accordingly led them both out.

You are very generous, Sir, said Miss Grandison.

I *would* be so, Charlotte. Ought not the private drawers of women to be sacred?

But such a *creature*, Sir—said Miss Caroline—

Every creature is intitled to justice—Can Ladies forget decorum? You see she was surprised by Mr. Grandison. She has suffered disgrace: Has been put to difficulties.

Well, Sir, if she will do *justice*—

Remember (with looks of meaning) whose *house-keeper* she was. ..

They owned they were daunted [And so, dear Ladies, you ought to have been] but not convinced at that instant. It is generous to own this, Ladies; because the behaviour makes not for your honour.

Mrs. Oldham, with tears in her eyes, came courtesying to the Ladies and their brother, offering to conduct them into her closet. They found, that she had spread on her table in it, and in the two windows, and in the chairs, Letters, papers, laces, fine linen, &c.

These papers, Sir, said she, belong to you. I was *bid* to keep them safe [Poor woman! she knew not how to say, *by whom* bid]. You will see, Sir, the seals are whole.

Perhaps a *will*, said he.

No, Sir, I believe not. I was told they belonged to the Irish estate. Alas! and she wiped her eyes, I have reason to think, there was not time for a will—

I suppose, Mrs. Oldham, you *urged* for a will—said Miss Charlotte.

Indeed, Ladies, I often did; I own it.

I don't doubt it, said Miss Caroline.

And very *prudently*, said Sir Charles. I myself have always had a will by me. I should think it a kind of *presumption* to be a week without one.

In this drawer, Sir, are the money, and notes, and securities, that I have been getting together. I do assure you, Sir, very honestly—pulling out a drawer in the cabinet.

To what amount, Mrs. Oldham, if I may be *so bold*? asked Caroline.

No matter, sister Caroline, to what amount, said Sir Charles. You hear Mrs. Oldham say, they are honestly got together. I dare say, that my father's bounty enabled even his meanest *servants* to save money. I would not keep one, that I thought did not. I make no comparisons, Mrs. Oldham: You are a gentlewoman.

The two Ladies only whispered to each other, as they owned, *So we think!*—Were there ever such perverse girls? I am afraid my uncle will think himself justified by

them on this occasion, when he asserts, that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to put a woman right, when she sets out wrong. If it be generally so with us, I am sure we ought to be very careful of prepossession.—And has he not said, Lucy, that the best women, when wrong, are most tenacious? It may be so: But then I hope, he will allow, that at the time they *think* themselves right.

I believe there is near 1200 *l.* said Mrs. Oldham; and looked, the Ladies observed, as if she was afraid of their censures.

Near 1200 *l.* Mrs. Oldham! said Miss Charlotte.—Lord, sister, how glad would we have been sometimes of as many shillings between us!

And what, Caroline, what, Charlotte, young Ladies as you were, but growing up into women, and in your father's house, would you have done with more than current money? Now you have a claim to independency, I hope that 1200*l.* will not be the sum of either of your stores.

They courtesied, they said; but yet thought 1200 *l.* a great saving.—Dear Ladies! how could you forget, and what pain would it have been for your brother to have reminded you, that Mrs. Oldham had two children, to say nothing of a third!

Trembling, as they owned, Here, said she, in this private drawer, are some presents—I disclaim them. If you believe me, Ladies, I never wished for them. I never was seen in them but once. I never shall wear them—offering to pull out the drawer.

Forbear, Mrs. Oldham. Presents are yours. The money in that drawer is yours. Never will I either disparage or diminish my father's bounty. He had a right to do as he

pleased. Have not we, to do as we please? Had he made a will, would they not have been yours?—If you, Mrs. Oldham, if you, my sisters, can tell me of any-thing he but intended or inclined to do by any one of his people, that intention will I execute with as much exactness, as if he had made a will, and it was part of it. Shall we do nothing but *legal* justice?—The Law was not made for a man of conscience.

Lord bless me, my Lucy! what shall I do about this man?

Here (would you believe it?) I laid down my pen; pondered, and wept, for *joy*; I think, it *was* for joy, that there is such a young man in the world; for what else could it be?—And now, with a watry eye, twinkle, twinkle, do I resume it.

His sisters owned, they were confounded; but that still the time was to come when they were to approve, from their hearts, of what he said and did.

Mrs. Oldham wept at his goodness. She wept, I make no doubt also, as a penitent.—If my Ladies, said she, will be pleased to—And seemed to be about making an offer to them—of the jewels, as I suppose.

My sisters, Mrs. Oldham, said Sir Charles, interrupting her, are Grandisons. Pray, madam—holding in her hand, which was extended to the drawer—

She took out of another drawer 40 *l.* and some silver. This, Sir, is money that belongs to you. I received it in Sir Thomas's illness. I have some other moneys; and my accounts wanted but a few hours of being perfected, when I was dismissed. They shall be completed, and laid before you.

Let this money, Mrs. Oldham, be a part of those accounts; declining, then, to take it.

There are Letters, Sir, said she. I would withhold nothing from you. I know not, if, among some things, that I wish not *any-body* to see, there are not concerns, that you ought to be made acquainted with, relating to persons and things; particularly to Mr. Bever and Mr. Filmer, and their accounts. I *hope* they are good men.—You must see these Letters, I believe.

Let me desire you, Mrs. Oldham, to make such extracts from those Letters, or any others, as you think will concern me; and as soon as you can: For those gentlemen have written to me to sign their accounts, which, they hint, had my father's approbation.

She then told Sir Charles (as I have already related) how earnest Mr. Bever was to get to the speech of Sir Thomas; and how mortified Mr. Filmer was to find him incapable of writing his name; which both said was all that was wanted.

An honest man, said Sir Charles, fears not inspection. They shall want no favour from me. I hope nothing but justice from them.

She then shewed him some other papers; and while he was turning them over, the Ladies and she withdrew to another apartment, in which, in two mahogany chests, was her wardrobe. They owned they were curious to inspect it, as she had always made a great figure. She was intending to oblige them; and had actually opened one of the chests, and, tho' reluctantly, taken out a gown, when Sir Charles entered.

He seemed displeased; and, taking his sisters aside, Tell me, said he, can what this poor woman seems to be about, proceed from her own motion? I beg of you to say, you put her upon it. I would not have reason to imagine, that any woman, in such circumstances, could make a display of her apparel.

Why, the motion is partly mine, I must needs say, answered Charlotte.

*Wholly*, I hope; and the compliance owing to the poor woman's mortified situation. You are young women: You may not have considered this matter. Do you imagine, that your curiosity will yield you pleasure? Don't you know what to expect from the magnificent and bountiful spirit of him, to whose memory you owe duty?

They recollected themselves, blushed, and desired Mrs. Oldham to lock up the chest. She did; and seemed pleased to be excused from the mortifying task.

Ah, my Lucy, one thing I am afraid of; and that is, that Sir Charles Grandison, politely as he behaves to us all, thinks us women in general very pitiable creatures. I wish I knew that he did; and that for two reasons: That I might have something to think him blameable for: And to have the pride of assuring myself, that he would be convinced of that fault, were he to be acquainted with my grandmamma and aunt.

But, do you wonder, that the sisters, whose minds were thus opened and enlarged by the example of such a brother, blazing upon them all at once, as I may say, in manly goodness, on his return from abroad, whither he set out a stripling, should, on all occasions, break out into raptures, whenever they mention THEIR brother?—Well may Miss Grandison despise her Lovers, when she thinks of him and of them at the same time.

*Sunday.* Sir Charles is in town, we hear: Came thither but last night—Nay, for that matter, his sisters are more vexed at him than I am—But what pretence have I to be disturbed? But I say of him, as I do of Lady D.: He is so good, that one would be willing to stand well with him.—Then he is my *Brother*, you know.

## LETTER XVI.

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation.*

AFTER Sir Charles had inspected into every-thing in this house, and taken minutes of papers, letters, writings, &c. and locked up the plate, and other valuables, in one room, he ordered his servants to carry into Mrs. Oldham's apartment all that belonged to her; and gave her the key of that; and directed the housekeeper to be assisting to her in the removal of them, at her own time and pleasure, and to suffer her to come and go, at all times, with freedom and civility, as if she had never *left the house*, were his words.

How the poor woman courtesied and wept, I warrant! The dear girls, I am afraid, then envied her—and perhaps expressed a grudging spirit; for they said, This was their brother's address to them at the time:

You may look upon the justice I aim at doing to persons who can claim *only* justice from me, as an earnest, that I will do *more* than justice to my beloved sisters: And you should have been the first to have found the fruits of the Love I bear you, had I not been afraid, that prudence would have narrowed my intentions. The moment I know what I can do, I will do it; and I request you to hope largely: If I have ability, I will exceed your hopes.

My dear sisters, continued he, and took one hand of each, I am sorry, for your *spirits* sake, that you are left in my power. The best of women was always afraid it would be so. But the moment I can, I will give you an absolute independence on your brother, that your actions and conduct may be all your own.

Surely, Sir, said Caroline (and they both wept) we must think it the highest felicity, that we *are* in the power of such a brother. As to our *spirits*, Sir—

She would have said more; but could not; and Charlotte took it up where her sister left off: Best of brothers, said she—Our *spirits* shall, as much as possible (I can answer for both) be guided hereafter by yours. Forgive what you have seen amiss in us—But we *desire* to depend upon our good behaviour. We cannot, we will not, be independent of you.

We will talk of these matters, replied he, when we can do *more* than talk. I will ask you, Caroline, after your inclinations; and you, Charlotte, after *yours*, in the same hour that I know what I can do for you both, in the way of promoting them. Enter, mean time, upon your measures: Reckon upon my best assistance: Banish suspense. One of my first pleasures will be, to see you both happily married.

They did not *say*, when they related this to me, that they threw themselves at his feet, as to their better father, as well as brother: But I fancy they *did*.

He afterwards, at parting with Mrs. Oldham, said, I would be glad to know, madam, how you dispose of yourself: Every unhappy person has a right to the good offices of those who are less embarrassed. When you are settled, pray let me know the manner: And if you acquaint me with the state of your affairs, and what you propose to do for and with those who are intitled to your first care, your confidence in me will not be misplaced.

And pray, and pray, asked I of the Ladies, what said Mrs. Oldham? How did she behave upon this?—

Our Harriet is strangely taken with Mrs. Oldham's story, said Miss Grandison—Why, she wept plentifully,



you may be sure. She clasped her hands, and kneeled to pray to God to bless him, and all that—She could not do otherwise.

See, Lucy!—But am I, my grandmamma, am I, my aunt, to blame? Is it inconsistent with the strictest virtue to be charmed with such a story?—May not virtue itself pity the lapsed?—O yes, it may! I am sure, you, and Sir Charles Grandison, will say it may. A while ago, I thought myself a poor creature, compared to these two Ladies: But now I *believe* I am as good as they in some things.—But *they* had not such a grandmamma and aunt as I am blessed with: *They* lost their excellent mother, while they were young: and their brother is but lately come over: And his superior excellence, like sunshine, breaking out on a sudden, finds out, and brings to sight, those spots and freckles, that were hardly before discoverable.

Sir Charles desired Mrs. Oldham would give in writing what she proposed to do for herself, and for those *who were under her care*. She did, at her first opportunity. It was, That she purposed going to London, for the sake of the young peoples education: Of turning into money what jewels, cloaths, and plate, she should think above her then situation in life: Of living retired in a little genteel house: And she gave in an estimate of her worth: To what amount the Ladies know not: But this they know, that their brother allows her an annuity, for the sake of her sons by his father: And they doubt not but he will be still kinder to them, when they are old enough to be put into the world.

This the Ladies think an encouragement to a guilty life. I will not dare to pronounce upon it, because I may be thought partial to the generous man: But should be glad of my uncle's opinion. This, however, may be said,

That Sir Charles Grandison has no vices of his own to cover by the extensiveness of his charity and beneficence; and if it be not goodness in him to do thus, it is greatness; and this, if it be not praise-worthy, is the first instance that I have known goodness and greatness of soul separable.

The brother and sisters went down, after this, to Grandison-hall; and Sir Charles had reason to be pleased with the good order in which he found every-thing there.

## LETTER XVII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

THE next thing the Ladies mentioned was, Sir Charles's management with the two stewards.

I will not aim at being very particular in this part of the family-history.

When Sir Charles found that his father had left the inspection of each steward's account to the other, he entered into the examination of the whole himself; and tho' he allowed them several disputable and unproved charges, he brought them to acknowledge a much greater balance in his favour, than they had made themselves debtors for. This was the use he made of detecting them, to his sisters—You see, sisters, that my father was not so profuse as some people thought him. He had partners in his estate; and I have reason to think that he often paid interest for his own money.

On his settling with Filmer, the treaty with Miss Obrien came out. Mr. Filmer had, by surprize, brought that beautiful girl into Sir Charles's presence; and he owned to his sisters, that she was a very lovely creature.

But when the mother and aunt found, that he only admired her as a man would a fine picture, they insisted that Sir Thomas had promised to marry Miss Obrien privately; and produced two of his Letters to her, that seemed to give ground for such an expectation. Sir Charles was grieved, for the sake of his father's memory, at this transaction; and much more on finding that the unhappy man went down to his seat in Essex, his head and heart full of this scheme, when he was struck with his last fatal illness.

A meeting was proposed by Filmer, between Sir Charles, the mother, the aunt, and himself, at the aunt's house in Pallmall. Sir Charles was very desirous to conceal his father's frailty from the world. He met them: But before he entered into discourse, made it his request to be allowed half an hour's conversation with Miss Obrien by herself; at the same time, praising, as it deserved, her beauty.

They were in hopes, that she would be able to make an impression on the heart of so young and so lively a man; and complied. Under pretence of preparing her for so unexpected a visit, her aunt gave her her cue: But, instead of her captivating him, he brought her to such confessions, as sufficiently let him into the baseness of their views.

He returned to company, the young woman in his hand. He represented to the mother the wickedness of the part she had come over to act, in such strong terms, that she fell into a fit. The aunt was terrified. The young creature wept; and vowed that she would be honest.

Sir Charles told them, That if they would give him up his father's two Letters, and make a solemn promise never to open their lips on the affair, and would procure

for her an honest husband, he would give her 1000 *l.* on the day of marriage; and, if she made a good wife, would be further kind to her.

Filmer was very desirous to clear himself of having any hand in the blacker part of this plot. Sir Charles did not seem solicitous to detect and expose him: But left the whole upon his conscience. And having made before several objections to his account, which could not be so well obviated in England, he went over to Ireland with Filmer; and there very speedily settled every-thing to his own satisfaction; and, dismissing him more genteelly than he deserved, took upon himself the management of that estate, directing several obvious improvements to be made; which are likely to turn to great account.

On his return, he heard that Miss O'Brien was ill of the small-pox. He was not, for her own sake, sorry for it. She suffered in her face, but still was pretty and genteel: And she is now the honest and happy wife of a tradesman near Golden-square; who is very fond of her. Sir Charles gave with her the promised sum, and one hundred pounds more, for wedding-cloaths.

One part of her happiness and her husband's is, that her aunt, supposing she had disgraced herself by this match, never comes near her: And her mother is returned to Ireland to her husband, greatly dissatisfied with her daughter on the same account.

While these matters were agitating, Sir Charles forgot not to enquire what steps had been taken by his father with regard to the alliance proposed between himself and Lady Frances N.

He paid his first visit to the father and brother of that Lady. •

All that the sisters know of this matter, is, that the

treaty was, on this first visit, entirely broken off. Their brother, however, speaks of the Lady, and of the whole family, with great respect. The Lady is known to esteem him highly. Her father, her brother, speak of him everywhere with great regard: Lord N. calls him the finest young gentleman in England. And so, Lucy, I believe he is. Sir Charles Grandison, Lord N. once said, knows better by non-compliance, how to create friendships, than most men do by compliance.

Lady L. and Miss Grandison, who, as I have before intimated, have another Lady whom they favour, once said to him, that the Earl and his son Lord N. were so constantly speaking in his praise, that they could not but think that it would at last be a match between him and Lady Frances. His answer was, The Lady is infinitely deserving: *But it cannot be.*

I am ready to wish, he would say, what *can* be, that we need not—Ah, Lucy!—I know not what I would say: But so it will always be with silly girls, that distinguish not between the *would* and the *should*. One of which, is

Your HARRIET BYRON.

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## LETTER XVIII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

I WILL proceed with the family-history.

Sir Charles forgot not on his arrival in England, to pay an early visit to Lord W. his mother's brother, who then was at his house near Windsor.

I have told you, that my Lord had conceived a dislike

to him; and that for no other reason, but because his father loved him. Lord W. was laid up with the gout, when he came: But he was instantly admitted to his stately presence. The first salutations, on one side, were respectful; on the other, coldly civil. My Lord often surveyed his kinsman from head to foot, as he sat, as if he were loth to like him, I suppose; yet knew not how to help it. He found fault with Sir Thomas. Sir Charles told him, That it was a very ingrateful thing to him to hear his father spoken slightly of. He desired his Lordship to forbear reflexions of that sort. My father, said he, is no more. I desire not to be made a party in any disputes that may have happened between him and your Lordship. I come to attend you as a duty which I owe to my mother's memory; and I hope this may be done without wounding that of my father.

You say well, said my Lord; but I am afraid, kinsman, by your air and manner, and *speech* too, that you want not your father's proud spirit.

I revere my father for his spirit, my Lord. It might not always be exerted as your Lordship, and his other relations, might wish: But he had a manly one. As to myself, I will help your Lordship to my character at once. I am, indeed, a very proud man. I cannot stoop to flatter, and, least of all men, the great and the rich: Finding it difficult to restrain this fault, it is my whole study to direct it to laudable ends; and I hope, that I am too proud to do anything unworthy of my father's name, or of my mother's virtue.

Why, Sir, (and looked at him again from head to foot) your father never, in his whole life, said so good a thing.

Your Lordship knew not my father as he deserved to be known. Where there are misunderstandings between

two persons, tho' relations, the character of either is not to be taken from the other. But, my Lord, this is, as I said before, a visit of duty: I have nothing to ask of your Lordship, but your good opinion; and that no longer than I deserve it.

My Lord was displeased. "You have nothing to ask of me!"—repeated he. Let me tell you, *independent* Sir, that I like not your speech. You may leave me, if you please. And when I want to see you again, I will send for you.

Your servant, my Lord. And let me say, that I will not again attend you, till you do. But *when* you do, the summons of my *mother's brother* shall be chearfully obeyed, notwithstanding this unkind treatment of *Lord W.*

The very next day my Lord, hearing he was still at Windsor, viewing the curiosities of the place, sent to him: He directly went. My Lord expressed himself highly pleased with his readiness to come, and apologized to him for his behaviour of the day before. He called him Nephew, and swore that he was just such a young man as he had wished to see. Your mother used to say, proceeded he, that you could do what you would with her, should you even be unreasonable: And I beg of you to ask me no favour, but what is fit for me to grant, for fear I should grudge it after I had granted it; and call in question, what no man is willing to do, my own discretion.

He then asked him about the methods he intended to take with regard to his way of life. Sir Charles answered, That he was resolved to dispose of his racers, hunters, and dogs, as soon as he could: That he would take a survey of the timber upon his estate, and fell that which would be the worse for standing; and doubted not but that a part of it in Hampshire would turn to good ac-

count: But that he would plant an oakling for every oak he cut down, for the sake of posterity: He was determined, he said, to lett the house in Essex; and even to sell the estate there, if it were necessary, to clear incumbrances; and to pay off the mortgage upon the Irish estate; which he had a notion was very improveable.

What did he propose to do for his sisters; who were left, he found, absolutely in his power?

Marry them, my Lord, as soon as I can. I have a good opinion of Lord L. My elder sister loves him. I will enquire what will make him easy: And easy I will make him, on his marriage with her, if it be in my power. I will endeavour to make the younger happy too. And when these two points are settled, but not before, because I will not deceive the family with which I may engage, I will think of myself.

Bravo! bravo! said my Lord; and his eyes, that were brimful some moments before, then ran over. As I hope to be saved, I had a good mind to—to—to—And there he stopt.

I ask only for your approbation, my Lord, or correction, if wrong. My father has been very regardful of my interests. He knew my heart, or he would perhaps have been more solicitous for his daughters. I don't find that my circumstances will be very narrow: And if they *are*, I will live within compass, and even lay up. I endeavour to make a virtue of my pride, in this respect: I cannot live under obligation. I will endeavour to be just; and then, if I can, I will be generous. That is another species of my pride. I told your Lordship, that if I could not conquer it, I would endeavour to make it innocent at least.

Bravo! bravo! again cried my Lord—And threw his arms about his neck, and kissed his cheek, tho' he



screamed out at the same time, having hurt his gouty knee with the effort.

And then, and then—said my Lord, you will marry yourself. And if you marry with discretion, good Lord, what a *great* man you will be!—And how I shall love you!—Have you any thoughts of marriage, kinsman?—Let me be consulted in your match,—and—and—and—you will vastly oblige me. Now I believe, I shall begin to think the name of Grandison has a very agreeable sound with it. What a fine thing it is, for a young man to be able to clear up his mother's prudence so many years after she is gone, and lessen his father's follies! Your father did not use me well; and I must be allowed sometimes to speak my mind of him.

That, my Lord, is the only point on which your Lordship and I *can* differ.

Well, well, we *won't* differ.—Only one thing, my dear kinsman: If you sell, give me the preference. Your father told me, that he would mortgage to any man upon God's earth sooner than to me. I took that very heinously.

There was a misunderstanding between you, my Lord. My father had a noble spirit. He might think, that there would be a selfishness in the appearance, had he asked of your Lordship a favour. Little-spirited men sometimes choose to be obliged to relations, in hopes that payment will be less rigorously exacted, than by a stranger—

Ah kinsman! kinsman!—That's the white side of the business.

Indeed, my Lord, that would be a motive with me to avoid troubling your Lordship in an exigence, were it to happen: For mistrusts will arise from possibilities of being ungrateful, when perhaps there is no room, were the heart to be known, for the suspicion.

Well said, however. You are a young man that one need not be afraid to be acquainted with. But what would you do as a Lender? Would you think hardly of a man that wanted to be obliged to *you*?

O no!—But in this case I would be determined by prudence. If my friend regarded *himself* as the first person in the friendship; *me* but as the second, in cases that might hurt my fortune, and disable me from acting up to my spirit, to other friends; I would then let him know, that he thought as meanly of my understanding as of my justice.

Lord W. was delighted with his nephew's notions. He over and over prophesied, That he would be a great man.

Sir Charles, with wonderful dispatch, executed those designs, which he had told Lord W. he would carry into effect. And the sale of the timber he cut down in Hampshire, and which lay convenient for water-carriage, for the use of the government, furnished him with a very considerable sum.

I have mentioned, that Sir Charles, on his setting out from Florence to Paris, to attend his father's leave for his coming to England, had left his ward Miss Jervois, at the former place, in the protection of good Dr. Bartlett. He soon sent for them both over, and placed the young Lady with a discreet widow-gentlewoman, who had three prudent daughters; sometimes indulging her with leave to visit his sisters, who are very fond of her, as you have heard. And now let me add, That she is an humble petitioner to me to procure her the felicity, as she calls it, to be constantly resident with Miss Grandison. She will be, she says, the best girl in the world, if she may be allowed this favour: And not one word of advice, either of her

guardian, or of Miss Grandison, or of Lady L. shall be lost upon her—And besides, as good women, said she, as Mrs. Lane and her daughters *are*, what protection can women give me, were my unhappy mother to be troublesome, and resolve to *have me*, as she is continually threatening?

What a new world opens to me, my Lucy, from the acquaintance I am permitted to hold with this family! God grant that your poor Harriet pay not too dearly for her knowlege!—She *would*, I believe you think, were she to be *entangled in an hopeless Love*.

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## LETTER XIX.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

LORD L. came to town from Scotland within two or three months of Sir Charles's arrival in England. His first visit was to the young Baronet; who, on my Lord's avowing his passion for his sister, and her acknowledging her esteem for him, introduced him to her, and put their hands together, holding them between both his: With pleasure, said he, I join hands where hearts so worthy are united. Do me, my Lord, the honour, from this moment, to look upon me as your brother. My father, I find, was a little embarrassed in his affairs. He loved his daughters, and perhaps was loth that they should early claim *another* protection: But had he lived to make himself easy, I have no doubt, but he would have made them happy. He has left that duty upon me—And I will perform it.

His sister was unable to speak for joy. My Lord's tears were ready to start.

My father, proceeded Sir Charles, in one of his Letters to me, acquainted me with the state of your Lordship's affairs. Reckon upon my best services: Promise, engage, undertake. The Brother, my Lord, hopes to make you easy: The Sister, will make you happy.

Miss Charlotte was affected with this scene; and she prayed, with her hands and eyes lifted up, that God would make his power as large as his heart: The whole world would then, she said, be benefited either by his bounty, or his example.

Do you wonder now, my dear Mr. Reeves, that Miss Grandison, Lady L. and Lord L. know not how to contain their gratitude, when this beneficent-minded brother is spoken of?

And has not my Charlotte, said he, turning towards her, and looking at Miss Caroline, some happy man, that she can distinguish by her Love? You are *equally* dear to me, my sisters. Make me your confident, Charlotte. Your inclinations shall be my choice.

Dear Miss Grandison, why did you mislead me by your boasts of unreservedness? What room was there for reserves to such a brother?—And yet it is plain, you have not let him know all your *heart*; and he seems to think so too. And now you are uneasy at a hint he has thrown out of that nature.

Two months before the marriage, Sir Charles put into his sister's hands a paper sealed up. Receive these, my Caroline, said he, as from your father's bounty, in compliance with what your mother would have wished, had we been blessed with her life. When you oblige Lord L. with one hand, make him, with the other, this present: And intitle yourself to all the gratitude, with which I know his worthy heart will overflow, on *both* occasions. I have done but my duty. I have performed only an ar-

ticle of the Will, which I have made in my mind for my father, as time was not lent him to make one for himself.

He saluted her, and withdrew, before she broke the seal: And when she did, she found in it bank notes for 10,000 £.

She threw herself into a chair, and was unable for some time to stir; but recovering herself, hurried out to find her brother. She was told, he was in her sister's apartment. She found him not there, but Charlotte in tears. Sir Charles had just left her. What ails my Charlotte?

O this brother, my Caroline!—There is no bearing his generous goodness. See that deed! See that paper that lies upon it! She took it up; and these were the contents of the paper:

“I have just now paid my sister Caroline the sum that I think she would have been intitled to expect from my father's bounty, and the family circumstances, had life been lent him to settle his affairs, and make a will. I have an entire confidence in the discretion of my Charlotte: And have, by the inclosed deed, established for her, beyond the power of revocation, that independency as to fortune, to which, from my father's death, I think her intitled. And for this, having acted but as an executor, I claim no merit, but that of having fulfilled the supposed will of either of our parents, as either had survived the other. Cherish, therefore, in your grateful heart, *their* memory. Remember, that when you marry, you change the name of Grandison. Yet, with all my pride, what is Name?—Let the man be worthy of you: And be he who he will that you intitle to your vows, I will embrace him, as the brother of

*Your affectionate .*

CHARLES GRANDISON.”

The deed was for the same sum as he had given her sister, and to carry interest.

The two sisters congratulated, and wept over, each other, as if distressed.—To be sure, they *were* distressed.

Caroline found out her brother: But when she approached him, could not utter one word of what she had meditated to say: But, dropping down on one knee, blessed him, as she owned, in heart, both for Lord L. and herself; but could only express her gratitude by her lifted-up hands and eyes.

Just as he had raised and seated her, entered to them the equally grateful Charlotte. He placed her next her sister, and drawing a chair for himself, taking an hand of each, he thus addressed himself to them:

My dear sisters, you are *too* sensible of these but *due* instances of my brotherly Love. It has pleased God to take from us our father and mother. We are *more* than brothers and sisters; and must supply to each other the wanting relations. Look upon me only as an executor of a will that *ought* to have been made, and perhaps *would*, had time been given. My circumstances are greater than I expected; greater, I dare say, than my father thought they would be. Less than I have done, could not be done, by a brother who had *power* to do this. You don't know how much you will oblige me, if you never say one word more on this subject. You will act with less dignity, than becomes my sisters, if you look upon what I have done in any other light than as your due.

O my aunt! Be so good, as to let the servants prepare my apartment at Selby-house. There is no living within the blazing glory of this man! But, for one's comfort, he seems to have one fault; and he owns it—And yet, does not acknowledgement annihilate that fault?—O no! for

he thinks not of *correcting* it. This fault is *pride*. Do you mind *what* a stress he lays now-and-then on the family-name? and, as above, *Dignity*, says he, *that becomes my sisters?*—Proud mortal!—O my Lucy! he *is* proud, *too* proud, I doubt, as well as *too* considerable in his fortunes—What would I say?—Yet, I know who would *study* to make him the happiest of men—Spare me, spare me here, my uncle; or rather, skip over this passage, Lucy.

Sir Charles, at the end of eight months from his father's death, gave Caroline, with his own hand, to Lord L.

~~—Charlotte has two humble servants, Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, as you have seen in my former Letters; but likes not either of them.~~

Lord L. carried his Lady down to Scotland, where she was greatly admired and caressed by all his relations. How happy for your Harriet was their critically-proposed return, which carried down Sir Charles and Miss Charlotte to prepare every-thing at Colnebrooke for their reception!

Sir Charles accompanied my Lord and Lady L. as far on their way to Scotland as York; where he made a visit to Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, his father's maiden-sister, who ~~resides there~~. She, having heard of his goodness to his sisters, and to every-body else with whom he had concerns, longed to see him; and on this occasion rejoiced in the opportunity he gave her to congratulate, to bless, and applaud, her nephew.

What multitudes of things have I further to tell you, relating to this *strange* man!—*Let* me call him names.

I enquired after the history of the good Dr. Bartlett: But the Ladies said, as they knew not the whole of it, they would refer me to the Doctor himself. They knew however enough, they said, to reverence him as one of the

most worthy and most pious of men. They believed, that he knew all the secrets of their brother's heart.

Strange, methinks, that these secrets lie so *deep*! Yet there does not seem any thing so *very* forbidding, either in Sir Charles or the Doctor, but that one might ask them a few innocent questions. And yet I did not use to be so very curious neither. Why should I be more so than his sisters?—Yet persons coming strangers into a family of extraordinary merit, are *apt*, I believe, to be more inquisitive about the affairs and particularities of that family, than those who make a part of it: And when they have no other motive for their curiosity, than a desire to applaud and imitate, I see not any great harm in it.

I was also very anxious to know, what, at so early an age (for Sir Charles was not then eighteen) were the faults he found with the governor appointed for him. It seems, the man was not only profligate himself, but, in order to keep himself in countenance, laid snares for the young gentleman's virtue; which, however, he had the happiness to escape! tho' at an age in which youth is generally unguarded. This man was also contentious, quarrelsome, and a drinker; and yet (as Sir Charles at the time acknowledged to his sisters) it had so very indifferent an appearance, for a young man to find fault with his governor, that, as well for the appearance-sake, as for the man's, he was very loth to complain, till he became insupportable. It was mentioned, as it ought, greatly to the honour of the young gentleman's frankness and magnanimity, that when, at last, he found himself obliged to complain of this wicked man to his father, he gave him a copy of the Letter he wrote, as soon as he sent it away. You may make, Sir, said he, what use you please of the step I have taken. You see my charge. I have not aggra-



vated it. Only, let me caution you, that, as I have not given you by my own misconduct any advantage over me, you do not make a still worse figure in my reply, if you give me occasion to justify my charge. My father loves his son. I *must* be his son. An altercation cannot end in your favour.

But, on enquiry into the behaviour of this bad man (who might have tainted the morals of one of the finest youths on earth) which the son besought the father to make, before he paid any regard to his complaints, Sir Thomas dismissed him, and made a compliment to his son, that he should have no other governor, for the future, than his own discretion.

Miss Jervois's history is briefly this :

She had one of the best of fathers: Her mother is one of the worst of women. A termagant, a swearer, a drinker, unchaste—Poor Mr. Jervois!—I have told you, that he (a meek man) was obliged to abandon his country, to avoid her. Yet she wants to have her daughter under her own tuition—Terrible!—Sir Charles has had trouble with her. He expects to have more—Poor Miss Jervois!

Miss Emily's fortune is very great. The Ladies say, Not less than 50,000 *l*. Her father was an Italian and Turkey merchant; and Sir Charles, by his management, has augmented it to that sum, by the recovery of some thousands of pounds, which Mr. Jervois had thought desperate.

And thus have I brought down, as briefly as I was able, tho' writing almost night and day (and greatly indulged in the latter by the Ladies, who saw my heart was in the task,) the history of this family, to the time when I had

the happiness (by means, however, most shockingly undesirable) to be first acquainted with it.

And now a word or two to present situations.

Sir Charles is not *yet* come down, Lucy. And this is Monday!—Very well!—He has made excuses by his cousin Grandison, who came down with my cousin Reeves on Sunday morning; and both went up together yesterday—Vastly busy, no doubt!—He will be here to-morrow, I *think*, he says. His excuses were to his sisters and Lord L. I am glad he did not give himself the importance with your Harriet, to make any to her on his absence.

Miss Grandison complains, that I open not my heart to her. She wants, she says, to open hers to me; but as she has intricacies that I cannot have, I must *begin*: She knows not *how*, she pretends. What her secrets may be, I presume not to guess: But surely, I cannot tell a sister, who with *her* sister, favours another woman, that I have a regard for her brother; and that before I can be sure he has any for me.

She will play me a trick, she just now told me, if I will not let her know who the happy man in Northamptonshire is, whom I prefer to all others. That there is such a one *somewhere*, she says, she has no doubt: And if she find it out before I tell her, she will give me *no quarter*, speaking in the military phrase; which sometimes she is apt to do. Lady L. smiles, and eyes me with great attention, when her sister is raillying me, as if she, also, wanted to find out some reason for my refusing Lord D. I told them an hour ago, that I am beset with their eyes, and Lord L's; for Lady L. keeps no one secret of her heart, nor, I believe, of any body's else that she is mistress of, from her Lord. Him, I think, of all the men I know (my

uncle not excepted) I could soonest entrust, with a secret. But, have I, Lucy, any to reveal? It is, I hope, a secret to myself, that never will be unfolded, even *to* myself, that I love a man, who has not made professions of Love to me. As to Sir Charles Grandison—But have done, Harriet! Thou hast named a name, that will lead thee—Whither will it lead me?—More than I am at present my own, I am, and will be ever, my dear Lucy,

*Your affectionate*

HARRIET BYRON.

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## LETTER XX.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

*Monday, Mar. 13.*

**I** WILL now tell you, who the Lady is, to whom the two sisters have given their interest.

It is Lady Anne S. the only daughter of the Earl of S. A vast fortune, it seems, independent of her father; and yet certain of a very great one from him. She is to be here this very afternoon, on a visit to the two Ladies. With all my heart. I hope she is a very agreeable Lady. I hope she has a capacious mind. I hope—I don't know what to hope—And why? Because I find myself out to be a selfish wretch, and don't wish her to be so fine and so good a woman, as I *say* I do. Is Love, if I *must* own Love, a narrower of the heart?—I don't know whether, while it is in suspense, and is only on one side, it be not the parent of jealousy, envy, dissimulation; making the person pretend generosity, disinterestedness, and I cannot tell what;

but secretly wishing, that her rival may not be so worthy, so lovely, as she pretends to wish her to be.—Ah! Lucy, were one *sure*, one could afford to be *generous*: One might then look down with pity upon a rival, instead of being mortified with apprehensions of being looked down upon.

But I will be just to the education given me, and the examples set me. Whatever I shall be able to do, or to wish, while I am in *suspense*; when any happy woman becomes the wife of Sir Charles Grandison, I will revere her; and wish her, for his sake as well as her own, all the felicities that this world can afford; and if I cannot do this from my heart, I will disown that heart.

The two Ladies set upon Mr. Grandison on Sunday, to get out of him the business that carried Sir Charles so often of late to Canterbury. But tho' he owned, that he was not enjoined secrecy, he affected to amuse them, and strangely to romance; hinting to them a story of a fine woman in Love with *him*, and he with *her*; yet neither of them thinking of marriage. Mr. Grandison valued not truth, nor scrupled solemn words, tho' ludicrously uttered, to make the most improbable stuff perplexing and teasing; and then the wretch laughed immoderately at the suspense he supposed he had caused.

What witless creatures, what mere nothings, are these beaux, fine fellows, and laughers, of men!—How silly must they think us women!—And how silly indeed are such of us, as can keep in countenance, at our own expence, their folly!

He was left alone with me for half an hour last night; and, in a very serious manner, besought me to receive his addresses. I was greatly displeased with the two sisters; for I thought they intended to give him this opportunity, by their manner of withdrawing. Surely, thought

I, I am not sunk so low in the eyes of the Ladies of such a family as this, as to be thought by them a fit wife to the only worthless person in it, because I have not the fortune of Lady Anne S. I will hear, thought I, what Miss Grandison says to this; and, altho' I had made excuses to my cousin Reeves's, at *their* request, for staying here longer than I had intended, I will get away to town as fast as I can. Proud as they are of the name of Grandison, thought I, the name *only* won't do with Harriet Byron. I am as proud as they.

I said nothing of my resentment: But told both Ladies, the moment I saw them, of Mr. Grandison's declaration. They expressed themselves highly displeased with him for it; and said, they would talk to him. Miss Grandison said, She wondered at his *presumption*. His fortune was indeed very considerable, she said, notwithstanding the extravagance of his youth: But it was a high degree of confidence, in a man of such free principles, to think himself intitled to countenance from——in short, from such a Lady, as your Harriet, Lucy; whatever you may think of her in these days of her humiliation.

She added the goodness of my heart to her compliment. I hope it is not a bad one. *Then* it was that I told them of my thoughts of going to town on the occasion; and the two Ladies instantly went to their cousin, and talked to him in such a manner, that he promised, if no more notice were taken of the matter, never again to give occasion for them to reprimand him on the subject. He had indeed, he owned, no very *strong aspirations* after matrimony; and had balanced about it a good while, before he could allow himself to declare his passion so seriously: But only as it was probable, that he might at one time or other enter the *pale*, he thought he never in

his life saw a woman with whom he could be so happy, as with me.

But you see, Lucy, by this address of Mr. Grandison, that nothing is thought of in the family of *another* nature. What makes me a little more affected than otherwise I believe I should be, is, that all you, my dear friends, are so much in Love with this really great, because good, man. It is a very happy circumstance for a young woman to look forward to a change of condition with a man, of whom every one of her relations highly approves: But what can't be, can't. I shall see what merit Lady Anne has by-and-by. But if fortune—Indeed, my dear, were I the first princess on earth, I would have no other man, if I might have him: And so I say, that am but poor Harriet Byron. By this time Lady D. will have taken such measures, I hope, as will not disturb me in my resolution. It is *fixed*, my dear. I cannot help it. I *must* not, I *ought* not, I therefore *will* not, give my *hand*, whatever has passed between that Lady and my aunt, to any man living, and leave a preference in my *heart* against that man. Gratitude, Justice, Virtue, Decency, all forbid it.

And yet, as I see no hope, nor trace for hope, I have begun to attempt the conquest of my *hopeless*—What shall I call it?—*Passion*?—Well, if I *must* call it so, I must. A *child in love-matters*, if I did not, would *find me out*, you know. Nor will I, however *hopeless*, be ashamed of owning it, if I can help it. Is not reason, is not purity, is not delicacy, with me? Is it *person* that I am in love with, if I *am* in Love? No: It is *virtue*, it is *goodness*, it is *generosity*, it is *true politeness*, that I am captivated by, all centred in this one *good man*. What then have I to be ashamed of?—And yet I *am* a little ashamed now—and then, for all that.

After all, that Love, which is founded on fancy, or exterior advantages, is a Love, I should think, that may, and oftentimes *ought* to be overcome: But that which is founded on interior worth; that blazes out when charity, beneficence, piety, fortitude, are signally exerted by the object beloved; how can such a Love as that be restrained, damped, suppressed? How can it, without damping every spark of generous goodness, in what my partial grandmamma calls a *fellow-heart*, admiring and longing to promote and share in such glorious philanthropy?

*Philanthropy!*—Yes, my uncle: Why should women, in compliance with the petulance of narrow-minded men, forbear to use words that some seem to think above them, when no other single word will equally express their sense? It will be said, They need not *write*. Well then, don't let them *read*: And carry it a little further, and they may be forbidden to *speak*. And every lordly man will then be a Grand Signor, and have his mute attendant.

But won't you think my heart a little at ease, that I can thus trifle? I would fain have it be at ease; and that makes me give way to any cheerful idea that rises to my mind.

The Ladies here have made me read to them several passages out of my Letters to you before I send them. They are more generous than I think I wish them to be, in allowing me to skip and pass over sentences and paragraphs as I please: For is not this allowing that I have something to write, or have written something, that they think I *ought* to keep from their knowledge; and which they do not *desire* to know? With all my heart. I will not be mean, Lucy.

Well, Lucy, Lady Anne has been here; and is gone. She is an agreeable woman. I can't say but she is *very*

agreeable. And were she actually Lady Grandison, I think I could respect her. I *think* I could—But O, my dear friends, what a happy creature was I, before I came to London!

There was a good deal of discourse about Sir Charles. She owned, that she thought him the handsomest man she ever saw in her life. She was in love with his great *character*, she said. She could go no-where, but he was the subject. She had heard of the affair between him and Sir Hargrave; and made me a hundred compliments on the occasion; and said, That her having heard, that I was at Colnebrooke, was one inducement to her, to make this visit.

It seems, she told Miss Grandison, That she thought me the prettiest creature she ever beheld.—*Creature* was her word—We are all creatures, 'tis true: But I think I never was more displeased with the sound of the word *Creature*, than I was from Lady Anne.

My aunt's Letter relating to what passed between her and Lady D. is just brought me.

And so Lady D. was greatly chagrined!—I am sorry for it. But, my dear aunt, you say, that she is not displeased with me in the main, and commends my sincerity. That, I hope, is but doing me justice. I am very glad to find, that she knew not how to get over my prepossession in favour of another man. It was worthy of herself, and of my Lord D's character. I shall always respect her. I hope this affair is quite over.

My grandmamma regrets the uncertainty I am in: But did she not say herself, that Sir Charles Grandison was too considerable in his fortune; in his merit? That we were but as the private, he the public, in this particu-



lar? What room is there then for regret? Why is the word *uncertainty* used? We may be *certain*—And there's an end of it. His sisters can railly me; "Some happy man in Northamptonshire!"—As much as to say, "You must not think of our brother." "Lady Anne S. has a vast fortune." Is not that saying, "What hope can *you* have, Harriet Byron?"—Well, I don't care: This life is but a passage, a short passage, to a better: And let one jostle, and another elbow; another push me, because they know the weakest must give way; yet I will endeavour steadily to pursue my course, till I get thro' it, and into broad and open day.

One word only more on this subject—There is but one man in the world, whom I can honestly marry, my mind continuing what it is. His I cannot expect to be: I must then of necessity be a single woman as long as I live. Well! And where is the great evil of that? Shall I not have less cares, less anxieties?—I *shall*. And let me beg of my dear friends, that none of you will ever again mention marriage to

*Your* HARRIET BYRON.

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## LETTER XXI.

*Miss* BYRON. *In Continuation.*

*Tuesday, March 14.*

SIR CHARLES is come at last! He came time enough to breakfast, and with him the good Dr. Bartlett. My philosophy, I doubt, is gone again, quite gone; for one while at least. I must take sanctuary, and that very soon, at Selby-house.

Every word that passes now, seems to me worth repeating. There is no describing how the presence of this man animates every one in company. But take only part of what passed.

We were in hopes, Sir Charles, said Lord L. that we should have had the pleasure of seeing you before now.

My heart was with you, my Lord: And (taking my hand; for he sat next me, and bowing) the more ardently, I must own, for the pleasure I should have shared with you all, in the company of this your lovely guest.

[What business had he to take my hand? But indeed, the character of *brother* might warrant the freedom.]

I was engaged most part of last week in a very melancholy attendance, as Mr. Grandison could have informed you.

But not a word of the matter, said Mr. Grandison, did I tell the Ladies; looking at his two cousins. I amused them, as they love to do all mankind, when they have power.

The Ladies, I hope, cousin, will punish you for this reflexion.

I came not to town till Saturday, proceeded Sir Charles; and found a billet from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, inviting himself, Mr. Merceda, Mr. Bagenhall, and Mr. Jordan, to pass the Sunday evening with me at St. James's Square. The company was not suitable to the day, nor the day to the purposed meeting. I made my excuses, and desired them to favour me at breakfast on Monday morning. They came. And when we were all in good humour with one another, I proposed, and was seconded by Mr. Jordan, that we would make a visit—You will hardly guess to whom, Miss Byron—It was to the widow Awberry at Paddington.

I started, and even trembled. What I suffered there, was all in my mind.

He proceeded then to tell me, that he had, tho' not without some difficulty on Sir Hargrave's part, engaged him to draw upon his banker for the 100 *l.* he had promised Wilson; on Mr. Merceda on his banker for 50*l.* and he himself generously added 50 *l.* more; and, giving, as he said, the air of a frolick to the performance of a promise, they all of them went to Paddington. There, satisfying themselves of the girl's love for Wilson, and of the widow's opinion of Wilson's good intentions by the girl; they let them know, that the sum of 200 *l.* was deposited in Sir Charles's hands to be paid on the day of marriage, as a portion for the young woman; and bid them demand it as soon as they thought fit. Neither Wilson nor the widow's son was there. The widow and her daughters were overjoyed at this unexpected good news.

They afterwards shewed Sir Charles, it seems, every scene of my distress; and told him, and the gentlemen, all but Sir Hargrave (who had not patience to hear it, and went into another room) my whole sad story. Sir Charles was pleased to say, That he was so much affected with it, that he had some little difficulty, on joining Sir Hargrave, to be as civil to him as he was before he heard the relation.

To one condition, it seems, the gentlemen insisted Sir Charles should consent, as an inducement for them to comply with his proposal. It was, that Sir Charles should dine with Sir Hargrave and the company at his house on, the forest, some one day in the next week, of which they would give him notice. They all insisted upon it; and Sir Charles said, he came the more readily into the proposal, as they declared, it would be the last time they should see

him for at least a twelvemonth to come; they being determined to prosecute their intended tour.

Wilson and young Awberry waited on Sir Charles the same evening. The marriage is to be celebrated in a few days. Wilson says, that his widow-sister in Smithfield will, he is sure, admit him into a partnership with her, now that he shall have something to carry into the stock; for she loves his wife-elect; and the saving both of body and soul, will be owing, he declared (with transport that left him speechless) to Sir Charles Grandison.

Every-body was delighted with the relation he gave. Dear Sir Charles, said Mr. Grandison, let me be allowed to believe the Roman Catholic doctrine of Supererogation; and let me express my hope, that I your kinsman may be the better for your good works. If all you do, is but necessary, the Lord have mercy upon me!

Miss Grandison said, if I had written to my friends the account of what I suffered from the vile attempt of Sir Hargrave, as she doubted not but I had, Lady L. as well as herself, would take it for a particular mark of my confidence, if they might be allowed to peruse it.

When I am favoured, replied I, with the return of my Letters, I will very chearfully communicate to you, my dear Ladies, my relation of this shocking affair.

They all expressed a pleasure in my frankness. Sir Charles said, he admired me beyond expression, for that noble criterion of Innocence and Goodness.

There, Lucy!

I think there is nothing in that part, but what they may see.

## LETTER XXII.

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation.*

THE two sisters and Lord L. were then solicitous to know what was the occasion, which he called melancholy, that had engaged his attendance so many days at Canterbury.

It is *really* a melancholy occasion, replied he. You must not be surprised, my Lord, nor you, my sisters, if you see me in mourning in a few days. His sisters started. And so, *truly*, must I. But I am his third sister, you know. He seemed in haste to explain himself, lest he should keep us in painful suspense. My journeyings to Canterbury have been occasioned by the melancholy necessity of visiting a sick friend, who is now no more.

You had all such an opinion, said Mr. Grandison, that I could keep no secret, that—

You were resolved, interrupted Miss Grandison, to say any-thing but the truth. Indeed, cousin, you had better have been silent at this time—Is there a necessity, brother, for *us* to go into mourning?

There is not. I had a true value for the departed: But custom will oblige me to mourn outwardly, as an *executor* only. And I have given orders about that, and other necessary matters.

Did we know the deceased gentleman, brother? said Lady L.

No. His name was Danby. He was an eminent merchant; an Englishman; but, from his youth, settled in France. He had for months been in a languishing state of health; and at last, finding his recovery desperate, was

desirous to die in his native country. He landed at Dover about two months ago: But his malady so greatly increased, that he was obliged to stop at Canterbury in his way to town; and there at last he yielded to the common destiny. The body was to be brought to town as this night. I have ordered it to an undertaker's. I must lock myself up for a day or two, when I go to town. His concerns are large; but, he told me, not intricate. He desired, that his will might not be opened till after his interment; and that that might be private. He has two nephews, and a niece. I would have had him join them in the trust with me: But he refused to do so. An attempt once had been made upon his life, by villains set at work by a wicked brother, father of those nephews, and that niece, of which they were innocent: They are worthy young people. I had the happiness to save his life: But had no merit in it; for my own safety was involved in his. I am afraid he has been too grateful.

But, my good brother, said Miss Grandison, were you not a little reserved on this occasion? You went and returned, and went and returned, to Canterbury, and never said one word to us of the call you had to go thither. For my part, I thought there was a Lady in the case, I do assure you.

My reserve, as you call it, Charlotte, was rather accidental, than designed; and yet I do now-and-then treat your agreeable curiosity as mariners are said to do a whale; I throw out a tub. But this was too melancholy an occasion to be sported with. I was affected by it. Had the gentleman lived to come to town, you would all have been acquainted with him. I love to communicate pleasure, but not pain; when, especially, no good end can be answered by the communication. I go to different places,

and return, and hardly think it worth troubling my sisters with every movement. Had I thought you had any curiosity about my little journeyings to Canterbury, you should have had it answered. And yet I know my sister Charlotte loves to puzzle, and find out secrets where none are intended.

She blushed; and so did I. Your servant, Sir, was all she said.

But, Charlotte, proceeded he, you thought it was a *Lady* that I visited: You know not your brother. I never will keep a secret of that nature from *you*, my good Lord, nor from *you*, my sisters, when I find myself either encouraged or inclined to make a second visit. It is for *your* Sex, Charlotte, to be very chary of such secrets; and reason good, if you have any doubt, either of the man's worthiness, or of your own consequence with him.

He looked very earnestly at her, but smiled.

So, my brother! I thank you, humorously rubbing one side of her face (tho' she needed not to do so, to make both cheeks glow) this is another box on the same ear. I have been uneasy, I can tell you, Sir, at a hint you threw out before you last went to Canterbury, as if I kept from you something that it behoved you to know. Now, pray, Sir, will you be pleased to explain yourself?

And, since you put it so strongly to me, Charlotte, let me ask you, Have you not?

And let me ask you, Sir—Do you think I have?

Perhaps, Charlotte, your solicitude on this subject, now, and the alarm you took at the time, on a very slight hint, might warrant—

No *warrants*, brother!—Pray be so good as to speak all that lies on your mind.

Ah, Charlotte! and looked, tho' smilingly, with meaning.

I will not bear this *Ah, Charlotte!* and that meaning look.

And are you willing, my dear, to try this cause?

I demand my trial.

Charming innocence! thought I, at the time—Now shall I find some fault, I hope, in this almost perfect brother. I triumphed in my mind, for my Charlotte.

Who shall be your judge?

Yourself, Sir.

God grant you may be found guilty, cousin, said Mr. Grandison, for your plaguing of me!

Has that wretch, looking at Mr. Grandison, insinuated any-thing?—She stopt.

Are you afraid, my sister?

I would not give that creature any advantage over me.

*Sir Ch.* I think I would, if there were fair room—You have too often all the game in your own hands. You should allow Mr. Grandison his chance.

*Miss Gr.* Not to arise from such an observing bystander, as my brother.

*Sir Ch.* Conscious, Charlotte!

*Miss Gr.* May be not—

*Sir Ch.* *May be*, is doubtful: *May be No*, implies *May be Yes*.

*Lady L.* You have made Charlotte uneasy: Indeed, brother, you have. The poor girl has been harping upon this string, ever since you have been gone.

*Sir Ch.* I am sorry what I said pressed so hard—Do *you*, Lady L. if this delinquency comes to trial, offer yourself as an advocate for Charlotte?



*Lady L.* I know not any act of delinquency she has committed.

*Sir Ch.* The act of delinquency is this—Shall I, Charlotte, explain myself?

*Miss Gr.* Teazing man! How can you—

Mr. Grandison rubbed his hands, and rejoiced. Miss Grandison was nettled. She gave Mr. Grandison *such* a look!—I never saw such a contemptuous one—Pray, Sir, do you withdraw, if you please.

*Mr. Gr.* Not I, by the Mass! Are you afraid of a trial in open court? O-ho, cousin Charlotte!—

*Miss Gr.* Have I not a *cruel* brother, Miss Byron?

*Lord L.* Our sister Charlotte really suffers, Sir Charles.

*Sir Ch.* I am sorry for it. The *innocent* should not suffer. We will drop the cause.

*Lady L.* Worse and worse, brother.

*Sir Ch.* How so, Lady L.? Is not Charlotte innocent?

*Dr. Bartlett.* If an advocate be required, and you, Sir Charles, are judge, and not a pleader in this cause, I offer myself to Miss Grandison.

*Sir Ch.* A very powerful one she will then have. You think her cause a just one, Doctor, by your offer. Will you, Charlotte, give Dr. Bartlett a brief? Or *have* you given him one?

*Dr. Bart.* I have no doubt of the justice of the cause.

*Sir Ch.* Nor of the justice of the *accuser*, I hope. I cannot be a *judge* in it.

*Lady L.* Nay, then!—Poor Charlotte!

*Miss Gr.* I wish, cousin Grandison, you would withdraw.

*Mr. Gr.* I wish, cousin Charlotte, you would *not* wish it.

*Miss Gr.* But are you serious, brother?

*Sir Ch.* Let us call another cause, sister, if you please. Pray, my Lord, what visitors have you had since I had the honour to attend you?

*Miss Gr.* Nay, brother—Don't think—

*Sir Ch.* BE QUIET, Charlotte.

*Lady L.* Your own words, sister!—But we had a visit from Lady Anne S. yesterday.

[I was glad to hear Lady L. say this. But nothing came of it.]

*Sir Ch.* You have seen Lady Anne more than once, my Emily: How do you like Lady Anne?

*Miss Emily.* Very well, Sir. She is a very agreeable Lady. Don't you think so, Sir?

*Sir Ch.* I do—But, Charlotte (and looked tenderly upon her) I must not have you uneasy.

She sat vexed—her complexion raised, and playing with a lump of sugar; and sometimes twirling round and round a tea-cup; for the tea-things, thro' earnestness of talking, were not taken away, tho' the servants were withdrawn.

*Mr. Gr.* Well, I will leave you together, I think. Poor cousin Charlotte!—[Rising, he tapped her shoulder.] Poor cousin Charlotte! Ha, ha, ha, hah!

*Miss Gr.* Impertinence! with a look, the fellow to that she gave him before.

*Miss Emily.* I will withdraw, if you please, madam; rising, and courtesying.

Miss Grandison nodded her assent. And Emily withdrew likewise.

Dr. Bartlett offered to do so. Miss Grandison seemed not to disapprove of his motion: But Sir Charles said, The Doctor is retained on your part, Charlotte: He must hear the charge. Shall Miss Byron be judge?

I begged to be excused. The matter began to look like earnest.

*Miss Gr.* (whispering me) I wish, Harriet, I had opened my whole heart to you. Your nasty scribbling! Eternally at your pen; or I had.

Then I began to be afraid for her. Dear Miss Grandison! re-whispered I, it was not for me to obtrude—Dear Miss Grandison, my pen should never have interfered, if—

*Miss Gr.* (still whispering) One should be courted out of some sort of secrets. One is not very forward to begin some sort of discourses—Yet the subjects most in our hearts, perhaps. But don't despise me. You see what an accuser I have: And so generous a one too, that one must half condemn one's self at setting out.

*Harriet* (whispering) Fear nothing, my Charlotte. You are in a brother's hands.

*Miss Gr.* Well, Sir Charles; and now, if you please, for the charge. But you say, you cannot be judge and accuser: Who shall be judge?

*Sir Ch.* Your own heart, Charlotte. I desire all present to be your advocates, if their judgment be with you: And if it be *not*, that they will pity you in silence.

He looked smilingly serious. Good Heaven! thought I.

*Miss Gr.* Pity me!—Nay, then—But, pray, Sir, your charge?

*Sir Ch.* The matter is too serious to be spoken of in metaphor.

*Miss Gr.* Good God!—Hem!—and twice more she hemm'd—Pray, Sir, begin. Begin while I have breath.

Lord and Lady L. Dr. Bartlett, and I, looked very grave; and Miss Grandison looked, in general, *fretfully humble*, if I may so express myself: And every-thing

being removed, but the table, she played with her diamond ring; sometimes pulling it off, and putting it on; sometimes putting the tip of her finger in it, as it lay upon the table, and turning it round and round, swifter or slower, and stopping thro' downcast vexation, or earnest attention, as she found herself more or less affected—What a sweet confusion!

*Sir Ch.* You know, my dear Charlotte, that I, very early after my arrival, enquired after the state of your heart. You told me it was absolutely free.

*Miss Gr.* Well, Sir.

*Sir Ch.* Not satisfied with your own acknowledgement; as I know that young Ladies are too apt to make secrets of a passion that is not in itself illaudable [I know not why, when *proper* persons make enquiries, and for motives not ungenerous]; I asked your elder sister, who scrupled not to own hers, whether there were any one man, whom you preferred to another?—She assured me, that she knew not of any one.

*Lady L.* My sister knows that I said truth.

*Miss Gr.* Well, well, Lady L. nobody doubts your veracity.

*Sir Ch.* Dear Charlotte, keep your temper.

*Miss Gr.* Pray, Sir, proceed—And the ring turned round very fast.

*Sir Ch.* On several occasions I put the same question, and had the same assurances. My reason for *repeating* my question, was owing to an early intelligence—Of which more by-and-by.—

*Miss Gr.* Sir!

*Sir Ch.* And that I might either provide the money that was due to her as my sister, or take time to pay it, according to the circumstances of her engagement; and

take from her all apprehensions of controul, in a case that might affect the happiness of her life—These, and brotherly Love, were the motives of my enquiry.

*Miss Gr.* Your generosity, Sir, was without example.

*Sir Ch.* Not so, I hope. My sisters had an *equitable*, if not a *legal* right to what has been done. I found, on looking into my affairs, that, by a moderate calculation of the family-circumstances, no man should think of addressing a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison, without supposing himself intitled, either by his merits or fortune, to expect 10,000 *l.* with her—And this, even allowing to the Son the customary preferences given to men as men; tho' given for the sake of pride, perhaps, rather than natural justice. For does not tyrant custom make a daughter change *her* name in marriage, and give to a son, for the sake of *name* only, the estate of the common ancestor of both?

This generous hint affected me. It was nearly my own case, you know. I might otherwise have been a rich heiress, and might have had as strong pretensions to be distinguished by the Grandisons, for my fortune, as any Lady S. in the kingdom. But worthless as those are, to whom, for the sake of the name, my father's estate is passed, I never grudged it to them till I came acquainted with these Grandisons.

*Lord L.* But who, Sir Charles, but you—

*Sir Ch.* Pray, my Lord, let not your generosity mislead you to think that a favour, which is but a due. We shall not be judged by comparison. The Laws of Truth and Justice are always the same. What others would not have done in the like situation, that let them look to: But what is the *mortal* man, who should make an unjust advantage of *mortality*?

Miss Grandison pulled out her handkerchief, put it to her eyes, and then in her lap; and putting half on, and half off, by turns, her ring, looked now-and-then at me, as if she wished me to pity her.

Indeed, Lucy, I did pity her: Every one did; and so did her judge, I dare say, in his heart. But justice, my Lucy, is a severe thing. Who can bear a trial, if the integrity and greatness of this man's heart is to be the rule, by which their actions are to be examined? Yet you shall hear how generous he was.

*Sir Ch.* Allow me, for Miss Byron's sake, who has been but lately *restored* to our family, to be a little more particular, than otherwise I need to be. I had not been long in England, before Sir Walter Watkyns desired my interest with my sister. I told him, That she was entirely her own mistress; and that I should not offer to lead her choice. Lord G. made his court to her likewise; and, applying to me, received the same answer.

I entered, however, into serious talk with my sister upon this subject. She asked me what I thought of each gentleman. I told her frankly.

*Miss Gr.* And pray, brother, be so good as to repeat what you said of them. Let Miss Byron be judge whether either of the portraits was very inviting.

*Sir Ch.* I told her, Miss Byron, that Sir Walter would, I presumed, be thought the handsomer man of the two. He was gay, lively, genteel; and had that courage in his air and manner, that Ladies were seldom displeased with. I had not, however, discovered any great depth in him. My sister, I imagined, if she married him, would have the superiority in good sense: But I questioned whether Sir Walter would easily find that out; or allow it, if he did. He was a brisk man for an hour, and might have wit

and sense too; but indeed I hardly ever saw him out of Ladies company; and he seemed to be of opinion, that flash rather than fire, was what would recommend him to them. Sometimes I have thought, I told her, that women of sense should punish such men with their contempt, and not reward them with their approbation, for thus indirectly affronting their understandings: But that I had known women of sense approve a man of that character; and each woman must determine for herself, what appeared most agreeable to her.

*Miss Gr.* (whispering) Well, Harriet—

*Har.* (whispering) Don't interrupt him.

*Sir Ch.* You remember, my dear Charlotte, that it was in this kind of way I spoke about Sir Walter Watkyns; and added, That he was independent; in possession of the family-estate, which I believed was a good one; and that he talked handsomely to me of settlements.

I do remember this, said Miss Grandison; and whispering me, I am afraid, said she, he knows too much; but the *person* he cannot know.—Well, Sir, and pray be pleased to repeat what you said of Lord G.

*Sir Ch.* Lord G. I told you, was a gay-dressing man, but of a graver cast than the other. The fashion, rather than his inclination, seemed to govern his outward appearance. He was a modest man, and I feared had too much doubt of himself to appear with that dignity in the eye of a lively woman, which should give him a first consequence with her.—

*Miss Gr.* Your servant, Sir.

*Sir Ch.* I believed he would make a good husband: So perhaps might Sir Walter: But the one would *bear*, the other perhaps must be *borne with*. Ladies, as well as men, I presumed, had some foibles, that they would not care

to part with. As to fortune, I added, that Lord G. was dependent on his father's pleasure. He had, indeed, his father's entire approbation, I found, in his address: And I hoped that a sister of mine would not wish for any man's death, for the sake of either title or fortune. You have seen Lord G. Miss Byron?

*Har.* What, Sir Charles, was Miss Grandison's answer?

[I did not care, Lucy, to give any opinion, that might either *hurt* or *humour* my Charlotte.]

*Sir Ch.* Charlotte told me, in so many words, That she did not approve of either. Each gentleman, said I, has besought me to be his advocate: A task that I have not undertaken. I only told them, That I would talk to my sister upon the subject: But did not think a brother ought to expect an influence over a sister, where the gentlemen suspected their own. You will remember, said I to my sister, that women cannot choose where they will; and that the same man cannot be every-thing—She desired me to tell her, which of the two *I* would prefer?—First, said I, let me repeat the question I have more than once put to you: Have you any the least shadow of a preference in your heart, to any third person?—What was my sister's answer? She said, She had not. And yet, had I not had the private intelligence I hinted at, I should have been apt to imagine, that I had some reason to repeat the question, from the *warmth*, both of *manner* and *accent*, with which she declared, that she approved of neither. Women, I believe, do not, with earnestness, reject a man who is not quite disagreeable, and to whose quality and fortune there can be no objection, if they are absolutely unprejudiced in another's favour.

We women looked upon one another. I have no *doubt*,



thought I, but Sir Charles came *honestly* by his knowlege of us. The dear Charlotte sat uneasy. He proceeded.

However, I now made no question but my sister's affections were absolutely disengaged. My dear Charlotte, said I, I would rather be excused telling you *which* gentleman's suit I should incline to favour, lest my opinion should not have your inclination with it; and your mind, by that means, should suffer any embarrasment. She desired to know it.

*Miss Gr.* You were very generous, Sir; I owned you were, in this point, as well as in all others.

*Sir Ch.* I then declared in favour of Lord G. as the man who would be most likely to make her happy; who would think himself most obliged to her for her favour: And I took the liberty to hint, that tho' I admired her for her vivacity, and even, when her wit carried its keenest edge, loved to be awakened by it, and wished it never to lose that edge; yet I imagined, that it would *hurt* such a man as Sir Walter. Lord G. it would *enliven*: And I hoped, if she took pleasure in her innocent sallies, that she would think it *something*, so to choose, as that she should not be under a necessity of repressing those sprightly powers, that *very seldom* were to be wished to be reined in.

*Miss Gr.* True, Sir. You said, *very seldom*, I remember.

*Sir Ch.* I never will flatter either a Prince, or a Lady; yet should be sorry to treat either of them rudely.—She then asked me after my *own* inclinations. I took this for a desire to avoid the subject we were upon; and would have *withdrawn*; but not in ill-humour. There was no reason for it. My sister was not obliged to follow me in a subject that was not agreeable to her: But I took care to let her know, that *her* question was not a disagreeable one to *me*: But would be more properly answered on some

other occasion. She would have had me to stay.—For the sake of the former subject, do you ask me to stay, Charlotte? No, said she.

Well then, my dear, take time to consider of it; and at some other opportunity we will resume it. Thus tender did I *intend* to be, with regard to my sister's inclinations.

Miss Grandison wiped her eyes—And said, but with an accent that had a little peevishness in it, You wanted not, Sir, all this preparation. Nobody has the shadow of belief, that *you* could be wrong.

*Sir Ch.* If this, Charlotte, be well said: if, in that accent, it be *generously* said; I have done—And from my heart acquit you, and as cordially condemn myself, if I have appeared in your eye to intend to raise my own character, at the expence of yours. Believe me, Charlotte, I had much rather, in a point of delicacy, that the brother should be found faulty than the sister: And let it pass, that I am so.—And only tell me, in what way you would wish me to serve you?

*Miss Gr.* Pardon me, brother. You can add forgiveness to the other obligations under which I labour. I was petulant.

*Sir Ch.* I do; most cordially I do.

*Miss Gr.* (wiping her eyes) But won't you proceed, *Sir*?

*Sir Ch.* At another opportunity, *madam*.

*Miss Gr.* MADAM!—Nay, now you are indeed angry with me. Pray, proceed.

*Sir Ch.* I am not: But you shall allow me an hour's conversation with you in your dressing-room, when you please.

*Miss Gr.* No; pray proceed. Every one here is dear to me. Every one present must hear either my acquittal or condemnation. Pray, Sir, proceed—Miss Byron, pray

sit still—Pray (for we were all rising to go out) keep your seats. I believe I have been wrong. My brother said, you must pity me in silence, if you found me faulty. Perhaps I shall be obliged to you for your pity—Pray, Sir, be pleased to acquaint me with what you know of my faults.

*Sir Ch.* My dear Charlotte, I have said enough to point your fault to your own heart. If you know it; *that*, I hope, is sufficient.—Do not imagine, my dear, that I want to controul you—But—He stopt.

*Miss Gr.* BUT *what*, Sir?—Pray, Sir—And she trembled with eagerness.

*Sir Ch.* But it was not right to—And yet, O that I were mistaken in this point, and my sister not wrong!

*Miss Gr.* Well, Sir, you have reason, I suppose, to think—There she stopt—

*Sir Ch.* That there is a man whom you can approve of—notwithstanding—

*Miss Gr.* All I have said to the contrary. Well, Sir, if there be, it is a great fault to have denied it.

*Sir Ch.* That is all I mean—It is no fault for you to prefer one man to another. It is no fault in you to give this preference to any man, without consulting your brother. I proposed that you should be entirely mistress of your own conduct and actions. It would have been ungenerous in me, to have supposed you accountable to me, who had done no more than my duty by you. Dear Charlotte, do not imagine me capable of laying such a load on your free will: But I should not have been made to pronounce to Lord G. and even to the Earl his father (on their enquiries, whether your affections were or were not engaged) in such a manner as gave them hopes of succeeding.

*Miss Gr.* Are you sure, Sir?

*Sir Ch.* O my sister, how hard fought (now must I say?) is this battle!—I can urge it no farther. For *your* sake, I can urge it no farther.

*Miss Gr.* Name your man, Sir!—

*Sir Ch.* Not *my* man, Charlotte—Captain Anderson is not *my* man.

He arose; and, taking her motionless hand, pressed it with his lips:—Be not too much disturbed, said he. I am distressed, my sister, for your distress—I think, more than I am for the error: And, saying this, bowing to her, he withdrew.

He saw and pitied her confusion. She was quite confounded. It was very good of him to withdraw, to give her time to recover herself. Lady L. gave her her salts. Miss Grandison hardly ever wanted salts before.

O what a poor creature am I, said she, even in my own eyes! Don't despise me, Harriet—Dr. Bartlett, can you excuse me for so *sturdy* a perseverance?—My Lord, forgive me!—Lady L. be indulgent to a sister's fault. But my brother will always see me in this depreciating light! "A battle hard fought," indeed! How one error, persisted in, produces another!

When Sir Charles heard her voice, as talking, every one soothing, and pitying her, he returned. She would have risen, with a disposition seemingly, as if she would have humbled herself at his feet: But he took her folded hands in one of his, and with the other drew a chair close to her, and sat down: With what sweet majesty, and mingled compassion in his countenance! Miss Grandison's *consciousness* made it terrible *only* to her.—Forgive me, Sir! were her words.

Dear Charlotte, I do. We have all something to be forgiven for. We pity others then most cordially, when we

want pity ourselves. Remember only, in the cases of other persons, to soften the severity of your virtue.

He had Mrs. Oldham in his thoughts, as we all afterwards concluded.

We know not, said he, to what *inconveniencies* a small departure from principle will lead: And now let us look forward. But first, Had you rather shew me into your dressing-room?

*Miss Gr.* I have now no wish to conceal any-thing from the persons present. I will only withdraw for a few moments.

She went out. I followed her. And then, wanting somebody to divide her fault with, the dear Charlotte blamed my *nasty* scribbling again: But for *that*, said she, I should have told you all.

And what, my dear, would that have done, returned I? —That would not have prevented—

No: But yet you might have given me your advice: I should have had the benefit of that; and my confessions would have been, then, perhaps, aforehand with his accusations.—But, forgive me, Harriet—

O my Charlotte, thought I to myself, could you but rein in your charming spirit, a little, a *very* little, you would not have had two forgivenesses to ask instead of one.

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## LETTER XXIII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

**M**ISS GRANDISON desired me to return to the company. I did. She soon followed me; took her seat; and, with an air of mingled dignity and concern, delivered herself after this manner.

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If it be not too late, after a perseverance in error so obstinate, to reinstate myself in my brother's good opinion, dearer to me than that of the whole world besides, my ingenuousness shall make atonement for that error.

*Sir Ch.* I would spare my sister the—

*Miss Gr.* I will not be spared, Sir—Pray hear me—I would not, in order to extenuate my own faults (I hope I have not many) seek to throw blame upon the absent; much less upon the *everlastingly* absent: And yet my brother's piety must not be offended, if I am obliged to say something that may seem to cast a shade on a memory—Be not hurt, Sir—I will be favourable to that memory, and just to my own fault. You, Harriet, would no more excuse me, than my brother, if I failed in either.

I bowed and blushed. Sir Charles looked at me with a benign aspect.

My *father*, proceeded she, thought fit to be, or to *seem* to be, displeased with something that passed between him and Lord L. on the application made by my Lord to him for my sister.

*Sir Ch.* He was not willing, perhaps, that a treaty of marriage should be begun but at his own first motion, however unexceptionable the man, or the proposal.

*Miss Gr.* Every one knows that my father had great abilities; and they were adorned with a vivacity and spirit that, where-ever pointed, there was no resisting. He took his two daughters to task upon this occasion; and, being desirous to discourage in them, at that time, any thoughts of marriage, he exerted, besides his authority, on this occasion (which I can truly say, had *due* weight with us both) that vein of humour and raillery for which he was noted; insomuch that his poor girls were confounded, and unable to hold up their heads. My sister, in particu-

lar, was made to be ashamed of a passion, that surely no young woman, the object so worthy, ought to be ashamed of. My father also thought fit (perhaps for wise reasons) to acquaint us, that he designed for us but small fortunes: And this depreciated me with myself. My sister had a stronger mind, and had better prospects. I could not but apprehend from what my *sister* suffered, what must be *my* sufferings in turn; and I thought I could be induced to take any step, however rash, where virtue was not to be wounded, rather than undergo what she underwent from the raillery of a man so lively, and so humorous, and who stood in so venerable a degree of relation to me. While these impressions were strong in my mind, Captain Anderson, who was quartered near us, had an opportunity to fall into my company at an assembly. He is a sprightly man, and was well received by every-body; and particularly a favourite of three young Ladies, who could hardly be civil to each other, on his account: And this, I own, when he made assiduous court to me, in preference to them, and to every other woman, gave him some consequence with me: And then, being the principal officer in that part of the country, he was caressed, as if he were a general. A daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison was deemed a prize worthy of his ambition, by every-body, as well as by himself: While this poor daughter, dreading the difficulties that her sister had met with, and being led to think, by what her father declared to both sisters, that two or three thousand pounds would be the height of her fortune, had only to apprehend, that a captain either of horse or foot, who had been perhaps for years a frequenter of public places, both in town and country, in hopes of raising his fortune, would think him-



self but poorly paid for his pains (were she even to obtain her father's pardon) should she engage without waiting for his consent; as she was urged to do, by Letters, which he found ways unsuspectedly to send her.—I hope, Sir, I hope, my Lord, and you, my two sisters, that you will *now*, from what I have said, acquit me of insincerity, tho' you cannot of *past* indiscretion.

Nevertheless, my pride at times was piqued: Sometimes I declared off; at other times was prevailed upon by arts which men are masters of, to go on again; till I found myself entangled, and at a loss to know how to go either backward or forward. The gentleman was indeed of a genteel family: But the object of my sister's regard had so much to be said for *him*; stood so well with my brother; and even with my father; was so much the man of quality, in every respect; that a rash step in me would be looked upon as the more disgraceful on that account: And I could not but apprehend, that if I married Captain Anderson, I must be pitied, rejected, scorned, for one while, if not for ever.

And what title, often thought I, when I permitted myself seriously to think, have I to give my father a *son*, my brother, my sister, my Lord L. (should he and my sister marry) a *brother*, whom they would not have chosen, nor will probably own?—Have they not a *right* to reject him, as *their* relation? And shall Charlotte Grandison, the daughter of the most prudent of mothers, take a step that shall make her be looked upon as the disgrace of her family? Shall *she* be obliged to follow a soldier's fortune into different quarters, and perhaps to distant regions?

Such as these were, at times, my reasonings; and perhaps they would have had the less force with me, had I,

in giving myself a *husband*, had none of these relations living, on whom to obtrude a new one, to their dislike, by my marriage.

Hence I could not bear to reveal the matter to my sister, who in *her* choice had so much advantage over me. I thought within these few weeks past, I could reveal it to my new-found sister; and it was one of my motives to come hither, at your invitation, Lord and Lady L. when you told me she was so obliging as to accompany you down: But she was *everlastingly* writing; and I was shy of *forcing* an opportunity, as none agreeably offered.

*Sir Ch.* I would not interrupt you, Charlotte—But may I ask, If this whole affair was carried on by Letter? Did you not sometimes see each other?

*Miss Gr.* We did. But our meetings were not frequent, because he was at one time quartered in Scotland; at another, was sent to Ireland; where he staid six or seven months; at others, in distant parts of the kingdom.

*Sir Ch.* In what part of the king's dominions is the Captain now?

*Miss Gr.* Dear Sir, could not the person who acquainted you with the affair, inform you of that?

*Sir Ch.* (smiling) The person *could*, madam; and *did*. He is in London.

*Miss Gr.* I hope, my brother, after the freedom of my confession, and an ingenuousness that is not often found in such cases as *this*, will not be so unkind as to imagine, that I ought to have traps laid for me, as if I were not now at last frank and unreserved.

*Sir Ch.* Exceedingly just, Charlotte! exceedingly just! —I beg your pardon. I said, we had all something to be forgiven for. I am not however questioning you, with intent to *cast a stone*; but to *lend you a hand*.

*Miss Gr.* O that we had had liberty granted to us, having *such* a brother, to correspond with him!—Happy shall I be, if I can atone—

There she stopt.

*Sir Ch.* Proceed with your story, my dear Charlotte.—Greatly does the atonement overbalance the faults.

*Miss Gr.* (bowing to her brother) Captain Anderson *is* in town. I have seen him twice. I was to have seen him at the play, had I not come down to Colnebrooke. Not a tittle of the truth will I hide from you. Now I have recovered the right path, not one wry step will I ever again wilfully take. I have suffered enough by those I had taken, tho' I endeavoured to carry it off as well as I could (even sometimes by a spirit of bravery) when it lay heavy *here*—putting her hand to her heart.

Sir Charles rose from his seat; and taking one of his sister's hands between both his, Worthy sister! Amiable Charlotte! After this noble frankness, I must not permit you to accuse yourself. An error gracefully acknowledged, is a victory won. If you think Captain Anderson worthy of *your* heart, he shall have a place in *mine*; and I will use my interest with Lord and Lady L. to allow of his relation to *them*. Miss Byron and Dr. Bartlett will look upon him as their friend.

He sat down again; his countenance shining with brotherly love.

*Miss Gr.* O Sir, what shall I say? You add to my difficulties by your goodness. I have told you how I had entangled myself. Captain Anderson's address began with hopes of a great fortune, which he imagined a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison could not fail, first or last, to have. That this was his principal motive, has been on many occasions (on too many for his advantage) visible to me.

My allowance of his address, as I have hinted, was owing to my apprehensions, that I should not be a fortune worthy of a more generous man. At that time, our life was a confined one; and I girlishly wished for Liberty—~~MATRIMONY and LIBERTY~~—~~Girlish connexion!~~ as I have since thought.

We could none of us help smiling at this lively sally: But she went on more seriously.

I thought at first, that I could break with him when I would: But he holds me to it; and the more, since he has heard of your goodness to me; and builds great hopes of future preferment on the alliance.

*Sir Ch.* But do you not love Captain Anderson, my sister?

*Miss Gr.* I believe I love him as well as he loves me. His principal view, as I have said, has come out, avowedly, to be to my fortune. If I regulate my esteem for him by his for me, I ought not, for the very reason that he likes me, to approve of him.

*Sir Ch.* I do not wonder that the Captain is desirous to hold you to it, to use your words: But, my dear Charlotte, answer me, Have you had less liking to Captain Anderson since your fortune is ascertained, and absolutely in your own power, than you had before?

*Miss Gr.* Not on *that* account, if I know my heart: But he has been a much more earnest suiter since your goodness to me was generally known, than before. When public report had made me absolutely dependent on my brother; and diminished (beyond the truth, as it has proved) the circumstances of the family; and when my sister and I were unhappy between our fears and our hopes; I then heard but little from Captain Anderson; and that little

was *so* prudent, and *so* cold—But I had found out the man before.

Lord and Lady L. with warmth of voice, called him unworthy man. I thought him so; and so, by his looks, did Dr. Bartlett.

*Sir Ch.* Poor man!—He seems to have been too prudent, to trust even to Providence. But what, my sister, *are now* your difficulties?

*Miss Gr.* They proceed from my folly. Captain Anderson appeared to me, at first, a man of sense, as well as an agreeable man in his person and air. He had a lively and easy elocution. *He* spoke without doubt; and *I* had therefore the less doubt of his understanding. The man who knows how to say agreeable things to a woman, in an agreeable manner, has her vanity on his side; since, to doubt his veracity, would be to question her own merit. When he came to *write*, my judgment was even still more engaged in his favour than before. But when he thought himself on a *safe footing* with me, he then lost his handwriting, and his stile, and even his orthography. I blush to say it; and I then blushed to see it.

*Sir Ch.* Men will be men. It is natural for us, when we find out our imperfections, to endeavour to supply them, or to gloss them over to those, whose good opinion of us we wish to engage. I have known men, who are not so *ready* as the Captain seems to have been, to find out their own defects. Captain Anderson, perhaps, lost his Letter-writer, by the shifting of quarters. But it is strange that a man of family, as the Captain is, should be so very illiterate.

*Miss Gr.* His early wildnesses, as I afterwards heard, made him run from school, before he had acquired com-

mon school-learning. His friends bought him a pair of colours. That was all they would ever do for him: And his father marrying a second wife, by whom he had children, considered not him as one. This came out to be his story. But he displayed himself to me in very different lights. He pretended to have a pretty estate, which, tho' not large, was well-conditioned, and capable of improvement; besides very considerable expectations. A mind that would not impose on another, must least bear to be imposed upon itself: But I could not help *despising* him, when I found myself so grosly imposed upon, by the Letters he had procured to be written for him; and that he was not either the man of sense, or learning, that he would have had me think him.

*Sir Ch.* But what was the *safe footing*, my sister, that he thought he was upon with you?

*Miss Gr.* O Sir! while all these good appearances held in his favour, he had teased me into a promise. And when he had gained that point, *then* it was, or *soon after*, that he wrote to me with his own hand. And yet, tho' he convinced me by doing so, that he had *before* employed another, it was a point agreed upon, that our intercourse was to be an absolute secret; and I trembled to find myself exposed to his scribe, a man I knew not; and who must certainly despise the Lover whom he helped to all his agreeable flourishes, and, in despising *him*, must probably despise *me*. Yet I *will* say, that my Letters were such as I can submit to the severest eye. It was indeed giving him encouragement enough, that I answered him by pen and ink; and he presumed enough upon it, or he had never dared to tease me, for a promise, as he did for months before I made him one.

*Sir Ch.* Women should never be drawn-in to fetter

themselves by promises. On the contrary, they ought always to despise, and directly to break with the man, who offers to exact a promise from them. To what end is a promise of this kind endeavoured to be obtained, if the urger suspects not the fitness of his addresses in the eyes of those who have a right to be consulted; and if he did not doubt either his own merit, or the Lady's honour and discretion?—Therefore wanted to put it out of her own power to be dutiful; or (if she had begun to swerve, by listening to a clandestine address) to recover herself? Your father, my dear (but you might not know that) could have absolved you from this promise (*a*). You have not now, however, any-body to controul you: You are absolutely your own mistress: And I see not but a promise—But, pray, of what nature was this promise?

*Miss Gr.* O my folly!—I declared, that I never would marry any other man without his consent, while he was single. By this means (to my confusion) I own, that I made him my father, my guardian, my brother; at least, I made the influences over me, of such of them as had been living, of no avail, in the most material article of my life; teased, as I told you, into it; and against my judgment.

Soon after, he let me know, as I said, in his own handwriting, what an illiterate, what a mere superficial man I had entered into treaty with. And ever since I have been endeavouring by pen, as well as in person, to get him to absolve me from my rash promise: And this was my view and endeavour before I had a title to the independence, in which, Sir, you was so good as to establish me.

I once thought, proceeded she, that he would easily have complied, and have looked out elsewhere for a wife;

for I sought not to *fetter* him, as you justly call it: He was not of so much consequence with me; and this renders me, perhaps, the less excuseable:—But you held me not long enough in suspense, as to the great things you intended to do for me, to enable me to obtain that release from Captain Anderson, which I was meditating to procure, before he knew what those were.

All this time I kept my own secret. I had not confidence enough in the steps I had so rashly taken (indeed had not *humility* enough) to make any living creature acquainted with my situation: And this was the reason, I suppose, that I never was guessed at, or found out. The proverb says, *Two can keep a secret, when one is away*: But my Harriet knows [I bowed] that I very early, in my knowledge of her, dropt hints of an *entanglement*, as I ludicrously called it; for I could not, with justice, say *Love*.

*Sir Ch.* Charming frankness! How do your virtues shine thro' your very mistakes!—But there are many women who have suffered themselves to be worse entangled, even beyond recovery, when they have not had to plead the apprehensions which you had at entering into this affair.

*Miss Gr.* You are Sir *Charles Grandison*, Sir: I need not say more. We often dread, in rash encounters, to make those communications, which only can be a means to extricate us from the difficulties into which we have plunged ourselves. Had I, for the last six or seven years of my life, known my brother as I now know him; had I been indulged in a correspondence with him in his absence; not a step would I have taken, but with his approbation.

*Sir Ch.* Perhaps I was too implicit on this occasion: But I always thought it more safe, in a disputable case, to check, than to give way to, an inclination. My father knew the world. He was not an ill-natured man. He



loved his daughters. I had not the vanity to imagine, that my sisters, the *youngest* near as old as myself, would want my advice, in material articles: And to break thro' a father's commands, for the sake merely of gratifying *myself*—I don't know how—But I could *not* do it: And as a considerate person, when he has lost a dear friend, and more particularly a parent, is apt to recollect with pleasure those instances in which he has given joy to the departed, and with pain the contrary; methinks I am the more satisfied with myself, for having obeyed a command, that however, at the time, I knew not how to account for.

*Miss Gr.* You are happy, brother, in this recollection. I should be more unhappy than I am (on your principles) had I vexed my father in this affair. Thank God, he knew nothing of it. But now, Sir, I have told you the whole truth. I have not aggravated the failings of Captain Anderson; nor wish to do so; for the man that once I had but the shadow of a thought to make one day my nearest relation, is intitled, I think, to my good *wishes*, tho' he prove not quite so worthy as I once believed him.

Permit me, however, to add, that Captain Anderson is passionate, overbearing: I have never of late met him, but with great reluctance: Had I not come to Colnebrooke, I should have *seen* him, as I confessed; but it was with the resolution that I had for a considerable time past avowed to him, Never to be his; and to be a single woman all my life, if he would not disengage me of my rash, my foolish promise. And now be pleased (looking round her to every one present) to advise me what to do.

*Lord L.* I think the man utterly unworthy of you, sister Charlotte. I think you are right to resolve never to have him.

*Lady L.* Without waiting for my brother's opinion, I

must say, That he acts most ungenerously and unworthily, to hold you to an *unequal* promise: A promise, the like of which you offered not to bind *him* by. I cannot, Charlotte, think you bound by such a promise: And the poor trick of getting another person to write his Letters for him, and exposing my sister to a stranger, and against stipulation—How I should hate him!—What say you, sister Harriet?

*Harriet.* I should be unworthy of this kind confidence, if, thus called upon, I did not say something, tho' it came out to be next to nothing—There seems not to have been any strong affection, any sympathy of soul, if I may so express myself, at *any* time, Miss Grandison, between you and Captain Anderson, I think?

*Sir Ch.* A very proper question.

*Miss Gr.* There was not, on *either* side, I believe. I have hinted at *my* motives, and at *his*. In every Letter of his, he gave me cause to confirm what I have said of his self-interestedness: And now his principal plea to hold me to my promise, is, *his* interest. I would not to him, I never did, plead *mine*; tho' his example would excuse me, if I did.

*Lord L.* Was the promise given in writing, sister?

*Miss Gr.* Indeed it was. She looked down.

*Harriet.* May I be pardoned, madam?—The substance of your promise was, That you would never marry any other man without his consent, while he remained unmarried—Did you promise that, if ever you did marry at all, it should be to him?

*Miss Gr.* No. He wanted me to promise that; but I refused. And now, my Harriet, what is your advice?

*Harriet.* I beg to hear Dr. Bartlett's opinion, and yours, Sir (to Sir Charles) before I presume to give mine.

Sir Charles looked at the Doctor. The Doctor referred himself to him.

*Sir Ch.* Then, Doctor, you must set me right, if I am wrong. You are a Casuist.

As to what Lord L. has said, I think with his Lordship, that Captain Anderson appears not, in any of his conduct, to be worthy of Miss Grandison: And in truth, I don't know many who are. If I am partial, excuse the *brother*.

She bowed. Every one was pleased, that Miss Grandison was enabled to hold up her head, as she did, on this compliment from her brother.

*Sir Ch.* I think also, if my sister esteems him not, she is in the right to resolve never to be his. But what shall we say, as to her promise, *Never* to be the wife of any other man without his consent, while he remains unmarried? It was made, I apprehend, while her father was living; who might, I believe, Doctor, you will allow, have absolved her from it: But then, her very treating with him since to dispense with it, shews, that in her own conscience she thinks herself bound by it.

Every one being silent, he proceeded.

Lady L. is of opinion, that he acts ungenerously and unworthily, to endeavour to hold her to an unequal promise. But what man, except a *very* generous one indeed, having obtained an advantage over such a woman as Charlotte [She reddened] would not try to hold it? Must he not, by giving up this advantage, vote against himself? Women should be sure of the men in whom they place a confidence that concerns them highly. Can you think, that the man who engages a woman to make a promise, does not *intend* to hold her to it? When he *teazes*

her to make it, he as good as tells her he *does*, let what will happen to make her wish she had not.

*Miss Gr.* O my brother! The repetition of that word *teazes!*—Are you not raillying me?—Indeed I deserve it.

*Sir Ch.* Men gain all their advantages by *teazing*, by *promises*, by *importunities*—Be not concerned, my Charlotte, that I use your word.

*Miss Gr.* O my brother, what shall I do, if you railly me on my folly?

*Sir Ch.* I mean not to railly you. But I know something of my own Sex; and must have been very negligent of my opportunities, if I know not something of the *world* [I thought, Lucy, he would here have used the word *other* instead of the word *world*]. We have heard her reason for not binding the captain by a like promise; which was, That she did not value him enough to exact it: And was not that his misfortune?

She is apprehensive of blame on this head: But her situation will be considered: I *must* not repeat the circumstances. I was grieved to hear that my sisters had been in *such* circumstances! What pity, that those who believe they *best* know the Sex, think themselves intitled to treat it with least respect! [How we women looked upon one another!] I should hope in charity [In charity, Lucy!] and for the true value I bear it, as I think a good woman one of the greatest glories of the creation, that the fault is not *generally* in the Sex.

As to the Captain's artifice to obtain a footing by Letters of another man's writing; that was enough indeed to make a woman, who herself writes finely, despise him when she knew it. But to what will not persons stoop to gain a point, on which their hearts are fixed?—This is no *new* method. One signal instance I will mention. Madam Maintenon, it is reported, was employed in this way, by

a favourite mistress of Louis XIV. And this was said to be the means of introducing her to the monarch's favour, on the ruins of her employer. Let me repeat, that women should be *sure* of their men, before they embark with them in the voyage of Love. *Hate the man*, says Lady L. for *exposing her to the Letter-writer!*—*Exposing!*—Let me say, that women, who would not be *exposed*, should not put themselves out of their own power. O Miss Byron! (turning, to my confusion, to me, who was too ready to apply the first part of the caution) be so good as to tell my Emily, that she never love a man, of whose Love she is not well assured: That she never permit a man to know his consequence with her, till she is sure he is grateful, just, and generous: And that she despise him as a mean and interested man, the first moment he seeks to engage her in a *promise*. Forgive me, Charlotte: You so generously blame yourself, that you will not scruple to have *your* experience pleaded for an example to a young creature, who may not be able, if entangled, to behave with your magnanimity.

Seasonably did he say this last part, so immediately after his reference to me; for I made Miss Grandison's confusion a half-cover for my own; and I fear but a half-cover.

I find I must not allow myself to be long from you, my dear friends; at least in this company. Miss Cantillon, Miss Barnevelt, and half a dozen more Misses and Masters, with whose characters and descriptions I first paraded. Where are you? Where can I find you? My heart when I saw you at Lady Betty Williams's, was easy and unapprehensive: I could then throw my little squibs about me at pleasure; and not fear, by their return upon me, the singeing of my own cloaths!

## LETTER XXIV.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

**B**UT now what remains to be done for our sister? asked Lady L. Charlotte looked round her, as seconding the question. Every one referred to Sir Charles.

In the first place, let me assure you, my dear Charlotte, resumed he, that if you have but the shadow of a preference for Captain Anderson; and if you believe, from what has passed between you, and from the suspense you have kept him in (which may have been an hindrance to his fortune or preferment) that you *ought* to be his, whether in justice, or by inclination; I will amicably meet him, in order to make and to receive proposals. If we do not *find* him grateful or generous, we will *make* him so, by our example; and I will begin to set it.

Every one was affected: Dr. Bartlett as much as anybody. Miss Grandison could hardly sit still. Her chair was uneasy to her. While her brother looked like one who was too much accustomed to acts of beneficence, to suppose he had said any-thing extraordinary.

Miss Grandison, after some hesitation, replied, Indeed, Sir, Captain Anderson is *not* worthy of being called *your* brother. I will not enter into the particulars of his unworthiness; because I am determined not to have him. He knows I am: Nor does my promise engage me to be his. Had he virtue, had he generosity—But indeed he has not either, in the degree that would make me respect him, as a woman should respect her husband.

*Sir Ch.* Well then, Charlotte, I would have you excuse yourself, if you have given him hopes of meeting him:

Let him know, that you have acquainted me with all that has passed between you; and that you refer yourself wholly to me; but with a resolution (if such *be* your resolution) never to be his.

*Miss Gr.* I shall dread his violent temper—

*Sir Ch.* Dread nothing! Men who are violent to a woman, when they have a point to carry by being so, are not always violent to men. But I shall treat him civilly. If the man ever hoped to call you his, he will be unhappy enough in losing such a prize. You may tell him, that I will give him a meeting where-ever he pleases. Mean time, it may not be amiss, if you have no objection, to shew me some of the Letters that have passed between you; of those particularly, in which you have declared your resolution not to be his; the farther backward the better, if from the date of such you have *always* been of the same mind.

*Miss Gr.* You shall see the copies of *all* my Letters; and *all* his, if you please. And you will gather from both, Sir, that it was owing to the unhappy situation I thought myself in, from the unkind treatment my sister met with, and to the being forbidden to expect a fortune that would intitle me to look up to a man of figure in the world, that I was ever approachable by Captain Anderson.

*Sir Ch.* Unhappy! But let us look forward. I will meet Captain Anderson. If there are any Letters, in which he has treated my sister unhandsomely, you must not let me see them. My motive for looking into *any* of them, is service to you, Charlotte, and not curiosity. But let me, nevertheless, see all that is necessary to the question, that I may not, when I meet him, hear any-thing from him, that I have not heard from you; and which may make for him, and against you. I do assure you, that I will allow in his favour, all that shall appear favourable to him, tho'

against my sister. I may meet him *prejudiced*, but not *determined*: And I hope you see by my behaviour to you, Charlotte, that were you and he to have been fond Lovers in your Letters, you need not be afraid of my eye. I never am severe on Lovers foibles. Our passions may be made subservient to excellent purposes. Don't think you have a supercilious brother. A susceptibility of the passion called *Love*, I condemn not as a fault; but the contrary. Your *brother*, Ladies (looking upon all three) is no Stoic.

And have you been in Love, Sir Charles Grandison? thought I to myself.—Shall I, Lucy, be sorry, or shall I be glad, if he *has*?—But after all, is it not strange, that in all this time one knows so little of his history while he was abroad?—And yet, he said, That he was not angry at his sister, for questioning him on the subject. Had I been his sister, questions of that sort would not have been to be asked *now*.

But here is a new task for her brother. I shall long to know how this affair will end.

The *trial* of Miss Grandison, as she called it, being thus happily over, and Miss Emily and Mr. Grandison desired to walk in, Sir Charles took notice, with some severity on our Sex, on the general liking, which he said women have for military men. He did not know, he said, whether the army were not beholden to this approbation, and to the gay appearance officers were expected to make, rather than to a true martial spirit, for many a gallant man.

What say you, Emily? said he. Do not a cockade, and a scarlet coat, become a *fine gentleman*, and help to make him so, in your eyes?

Be pleased, Sir, to tell me how such an one *should* look in my eyes, and I will endeavour to make them conform to your lessons.



He bowed to the happy girl: For my part, said he, I cannot but say, that I dislike the life of a soldier in general; whose trade is in blood; who must be as much a slave to the will of *his* superiors in command, as he is almost *obliged* to be a tyrant to those under him.

But as to the Sex; if it were not, that Ladies, where Love and their own happiness interfere, are the most incompetent judges of all others for themselves—Pardon me—

Your servant, Sir, said Lady L.—And we all bowed to him.

How can a woman, proceeded he, who really loves her husband, subject herself, of *choice*, to the necessary absences, to the continual apprehensions, which she must be under for his safety, when he is in the height of what is emphatically called his *DUTY*? He stopt. No answer being made, Perhaps, resumed he, it may be thus accounted for: Women are the most delicate part of the creation. Conscious of the weakness of their Sex, and that they stand in need of protection (for apprehensiveness, the child of prudence, is as characteristic in them, as courage in a man) they naturally love brave men—And are not all military men supposed to be brave?

But how are they mistaken in their main end, supposing *this* to be it!

I honour a good, a generous, a brave, an humane soldier: But were such a one to be the bravest of men, how can his wife expect constant protection from the husband who is less *his own*, and consequently less *hers*, than almost any other man can be (a *sailor* excepted); and who must therefore, oftener than any other man, leave her exposed to those insults, from which she seems to think he can best defend her?

*Lady L.* (smiling) But may it not be said, Sir, that those women who make soldiers their choice, deserve, in some degree, a rank with heroes; when they can part with their husbands for the sake of their country's glory?

*Sir Ch.* Change your word *glory* for *safety*, Lady L. and your question will be strengthened. The word and thing called *Glory*, what mischief has it not occasioned!—As to the question itself, were you *serious*, let every one, I answer, who can plead the *motive*, be intitled to the praise that is due to it.

*Miss Gr.* There is so much weight in what my brother has said, that I thank Heaven, I am not in danger of being the wife of a soldier.

We, who knew what she alluded to, smiled at it; and Mr. Grandison looked about him, as if he wanted to find more in the words, than they could import to him: And then was very earnest to know how his cousin had come off.

*Sir Ch.* Triumphantly, cousin. Charlotte's supposed fault has brought to light additional excellencies.

*Mr. Gr.* I am sorry for that with all my soul—There was no bearing her before—And now what will become of me?

*Miss Gr.* You have nothing new to fear, Mr. Grandison, I assure you. I have been detected in real faults. I have been generously treated, and repent of my fault. Let me have an instance of like ingenuousness in you; and I will say, there are hopes of us both.

*Mr. Gr.* Your servant, cousin. *Either* way I must have it. But were you to follow the example by which you own yourself amended, I might have the better chance, perhaps, of coming up to you in ingenuousness.

*Lord L.* Upon my word, sister Charlotte, Mr. Grandison has said a good thing.

*Miss Gr.* I think so too, my Lord. I will put it down. And if you are wise, Sir (to him) ask me to sew up your lips till to-morrow dinner-time.

Mr. Grandison looked offended.

*Sir Ch.* Fie, Charlotte!

I am glad, thought I, my good Miss Grandison, that you have not lost much spirit by your trial!

Miss Grandison has shewed me some of the Letters that passed between Captain Anderson and her. How must she have despised him, had she been drawn in to give him her hand! And the more for the poor figure he would have made as a brother to *her* brother! How must she have blushed at every civility paid him in such a family! Yet from some passages in his Letters, I dare say, he would have had the higher opinion of himself; first for his success with her, and for every civility paid him afterwards by her relations.

And thus had Sir Thomas Grandison, with all his pride, like to have thrown his daughter, a woman of high character, fine understanding, and an exalted mind, into the arms of a man, who had neither fortune, nor education, nor yet good sense, nor generosity of heart, to countenance his pretensions to such a Lady, or her for marrying beneath herself.

This is a copy of what Miss Grandison has written to send to Captain Anderson.

*Sir,*

**H**AD I had a generous man to deal with, I needed not to have exposed myself to the apprehended censures of a brother, whose virtues made a sister, less perfect than himself, afraid that he would think her unworthy of that

tender relation to him, from the occasion. But he is the noblest of brothers. He pities me; and undertakes to talk with you, in the most friendly manner, at your own appointment, upon a subject that has long greatly distressed me; as *well* you know. I will not recriminate, as I might: But this assurance I must, for the hundredth time, repeat, That I never can, never will be to you, any other than

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

She is dissatisfied with what she has written: But I tell her, I think it will do very well.

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LETTER XXV.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

*Thursday, Mar. 16.*

SIR CHARLES has already left us. He went to town this morning on the affairs of his Executorship. He breakfasted with us first.

Dr. Bartlett, with whom already I have made myself very intimate, and who, I find, knows his whole heart, tells me he is always fully employed. *That we knew before—No wonder then, that he is not in Love. He has not had leisure, I suppose, to attend to the calls of such an idle passion.*

You will do me the justice to own, that in the round of employments I was engaged in at Selby-house, I never knew any-thing of the matter: But indeed there was no Sir Charles Grandison; first to engage my gratitude; and

then, my heart. So it is; I must not, it seems, *deny* it. If I did, "a child in Love-matters would detect me."

O my Lucy! I have been hard set by these sisters. They have found me out; or rather, let me know, that they long ago found me out. I will tell you all as it passed.

I had been so busy with my pen, that, tho' accustomed to be first dressed, where-ever I was, I was now the last. They entered my dressing-room arm in arm; and I have since recollected, that they looked as if they had mischief in their hearts; Miss Grandison especially. She had said, She would play me a trick.

I was in some little hurry, to be so much behind-hand, when I saw them dressed.

Miss Grandison would do me the honour of assisting me, and dismissed Jenny, who had but just come in to offer her service.

She called me charming creature twice, as she was obligingly busy about me; and the second time said, Well may my brother, Lady L. say what he did of this girl.

With too great eagerness, What, what, said I—I was going to add—*did he say?*—But, catching myself up, in a tone of less surprize—designing to turn it off—WHAT honour you do me, madam, in this your kind assistance!

Miss Grandison leered archly at me; then turning to Lady L.; This Harriet of ours, said she, is more than half a rogue.

Punish her then, Charlotte, said Lady L. You have, tho' with much ado, been brought to speak out yourself; and so have acquired a kind of right to punish those who affect disguises to their best friends.

Lord bless me, Ladies! And down I sat—What, what

—I was going to say, *do you mean?* But stopt, and I felt my face glow.

*What, what!* repeated Miss Grandison—My sweet girl can say nothing but *What, what!*—One of my fellows, Sir Walter Watkyns, is in her head, I suppose—Did you ever see *Wat*—Watkyns, Harriet?

My handkerchief was in my hand, as I was going to put it on. I was unable to throw it round my neck. O how the fool throbbed, and trembled!

*Miss Gr.* Confirmation, Lady L.! Confirmation!

*Lady L.* I think so, truly—But it wanted none to me.

*Har.* I am surprised! Pray, Ladies, what can you mean by this sudden attack?

*Miss Gr.* And what, Harriet, can you mean by these *What, what's*, and this sudden emotion?—Give me your handkerchief!—What doings are here!

She snatched it out of my trembling hand, and put it round my neck—Why this *sudden* palpitation?—Ah! Harriet! Why won't you make confidants of your two sisters? Do you think we have not found you out before this?

*Har.* Found me out! How found me out!—Dear Miss Grandison, you are the most alarming Lady that ever lived!—

I stood up, trembling.

*Miss Gr.* Am I so? But, to cut the matter short—[Sit down, Harriet. You can hardly stand.] Is it such a disgraceful thing for a fine girl to be in Love?

*Har.* Who I, I, in Love?

*Miss Gr.* (laughing) So, Lady L. you see that Harriet has found herself out to be a *fine* girl!—Disqualify now; can't you, my dear? Tell fibs. Be affected. Say you are *not* a fine girl, and-so-forth.

*Har.* Dear Miss Grandison—It was *your* turn yesterday. How can you forget—

*Miss Gr.* Spiteful too! My life to a farthing, you pay for *this*, Harriet!—But, child, I was not in Love—Ah! Harriet! That gentleman in Northamptonshire—Did you think we should not find you out?

This heartened me a little.

*Har.* O Madam, do you think to come at any-thing by such methods as this? I ought to have been aware of Miss Grandison's alarming ways.

*Miss Gr.* You pay for *this*, also, Harriet. Did you not say, that I should take the reins, Lady L.? I will have no mercy on our younger sister for this abominable affectation and reserve.

*Har.* And so, Ladies, you think, I warrant, that Mr. Orme—

*Lady L.* Take the reins, Charlotte (making a motion, with a sweet pretty air, with her handkerchief, as if she tossed her something)—I myself, Harriet, am against you now. I wanted a trial of that frankness of heart, for which I have heard you so much commended: And, surely, you might have shewed it, if to any persons living, to your two sisters.

*Miss Gr.* No more, no more, Lady L. Have you not left her to me? I will punish her. *You* will have too much lenity.—And now tell me, Harriet—Don't you love Mr. Orme better than any man you ever yet saw?

*Har.* Indeed I do not.

*Miss Gr.* Whom do you love better, Harriet?

*Har.* Pray, Miss Grandison!

*Miss Gr.* And *pray*, Miss Byron!

*Har.* Resume the reins, Lady L.—Pray do!—Miss

Grandison has no mercy! Yet met with a great deal yesterday—

*Miss Gr.* Yesterday?—Very well!—But then I was ingenuous—

*Har.* And am not I?—Pray, Lady L.

*Lady L.* I think, not—

And she seemed a little too cruelly to enjoy the flutter I was in.

*Miss Gr.* And you say, that there is no one gentleman in Northamptonshire—

*Har.* What is the meaning of this, Ladies? But I do assure you, there is not—

*Miss Gr.* See, Lady L. there are some questions that the girl can answer readily enough.

I believe I looked serious. I was silent. Indeed my very soul was vexed.

*Miss Gr.* Ay, Harriet, be sullen: Don't answer any questions at all. That's your only way, now—And then we go no further, you know. But tell me—Don't you repent, that you have given a denial to Lady D.?

*Har.* I won't be sullen, Ladies. Yet I am not pleased to be thus—

*Miss Gr.* Then own yourself a woman, Harriet; and that, in some certain instances, you have both affectation, and reserve. There are some cases, my dear, in which it is impossible but a woman must be guilty of affectation.

*Har.* Well then, suppose I *am*. I never pretended to be clear of the foibles which you impute to the Sex. I am a weak, a very weak creature: You see I am—

And I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief.

*Miss Gr.* Ay, weep, love. My sister has heard me say, that I never in my life saw a girl so lovely in tears.

*Har.* What have I done to deserve—



*Miss Gr.*—Such a compliment!—Hay?—But you sha'n't weep neither.—Why, why, is this subject so affecting, Harriet?

*Har.* You surprise me!—Parted with you but an hour or two ago—And nothing of these reproaches, And now, all at once, *both* Ladies—

*Miss Gr.* Reproaches, Harriet!—

*Har.* I believe so. I don't know what else to call them.

*Miss Gr.* What! Is it a reproach to be taxed with Love—

*Har.* But the manner, madam—

*Miss Gr.* The *manner* you are taxed with it, is the thing then—Well, putting on a grave look, and assuming a softer accent—You *are* in Love, however: But with whom? is the question—Are we, your sisters, intitled to know with whom?

Surely, Ladies, thought I, you have something to say, that will make me amends for all this intolerable teasing: And yet my proud heart, whatever it were to be, swelled a little, that *they* should think *that* would be such high amends, which, however, I by myself, communing only with my own heart, would have thought so.

*Lady L.* (coming to me, and taking my hand) Let me tell you, our dearest Harriet, that you are the most insensible girl in the world, if you are *not* in Love—And *now* what say you?

*Har.* Perhaps I do know, Ladies, enough of the Passion, to wish to be less alarmingly treated.

They then sitting down, one on either side of me; each took a hand of the trembling fool.

I think I *will* resume the reins, Charlotte, said the Countess. We are both cruel. But tell us, my lovely sister, in one word tell your Caroline, tell your Charlotte, if you have any confidence in our love (and indeed we love

you, or we would not have teased you as we have done) if there be not one man in the world, whom you love above all men in it?

I was silent. I looked down. I had, in the same moment, an ague, in its cold, and in its hot fit. They vouchsafed, each, to press with her lips the passive hand each held.

Be not afraid to speak out, my dear, said Miss Grandison. Assure yourself of my love; my true *sisterly* love. I once intended to lead the way to the opening of your heart by the discovery of my own, before my brother, as I hoped, could have found me out—But nothing can be hid—

Madam! Ladies! said I, and stood up in a hurry, and, in as great a discomposure, sat down again—Your brother has not, could not—I would die before—

*Miss Gr.* Amiable delicacy!—He has not—But say you, Harriet, he *could* not?—If you would not be teased, don't aim at reserves—But think you, that we could not see, on an hundred occasions, your heart at your eyes?—That we could not affix a proper meaning to those sudden throbs just here, patting my neck; those half-suppressed, but always involuntary sighs—[I sighed]—Ay, just such as that—[I was confounded]—But, to be serious, we do assure you, Harriet, that had we not thought ourselves under some little obligation to Lady Anne S. we should have talked to you before on this subject. The friends of that Lady have been very solicitous with us—And Lady Anne is not averse—

*Har.* Dear Ladies! withdrawing the hand that Miss Grandison held, and taking out my handkerchief; you say, you love me!—Won't you despise whom you love?—I do own—

There I stopt; and dried my eyes.

*Lady L.* What does my Harriet own?—

*Har.* O madam, had I a greater opinion of my own merit, than I have reason to have (and I never had so little a one, as since I have known you two) I could open to you, without reserve, my whole heart—But one request I have to make you—You must grant it.

They both in a breath asked what that was.

*Har.* It is, That you will permit your chariot to carry me to town this very afternoon—And long shall not that town hold your Harriet—Indeed, indeed, Ladies, I cannot now ever look your brother in the face—And you will also both despise me! I know you will!

Sweet, and as *seasonable* as sweet (for I was very much affected) were the assurances they gave me of their continued love.

*Miss Gr.* We have talked with our brother this morning—

*Har.* About me! I hope he has not a notion, that—There I stopt.

*Lady L.* You were mentioned: But we intend not to alarm you further. We will tell you what passed. Lady Anne was our subject.

I was all attention.

*Miss Gr.* We asked him if he had any thoughts of marriage? The question came in properly enough, from the subject that preceded it. He was silent: But sighed, and looked grave [Why did Sir Charles Grandison sigh, Lucy?]. We repeated the question. You told us, brother, said I, that you do not intend to resume the treaty begun by my father for Lady Frances N. What think you of Lady Anne S.? We need not mention to you how considerable her fortune is; what an enlargement it would

give to your power of doing good; nor what her disposition and qualities are: Her person is far from being disagreeable: And she has a great esteem for you.

I think Lady Anne a very agreeable woman, replied he: But if she honours me with a preferable esteem, she gives me regret; because it is not in my power to return it.

Not in your *power*, brother?

It is not in my power to return it.

O Lucy! how my heart fluttered! The ague-fit came on again; and I was hot and cold, as before, almost in the same moment.

They told me, they would not teaze me further. But there are subjects, that cannot be touched upon without raising emotion in the bosom of a person who hopes, and is uncertain. O the cruelty of suspense! How every new instance of it tears in pieces my before almost bursting heart!

Miss Gr. My brother went on—You have often hinted to me at distance this subject. I will not, as I might, answer your question, now so *directly* put, by saying, that it is my wish to see you, Charlotte, happily married, before I engage myself: But, perhaps, I shall be better enabled some time hence, than I am at present, to return such an answer as you may expect from a brother.

Now, my Harriet, we are afraid, by the words, *Not in his power*; and by the hint, that he cannot at present answer our question as he may be enabled to do some time hence; we are afraid, that some foreign Lady—

They had raised my hopes; and now, exciting my fears by so well-grounded an apprehension, they were obliged for their pains to hold Lady L's salts to my nose. I could not help exposing myself; my heart having been weak-

ened too by their teazings before. My head dropt on the shoulder of Miss Grandison. Tears relieved me.

I desired their pity. They assured me of their love; and called upon me, as I valued their friendship, to open my whole heart to them.

I paused. I hesitated. Words did not immediately offer themselves. But at last, I said, Could I have thought myself intitled to your excuse, Ladies, your Harriet, honoured, as she was, from the first, with the appellation of *sister*, would have had no reserve to *her* sisters: But a just consciousness of my own unworthiness overcame a temper that I will say, is naturally frank and unreserved. Now, however——

There I stopt, and held down my head.

*Lady L.* Speak out, my dear—What *Now*——

*Miss Gr.* What *Now*, *however*——

*Harriet.* Thus called upon; thus encouraged—And I lifted up my head as boldly as I could (but it was not, I believe, very boldly) I will own, that the man, who by so signal an instance of his bravery and goodness engaged my gratitude, has possession of my whole heart.

And then, almost unknowing what I did, I threw one of my arms, as I sat between them, round Lady L's neck, the other round Miss Grandison's; my glowing face seeking to hide itself in Lady L's bosom.

They both embraced me, and assured me of their united interest. They said, They knew I had also Dr. Bartlett's high regard: But that they had in vain sought to procure new lights from him; he constantly, in everything that related to their brother, referring himself to him: And they assured me, that I had likewise the best wishes and interest of Lord L. to the fullest extent.

This, Lucy, is some—consolation—must I say?—

some ease to my pride, as to what the *family* think of me: But yet, how is that pride mortified, to be thus obliged to rejoice at this strengthening of hope to obtain an interest in the heart of a man, of whose engagements none of us know any-thing! But if, at last, it shall prove, that that worthiest of hearts is disengaged; and if I *can* obtain an interest in it; be pride out of the question! The man, as my aunt wrote, is Sir Charles Grandison.

I was very earnest to know, since my eyes had been such tell-tales, if their brother had any suspicion of my regard for him.

They could not, they said, either from his words or behaviour, gather that he had. He had not been so much with me, as they had been. Nor would they wish that he *should* suspect me. The best of men, they said, loved to have difficulties to conquer. Their brother, generous as he was, was a *man*.

Yet, Lucy, I thought at the time of what he said at Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's, as recited by the short-hand writer—That he would not marry the greatest princess on earth, if he were not assured, that she loved him above all the men in it.

I fancy, my dear, that we women, when we love, and are doubtful, suffer a great deal in the apprehension, at one time, of disgusting the object of our passion, by too forward a Love; and, at another, of disobliging him by too great a reserve. Don't you think so?

The Ladies said, They were extremely solicitous to see their brother married. They wished it were to me, rather than to any other woman; and kindly added, That I had their hearts, even at the time when Lady Anne, by a kind of previous engagement, had their voices.

And then they told me what their brother said of me,

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with the hint of which they began this alarming conversation.

When my brother had let us know, said Miss Grandison, that it was not in his power to return a preferable esteem for a like esteem, if Lady Anne honoured him with it; I said—Had Lady Anne as many advantages to boast of, as Miss Byron has, could you then, brother, like Lady Anne?

Miss Byron, replied he, is a charming woman.

Lady L. (slyly enough, continued Miss Grandison) said, Miss Byron is one of the prettiest women I ever beheld. I never saw in any face, youth, and dignity, and sweetness of aspect, so happily blended.

On this occasion, Lucy, my vanity may, I hope, revive, so long as I *repeat* only, and repeat justly.

“Forgive me, Lady L. replied my brother—But as Alexander would be drawn only by Apelles; so would I say to all those who leave *mind* out of the description of Miss Byron, That *they* are not to describe her. This young Lady” [You *may* look proud, Harriet!] “has *united* in her face, *feature, complexion, grace, and expression*, which very few women, even of those who are most celebrated for beauty, have *singly* in equal degree: But, what is infinitely more valuable, she has a heart that is equally pure and open—She has a fine mind: And it is legible in her face. Have you not observed, Charlotte, added he, what intelligence her very silence promises? And yet, when she speaks, she never disappoints the most raised expectation.”

I was speechless, Lucy.

Well, brother, continued Miss Grandison—If there is not every-thing you say in Miss Byron’s face and mind, there seems to me little less than the warmth of Love in

the description—You are another Apelles, Sir, if his colours were the most glowing of those of all painters.

My eyes had the assurance to ask Miss Grandison, What answer he returned to this? She saw they had.

Ah! Harriet! smiling—That's a meaning look, with all its bashfulness. This was my brother's answer—"Every-body must love Miss Byron—You know, Charlotte, that I presented her to *you*, and you to *her*, as a third sister: And what man better loves his sisters, than your brother?"

We both looked down, Harriet; but not quite so silly, and so disappointed, as you *now* look——

Dear Miss Grandison!——

Well, then, another time don't let your eyes ask questions, instead of your lips.

*Third sister!* my Lucy! Indeed, I believe I looked silly enough. To say the truth, I *was* disappointed.

*Har.* And this was all that passed? You hear by my question, Ladies, that my lips *will* keep my eyes in countenance.

*Miss Gr.* It was; for he retired as soon as he had said this.

*Har.* *How* retired, madam?—Any *discompo*—You laugh at my folly; at my presumption perhaps——

They both smiled. No, I can't say that there seemed to be either in his words or manner, any *distinguishing* emotion; any great *discompo*—He was about to retire before.

Well, Ladies, I will only say, That the best thing I can do, is, to borrow a chariot-and-six, and drive away to Northamptonshire.

But why so, Harriet?

Because it is impossible but I must suffer in your bro-



ther's opinion, every time he sees me, and that whether I am silent or speaking.

They made me fine compliments: But they would *indeed* have been fine ones, could they have made them from their brother.

Well, but, Lucy, don't you think, that had Sir Charles Grandison meant any-thing, he would have expressed himself to his sisters in such high terms, before he had said *one* very distinguishing thing to me? Let me judge by myself—Men and women, I believe, are so much alike, that, put custom, tyrant-custom, out of the question, the meaning of the one may be generally guessed at by that of the other, in cases where the heart is concerned. What civil, what polite things, could I allow myself to say to and of Mr. Orme, and Mr. Fowler! How could I praise the honesty and goodness of their hearts, and declare my pity for them! And why? Because I meant nothing more by it all, than a warmer kind of civility; that I was not *afraid* to *let go*, as their merits *pulled*.—And now, methinks, I can better guess, than I could *till* now, at what Mr. Greville meant, when he wished me to declare, that I *hated* him—Sly wretch!—since the woman who uses a man insolently in courtship, certainly makes that man of more importance to her, than she would wish him to think himself.—

But why am I studious to torment myself? What *will* be, *must*. "Who knows what Providence has designed for Sir Charles Grandison?"—May *he* be happy!—But indeed, my Lucy, your Harriet is much otherwise, at this time.

## LETTER XXVI.

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.

I WILL not let you lose the substance of a very agreeable conversation, which we had on Tuesday night after supper.

You may be sure, my Lucy, I thought it the more agreeable, as Sir Charles was drawn in to bear a considerable part in it. It would be impossible to give you more than passages, because the subjects were various, and the transitions so quick, by one person asking this question, another that, that I could not, were I to try, connect them as I endeavour generally to do.

Of one subject, I particularly *owe* you some account. Miss Grandison, in her lively way (and lively she was, notwithstanding her trial so lately over) led me into talking of the detested masquerade. She put me upon recollecting the giddy scene, which those dreadfully interesting ones that followed it, had made me wish to blot out of my memory.

I spared you at the time, Harriet, said she. I asked you no questions about the masquerade, when you flew to us first, poor frightened bird! with all your gay plumage about you.

I coloured a deep crimson, I believe. What were Sir Charles's first thoughts of me, Lucy, in that fantastic, that hated dress? The simile of the bird too, was *his*, you know; and Charlotte looked very archly.

My dear Miss Grandison, spare me still. Let me forget, that ever I presumptuously ventured into such a scene of folly.

Do not call it by harsh names, Miss Byron, said Sir Charles. We are too much obliged to it.

Can I, Sir Charles, call it by *too* harsh a name, when I think, how fatal, in numberless ways, the event might have proved? But I do not speak only with reference to that. Don't think, my dear Miss Grandison, that my dislike to myself, and to this foolish diversion, springs altogether from what befel *me*: The same shocking villainy might have been attempted by the same vile man from a more laudable and reasonable diversion. I had on the spot the same contempts, the same disdain of myself, the same dislike of all those who seemed capable of joy on the light, the foolish occasion.

My good Charlotte, said Sir Charles smiling, is less timorous than her younger sister. *She* might be persuaded, I fancy, to venture—

Under your conduct, Sir Charles. You know, Lady L. and I, who have not yet had an opportunity of this sort, were trying to engage you against the next subscription-ball.

Indeed, said Lady L. our Harriet's distress has led me into reflexions I never made before on this kind of diversion; and I fancy her account of it will perfectly satisfy *my* curiosity.

*Sir Ch.* Proceed, good Miss Byron. I am as curious as your sisters, to hear what you say of it. The scene was quite new to you. You probably expected entertainment from it. Forget for a while the accidental consequences, and tell us how you were at the time amused.

Amused, Sir Charles!—Indeed I had no opinion of the diversion, even before I went. I knew I should despise it. I knew I should often wish myself at home before the evening were over. And so indeed I did. I whispered

my cousin Reeves more than once, O madam! this is sad, this is intolerable stuff! This place is one great Bedlam! Good Heaven! Could there be in this one town so many creatures devoid of reason, as are here got together? I hope we are *all* here?

Yet you see, said Miss Grandison, however Lady L. is, or seems to be, instantaneously reformed, there were *two*, who would gladly have been there: The more, you may be sure, for its having been a diversion prohibited to us, at our first coming to town. Sir Charles lived long in the land of masquerades—O, my dear! we used to please ourselves with hopes, that when he was permitted to come over to England, we should see golden days under his auspices.

*Sir Ch.* (smiling) Will you accompany us to the next subscription-ball, Miss Byron?

I, Sir Charles, should be inexcusable, if I thought—

*Miss Gr.* (interrupting, and looking archly) Not under *our brother's* conduct, Harriet?

Indeed, my dear Miss Grandison, had the diversion not been *prohibited*, had you once seen the wild, the senseless confusion, you would think just as I do: And you would have one stronger reason against countenancing it by your presence; for who, at this rate, shall make the stand of virtue and decorum, if such Ladies as Miss Grandison and Lady L. do not?—But I speak of the common masquerades, which I believe are more disorderly. I was disgusted at the freedoms taken with me, tho' but the common freedoms of the place, by persons, who singled me from the throng, hurried me round the rooms, and engaged me in fifty idle conversations; and to whom, by the privilege of the place, I was obliged to be bold, pert, saucy, and to aim at repartee and smartness; the cur-

rent wit of that witless place. They once got me into a country-dance. No prude could come, or if she came, could be a prude, there.

*Sir Ch.* Were you not pleased, Miss Byron, with the first coup d'oeil of that gay apartment?

A momentary pleasure: But when I came to reflect, the bright light, striking on my tinsel dress, made me seem to myself the more conspicuous fool. Let me be kept in countenance as I might, by scores of still more ridiculous figures, what, thought I, are other peoples follies to me? Am I to make an appearance that shall want the countenance of the vainest, if not the silliest, part of the *creation*? What would my good grandfather have thought, could he have seen his Harriet, the girl whose mind he took pains to form and enlarge, mingling, in a habit so preposterously rich and gaudy, with a croud of Satyrs, Harlequins, Scaramouches, Fauns, and Dryads; nay of Witches and Devils; the graver habits striving which should most disgrace the characters they assumed, and every one endeavouring to be thought the direct *contrary* of what he or she appeared to be!

*Miss Gr.* Well then, the Devils, at least, must have been charming creatures!

*Lady L.* But, Sir Charles, might not a masquerade, if decorum were observed, and every one would support with wit and spirit the assumed character—

*Mr. Gr.* Devils and all, Lady L.?

*Lady L.* It is contrary to decorum for such shocking characters to be assumed at all: But might it not, Sir Charles, so regulated, be a rational and an almost instructive entertainment?

*Sir Ch.* You would hardly be able, my dear sister, to collect eight or nine hundred people, all wits, and all ob-

servant of decorum. And if you could, does not the example reach down to those who are capable of taking only the bad and dangerous parts of a diversion; which you may see, by every common newspaper, is become dreadfully general?

*Mr. Gr.* Well, Sir Charles, and why should not the poor devils in *low life* divert themselves as well as their betters? For my part, I rejoice when I see advertised an eighteen-peny masquerade, for all the pretty 'prentice souls, who will that evening be Arcadian Shepherdesses, Goddesses, and Queens.

I blushed at the word *Arcadian*; yet Mr. Grandison did not seem to have my masquerade dress in his thoughts.

*Miss Gr.* What low profligate scenes couldst thou expatiate upon, good man! if thou wert in proper company! I warrant those Goddesses have not wanted an adorer in our cousin Everard.

*Mr. Gr.* Dear Miss Charlotte, take care! I protest, you begin to talk with the spite of an old maid.

*Miss Gr.* There, brother! Do you hear the wretch? Will not you, knight-errant like, defend the cause of a whole class of distressed damsels, with our good Yorkshire aunt at the head of them?

*Sir Ch.* Those general prejudices and aspersions, Charlotte, are indeed unjust and cruel. Yet I am for having every-body marry. Bachelors, cousin Everard, and maids, when long single, are looked upon as houses long empty, which no-body cares to take. As the house in time, by long disuse, will be thought by the vulgar haunted by evil spirits, so will the others, by the *many*, be thought possessed by no good ones.

The transition was some-how made from hence to the equitableness that ought to be in our judgments of one

another. We must in these cases, said Sir Charles, throw merit in one scale, demerit in the other; and if the former weigh down the latter, we must in charity pronounce to the person's advantage. So it is humbly hoped we shall finally be judged ourselves: For who is faultless?

Yet, said he, for my own part, that I may not be wanting to prudence, I have sometimes, where the merit is not very striking, allowed persons, at first acquaintance, a short lease only in my good opinion; some for three, some for six, some for nine, others for twelve months, renewable or not, as they answer expectation. And by this means I leave it to every one to make his own character with me; I preserve my charity, and my complacency; and enter directly, with frankness, into conversation with him; and generally continue that freedom to the end of the respective person's lease.

*Miss Gr.* I wonder how many of your leases, brother, have been granted to Ladies?

*Sir Ch.* Many, Charlotte, of the friendly sort: But the kind you archly mean, are out of the question at present. We were talking of esteem.

This insensibly led the conversation to Love and Courtship; and he said [What do you think he said, Lucy?] That he should not, perhaps, were he in Love, be over-forward to declare his passion by words; but rather shew it by his assiduities and veneration, unless he saw, that the suspense was painful to the object; and in this case it would be equally mean and insolent not to break silence, and put himself in the power of her, whose honour and delicacy ought to be dearer to him than his own.

What say you to this, Lucy?

Some think, proceeded he, that the days of courtship, are the happiest days of life: But the man, who, as a Lover,

thinks so, is not to be forgiven. Yet it must be confessed, that *hope* gives an ardour which subsides in certainty.

Being called upon by Lord L. to be more explicit; I am not endeavouring, said he, to set up my particular humour for a general rule. For my own sake, I would not, by a too early declaration, drive a Lady into reserves; since that would be to rob myself of those innocent freedoms, and of that complacency, to which an honourable Lover might think himself intitled; and which might help him [Don't be affrighted, Ladies!] to develope the plaits and folds of the female heart.

This developement stuck with us women a little. We talked of it afterwards. And Miss Grandison *then* said, It was well her cousin Everard said not that. And *he* answered, Sir Charles may with more safety *steal a horse*, than I *look over the hedge*.

*Miss Gr.* Ay, cousin Grandison, that is because you are a Rake. A name, believe me, of at least as much reproach, as that of an Old Maid.

*Mr. Gr.* Aspersion a whole class at once, Miss Charlotte! 'Tis contrary to your own maxim: And a class too (this of the Rakes) that many a *generous*-spirited girl chooses out of, when she would dispose of herself and her fortune.

*Miss Gr.* How malapert this Everard!

What Sir Charles *next* said, made him own the character, more decently, by his blushes.

The woman who chooses a Rake, said he, does not consider, that all the sprightly airs for which she preferred him to a better man, either vanish in matrimony, or are shewn to others, to her mortal disquiet. The agreeable will be carried abroad: The disagreeable will be brought home. If he reform (and yet bad habits are very difficult



to shake off) he will probably, from the reflexions on his past guilty life, be an unsociable companion, should deep and true contrition have laid hold on him: If not, what has she chosen? He married not from honest principles: A Rake despises matrimony: If still a Rake, what hold will she have of him? A Rake in *Passion* is not a Rake in *Love*. Such a one can seldom be in Love: From a *laudable* passion he cannot. He has no delicacy. His Love deserves a vile name. And if so, it will be strange, if in his eyes a common woman excel not his modest wife.

What he said, was openly approved by the Gentlemen; tacitly by the Ladies.

The subject changing to marriages of persons of unequal years; I knew, said Lord L. a woman of character, and not reckoned to want sense, who married at twenty a man of more than fifty, in hopes of burying him; but who lived with her upwards of twenty years; and then dying, she is now in treaty with a young Rake of twenty-two. She is rich; and, poor woman! hopes to be happy. Pity, Sir Charles, she could not see the picture you have been drawing.

Retribution, replied Sir Charles, will frequently take its course. The Lady, keeping in view one steady purpose; which was, That she would marry a young man, whenever death removed the old one; forgot, when she lost her husband, that she had been growing older for the last twenty years; and will now, very probably, be the despised mate to the young husband, that her late husband was to her. Thirty years hence, the now young man will perhaps fall into the error of his predecessor, if he outlive the wife he is going to take, and be punished in the same way. These are what may be called punishments in kind. The violators of the social duties are frequently pun-

ished by the success of their own wishes. Don't you think, my Lord, that it is suitable to the divine benignity, as well as justice, to lend its sanctions and punishments in aid of those duties which bind man to man?

Lord L. said some very good things. Your Harriet was not a mute: But you know, that my point is, to let you into the character and sentiments of Sir Charles Grandison: And whenever I can do them tolerable justice, I shall keep to that point. You will promise for me, you say, Lucy—I know you will.

But one might have expected that Dr. Bartlett would have said more than he did, on some of the subjects: Yet Mr. Grandison, and he, and Miss Emily, were almost equally, and attentively, silent, till the last scene: And then the Doctor said, I must shew you a little translation of Miss Emily's from the Italian. She blushed, and looked as if she knew not whether she should stay or go. I shall be glad to see any-thing of my Emily's, said Sir Charles. I know she is a mistress of that language, and elegant in her own. Pray, my dear (to her) let us be obliged, if it will not pain you.

She blushed, and bowed.

I must first tell you, said the Doctor, that I was the occasion of her choosing so grave a subject, as you will find that of the sonnet from which hers is taken.

A sonnet! said Miss Grandison. My dear little Poetess, you must set it, and sing it to us.

No, indeed, madam, said Miss Jervois, blushing still more, Dr. Bartlett would by no means have me a *Poetess*, I am sure: And did you not, dear madam, speak that word, as if you mean to call me a name?

I think she did, my dear, said Sir Charles: Nor would I have my Emily distinguished by any name, but that of a discreet, an ingenious, and an amiable young woman.

The titles of *Wit*, and *Poetess*, have been disgraced too often by Sappho's and Corinna's ancient and modern. Was not this in your head, sister? But do not be disturbed, my Emily [The poor girl's eyes glistened] I mean no check to liveliness and modest ingenuity. The easy productions of a fine fancy, not made the business of life, or its boast, confer no denomination that is disgraceful, but very much the contrary.

I am very glad, for all *that*, said Miss Jervois, that my little translation is in plain prose: Had it not, I should have been very much afraid to have it seen.

Even in *that* case, you need not to have been afraid, my dear Miss Jervois, said the good Dr. Bartlett: Sir Charles is an admirer of good poetry: And Miss Grandison would have recollected the Philomela's, the Orinda's, and other names among her own Sex, whose fine genius does it honour.

Your diffidence and sweet humility, my dear Emily, said Lady L. would, in you, make the most envied accomplishments amiable.

I am sure, said the lovely girl, hanging down her head, tears ready to start, I have reason to be affected with the subject.—The indulgent mother is described with so much sweet tenderness—O what pleasures do mothers lose, who want tenderness!

We all, either by eyes or voices, called for the Sonnet, and her translation. Dr. Bartlett shewed them to us. I send copies of both.

SONNET of Vincenzio da Filicaja.

*Qual madre i figli con pietoso affetto  
Mira, e d'amor si strugge a lor davante;  
E un bacia in fronte, ed un si stringe al petto,  
Uno tien su i ginocchi, un sulle piante;*

*E mentre agli atti, a i gemiti, all' aspetto  
 Lor voglie intende sì diverse, e tante,  
 A questi un guardo, a quei dispensa un detto,  
 E se ride, o s' adira, è sempre amante:  
 Tal per noi Provvidenza alta infinita  
 . Veglia, e questi conforta, e quei provvede,  
 E tutti ascolta, e porge a tutti aita.  
 E se niega talor grazia, o mercede,  
 O niega sol, perchè a pregar ne invita;  
 O negar finge, e nel negar concede.*

“See a fond mother incircled by her children: With pious tenderness she looks around, and her soul even melts with maternal Love. One she kisses on the forehead; and clasps another to her bosom. One she sets upon her knee: and finds a seat upon her foot for another. And while, by their actions, their lisping words, and asking eyes, she understands their various numberless little wishes; to these she dispenses a look; a word to those; and whether she smiles or frowns, 'tis all in tender Love.

“Such to us, tho' infinitely high and awful, is PROVIDENCE: So it watches over us; comforting these; providing for those; listening to all; assisting every one: And if sometimes it denies the favour we implore, it denies but to invite our more earnest prayers, or, seeming to deny a blessing, grants one in that refusal.”

When the translation was read aloud, the tears that before were starting, trickled down the sweet girl's cheeks. But the commendations every one joined in, and especially the praises given her by her guardian, drove away every cloud from her face.

## LETTER XXVII.

*Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Miss GRANDISON.*

*My dear Charlotte,*

*Friday, March 17.*

I HAVE already seen Captain Anderson. Richard Saunders, whom I sent with your Letter, as soon as I came to town, found him at his lodgings near Whitehall. He expressed himself, on reading it, before the servant, with *indiscreet* warmth. I would not make minute enquiries after his words, because I intended an amicable meeting with him.

We met at four yesterday afternoon, at the Cocoa-tree in Pallmall: Lieut. Col. Mackenzie, and Major Dillon, two of his friends, with whom I had no acquaintance, were with him. The Captain and I withdrew to a private room. The two gentlemen entered it with us.

You will on this occasion, I know, expect me to be particular: Yet must allow, that I had no good cause to manage; since those points that had most weight (and which were the ground of your objections to him, when you saw him in a near light) could not be pleaded without affronting him; and if they had, would hardly have met with his allowance; and could therefore have no force in the argument.

On the two gentlemen entering the room with us, without apology or objection, I asked the Captain, If they were acquainted with the affair we met upon? He said, They were his dear and inseparable friends, and knew every secret of his heart. Perhaps in this case, Captain Anderson, returned I, it were as well they did not.

We are men of honour, Sir Charles Grandison, said the Major, briskly.

I don't doubt it, Sir. But where the delicacy of a Lady is concerned, the hearts of the principals should be the whole world to each other. But what is done, is done. I am ready to enter upon the affair before these gentlemen, if you choose it, Captain.

You will find us to be gentlemen, Sir Charles, said the Colonel.

The Captain then began, with warmth, his own story. Indeed he told it very well. I was pleased, for my *sister's* sake (pardon me, Charlotte) that he did. He is not contemptible, either in person or understanding. He may be said, perhaps, to be an illiterate, but he is not an ignorant man; tho' not the person whom the friends of Charlotte Grandison would think worthy of the first place in her heart.

After he had told his story (which I need not repeat to you) he insisted upon your promise. And his two friends declared in his favour, with airs, each man, a little too peremptory. I told them so; and that they must do me the justice to consider me as a man of some spirit, as well as themselves. I came hither with a friendly intention, gentlemen, said I. I do not love to follow the lead of hasty spirits: But if you expect to carry any point with me, it must not be either by raised voices, or heightened complexions.

Their features were all at once changed: And they said, they meant not to be warm.

I told the Captain, That I would not enter into a minute defence of the Lady, tho' my sister. I owned, that there had appeared a precipitation in her conduct. Her treatment at home, as she apprehended, was not answerable to her merits. She was young, and knew nothing of the world. Young Ladies were often struck by appearances.

You, Captain Anderson, said I, have advantages in person and manner, that might obtain for you a young Lady's attention. And as she believed herself circumstanced in her family, I wonder not that she lent an ear to the address of a gallant man; whose command in that neighbourhood, and, I doubt not, whose behaviour in that command, added to his consequence. But I take it for granted, Sir, that you met with difficulties from her, when she came to reflect upon the disreputation of a young woman's carrying on clandestinely a correspondence with a man, of whose address her father, then living, was not likely to approve. There was none of that violent passion on either side, that precludes reason, discretion, duty. It is no wonder then, that a woman of Charlotte Grandison's known good sense should reflect, should consider: And perhaps the less, that you should therefore seek to engage her by promise. But what *was* the promise? It was not the promise that, it seems, you sought to engage her to make; To be absolutely yours, and no other man's: But it was, That she would not marry any other man without your consent, while you remained single. An unreasonable promise, however, I will presume to say, either to be proposed, or submitted to.

*Sir!* said the Captain, and looked the Soldier.

I repeated what I last said.

Sir! again said the Captain; and looked upon his friends, who pointed each his head at the other, and at him, by turns—as if they had said, Very free language!

For, Sir, proceeded I, did it not give room to think, that you had either some doubts of your own merit with the Lady, or of her affection and steadiness? And in either case, ought it to have been proposed? Ought it to have been made? For my part, I should disdain to think of any

woman for a wife, who gave me reason to imagine, that she was likely to balance a moment, as to her choice of me, or any other man.

Something in that! said the Colonel.

As you explain yourself, Sir Charles, said the Major—

The Captain, however, sat swelling. He was not so easily satisfied.

Your motive, we are not to question, Captain, was Love. Miss Grandison is a young woman whom any man may love. By the way, where a man is assured of a return in Love, there is no occasion for a promise. But a promise *was* made. My sister is a woman of honour. She thinks herself bound by it; and she is content to lead a single life to the end of it, if you will not acquit her of this promise. Yet she leaves, and at the *time* did leave, *you* free. You will have the justice, Sir, to allow, that there is a generosity in her conduct to you, which remains for you to shew to her, since a promise should not be made but on equal terms. Would you hold her to it, and be not held yourself? She desires not to hold you. Let me tell you, Captain, that if I had been in your situation, and had been able to *prevail upon myself* to endeavour to bring a Lady to make me such a promise, I should have doubted her Love of me, had she not sought to bind me to her by an equal tie. What! should I have said to myself, is this Lady dearer to *me* than all the women upon earth? Do I seek to bind her to me by a solemn promise, which shall give me a power over *her*? And has she so little regard for me, as not to value, whether I marry any other woman?

The gentlemen looked upon one another; but were silent. I proceeded.

Let us set this matter in its true light. Here is a young woman, who had suffered herself to be embarrassed in a



treaty, that her whole heart, she assures me, was never in. *This was her fault.* But know we not how inextricable are the entanglements of *Love*, as it is called, when young women are brought to enter into correspondence with men? Our Sex have opportunities of knowing the world, which the other have not. Experience, gentlemen, engaging with inexperience, and perhaps to the difference of twice the number of years [Sir! said the Captain] the combat must be too unequal. How artfully do men endeavour to draw in the women whom they think it worth their while to pursue!—But would any man here wish to marry a woman, who declares that she was insensibly drawn in beyond her purpose? who shewed, when she refused to promise that she would be his, in preference to all other men, that she did not love him above all other men? who, when she was prevailed on to fetter herself, made him not of consequence enough to herself to bind *him*? and, in a word, who has long ago declared to him, and steadily persists in the declaration, That she *never* will be his?—You seem, gentlemen, to be men of spirit. Would you wish to marry the first woman on earth on these terms, if you *could* obtain her?—which, however, is not the case; since Miss Grandison's promise extends not so far as to oblige her to marry Captain Anderson.

The Captain did not, he told me, like some part of what I had said; and still less some of the words I had used;—and seemed to be disposing his features to take a fiercer turn than became the occasion. I interrupted him therefore: I meet you not, Captain, said I, either to hear, or to obviate, cavils upon words. When I have told you, that I came with an amicable intention, I expect to be believed. I intend not offence. But let us be *men*. I am perhaps a younger man by ten years, than any one pre-

sent; but I have seen the world, as much as any man of my age; and know what is due to the character of a gentleman, whether it be Captain Anderson's, or my own: And expect not wilful misconstructions.

All I mean is, Sir, said the Captain, that I will not be treated contemptuously, no, not even by the brother of Miss Grandison.

The brother of Miss Grandison, Sir, is not accustomed to treat any man contemptuously. Don't treat yourself so, and you are safe from unworthy treatment from me. Let me add, Sir, that I permit every man to fix his character with me, as he pleases. I will venture to say, I have a large charity; but I extend it not to tameness: But yet will always allow a third person to decide upon the justice of my intentions and actions.

The Captain said, That he ascribed a great deal of my sister's *positiveness in her denial of him* (those were his words) to the time of my arrival in England; and he doubted not, that I had encouraged the proposals, either of Sir Walter Watkyns, or of Lord G. because of their quality and fortunes: And hence his difficulties were increased.

And then up he rose, slapt one hand upon the table, put the other on his sword, and was going to say some very fierce things, prefacing them with damning his blood; when I stood up: Hold, Captain; be calm, if possible—Hear from me the naked truth: I will make you a fair representation; and, when I have done, do you resume, if you think it necessary, that angry air you got up with, and see what you'll make of it.

His friends interposed. He sat down, half out of breath with anger. His swelled features went down by degrees.

The truth of the matter is strictly and briefly this.

All my sister's difficulties (which, perhaps, were greater in apprehension than in fact) ended with my father's life. I made it my business, on my arrival, as soon as possible, to ascertain my sisters fortunes. Lord L. married the elder. The two gentlemen you have mentioned, made their addresses to the younger. I knew nothing of you, Captain Anderson. My sister had wholly kept the affair between you and her, in her own breast. She had not revealed it, even to her sister. The reason she gives, and to which you, Sir, could be no stranger, was, That she was determined never to be yours. The subject requires explicitness, Captain Anderson: And I am not accustomed to palliate, whenever it does. She hoped to prevail upon you to leave her as generously free, as she had left you. I do assure you, upon my honour, that she favours not either of the gentlemen. I know not the man she *does* favour. It is I, her brother, not herself, that am solicitous for her marrying. And, upon the indifference she expressed to change her condition, on terms to which no objection could be made, I supposed she must have a secret preference to some other man. I was afterwards informed, that Letters had passed between her and you, by a Lady, who had it from a gentleman of your acquaintance. You have shewn me, Sir, by the presence of these gentlemen, that you were not so careful of the secret, as my sister had been.—They looked upon one another.

I charged my sister, upon this discovery, with reserve to me: But offered her my service in her own way; assuring her, that if her heart were engaged, the want of quality, title, and fortune, should not be of weight with me; and that whomsoever she accepted for her husband, him would I receive for my brother.

The Colonel and the Major extravagantly applauded

a behaviour on this occasion, which deserved no more than a common approbation.

She solemnly assured me, proceeded I, that altho' she held herself bound by the promise which youth, inexperience, and solicitation, had drawn her in to make, she resolved to perform it by a perpetual single life, if it were insisted upon. And thus, Sir, you see, that it depends upon you to keep Charlotte Grandison a single woman, till you marry some other Lady (A power, let me tell you, that no man ought to seek to obtain over any young woman) or generously to acquit her of it, and leave her as free as she has left you.—And now, gentlemen (to the Major and Colonel) if you come hither not so much parties as judges, I leave this matter upon your consideration; and will withdraw for a few moments.

I left every mouth ready to burst into words; and walked into the public room. There I met with Colonel Martin, whom I had seen abroad; and who had just asked after Major Dillon. He, to my great surprize, took notice to me of the business that brought me thither.

You see, my sister, the consequence you were of to Captain Anderson. He had not been able to forbear boasting of the honour which a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison had done him, and of his enlarged prospects, by her interest. Dear Charlotte—How unhappy was the man, that your pride should make you think yourself concerned to keep secret an affair that he thought a glory to him to make known to many! For we see (shall I not say, to the advantage of this gentleman's character) that he has many *dear and inseparable friends*, from whom he *concealed not any secret of his heart*.

Colonel Mackenzie came out soon after, and we withdrew to the corner of the room. He talked a great deal of

the strength of the Captain's passion; of the hopes he had conceived of making his fortune, thro' the interest of a family to which he imputed consideration: He made me a great many compliments: He talked of the great detriment this long-suspended affair had been to his friend; and told me, with a grave countenance, that the Captain was grown as many years older, as it had been in hand; and was ready to rate very highly so much time lost in the prime of life. In short, he ascribed to the Captain the views and the disappointments of a military fortune-hunter too plainly for his honour in my eye, had I been disposed to take *proper* notice of the meaning of what he said.

After having heard him out, I desired the Colonel to let me know what all this meant, and what were the Captain's expectations.

He paraded on again, a long time; and asked me, at last, If there were no hopes that the Lady——

None at all, interrupted I. She has steadily declared as much. Charlotte Grandison is a woman of fine sense. She has great qualities. She has insuperable objections to the Captain, which are founded on a more perfect knowledge of the man, and of her own heart, than she could have at first. It is not my intention to depreciate him with his friend: I shall not, therefore, enter into particulars. Let me know, Colonel, what the gentleman pretends to. He is passionate, I see: I am not a tame man: But God forbid, that Captain Anderson, who hoped to be benefited by an alliance with the daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison, should receive hurt, or hard treatment, from her brother!

Here Colonel Martin, who had heard something of what was said, desired to speak with Colonel Mackenzie.

They were not so distant, but my ear unavoidably caught part of their subject. Colonel Martin expatiated, in a very high manner, on my character, when I was abroad. He imputed bravery to me (a great article among military men, and with you Ladies) and I know not how many good qualities—And Colonel Mackenzie took him in with him to the other two gentlemen: Where, I suppose, every-thing that had passed was repeated.

After a while, I was desired by Colonel Martin, in the name of the gentlemen, to walk in; he himself sitting down in the public room.

They received me with respect. I was obliged to hear and say a great many things, that I had said and heard before: But at last two proposals were made me; either of which, they said, if complied with, would be taken as laying the Captain under very high obligation.

Poor man! I had compassion for him, and closed with one of them; declining the other for a reason which I did not give to them. To say truth, Charlotte, I did not choose to promise my *interest* in behalf of a man, of whose merit I was not assured, had I been able to challenge any, as perhaps I might by Lord W's means; who stands well with proper persons. A man ought to think himself, in some measure, accountable for *warm* recommendations; especially where the public is concerned: And could I give my promise, and be cool as to the performance? And I should think myself also answerable to a worthy man, and to every one connected with him, if I were a means of lifting one less worthy over his head. I chose therefore to do that service to him, for which I am responsible only to *myself*. After I have said this, my sister must ask me no questions.

I gave a rough draught, at the Captain's request, of the manner in which I would have releases drawn. Colonel Martin was desired to walk in: And all the gentlemen promised to bury in silence all that had ever come to their knowlege, of what had passed between Charlotte Grandison, and Captain Anderson.

Let not the mentioning to you these measures, hurt you, my sister. Many young Ladies of sense and family have been drawn into still greater inconveniencies than you have suffered. Persons of eminent abilities (I have a very high opinion of my Charlotte's) seldom err in *small* points. Most young women, who begin a correspondence with our designing Sex, think they can stop when they will. But it is not so. We, and the dark spirit that sets us at work, which we sometimes mis-call Love, will not permit you to do so. Men and Women are Devils to one another. They need no other tempter.

All will be completed to-morrow; and your written promise, of consequence, given up. I congratulate my sister on the happy conclusion of this affair. You are now your own mistress, and free to choose for yourself. I should never forgive myself, were I, who have been the means of freeing you from one controul, to endeavour to lay you under another. Think not either of Sir Walter or of Lord G. if your heart declare not in favour of either. You have sometimes thought me *earnest* in behalf of Lord G.: But I have never spoken in his favour, but when you have put me upon answering objections to him, which I have thought insufficient: And indeed, Charlotte, some of your objections have been so slight, that I was ready to believe, you put them for the pleasure of having them answered.

My Charlotte need not doubt of admirers, where-ever she sets her foot. And I repeat, that whoever be the man she inclines to favour, she may depend upon the approbation and good offices of

*Her ever-affectionate Brother,*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

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LETTER XXVIII.

*Miss HARRIET BYRON, To Miss SELBY.*

*Friday, Mar. 17.*

**I** SEND you inclosed (to be returned by the first opportunity) Sir Charles's Letter to his sister, acquainting her with the happy conclusion of the affair between Captain Anderson and her. Her brother, as you will see, acquits her not of precipitation. If he did, it would have been an impeachment of his justice. O the dear Charlotte! how her pride is piqued at the meanness of the man!—But no more of this subject, as the Letter is before you.

And now, my dear and honoured friends, let me return you a thousand thanks for the great packet of my Letters, just sent me, with a most indulgent one from my aunt, and another from my uncle.

I have already put into the two Ladies hands, and my Lord's, without reserve, all the Letters that reach to the masquerade affair, from the time of my setting out for London; and when they have read those, I have promised them more. This confidence has greatly obliged them; and they are employed, with no small earnestness, in perusing them.



This gives me an opportunity of pursuing my own devices—And what, besides scribbling, do you think one of them is—A kind of persecution of Dr. Bartlett; by which, however, I suspect, that I myself am the greatest sufferer. He is an excellent man; and I make no difficulty of going to him in his closet; encouraged by his assurances of welcome.

Let me stop to say, my Lucy, that when I approach this good man in his retirement, surrounded by his books, his table generally covered with those on pious subjects, I, in my heart, congratulate the saint, and inheritor of future glory; and in that great view, am the more desirous to cultivate his friendship.

And what do you think is our subject? Sir Charles, I suppose, you guess—And so it is, either in the middle or latter end of the few conversations we have yet had time to hold: But, I do assure you, we begin with the sublimest; tho' I must say, to my shame, that it has not so much of my heart, at present, as once it had, and I hope again it will one day have—The great and glorious truths of Christianity, are this subject; which *yet*, from this good Dr. Bartlett, warms my heart, as often as he enters into it. But this very subject, sublime as it is, brings on the other, as of consequence: For Sir Charles Grandison, without making an ostentatious pretension to religion, is the very Christian in practice, that these doctrines teach a man to be. Must not then the doctrines introduce the mention of a man who endeavours humbly to imitate the Divine example? It was upon good grounds he once said, That as he must one day die, it was matter of no moment to *him*, whether it were to-morrow, or forty years hence.

The Ladies had referred me to the Doctor himself for a more satisfactory account than they had given me, how

Sir Charles and he first came acquainted. I told him so, and asked his indulgence to me in this enquiry.

He took it kindly. He had, he said, the history of it written down. His nephew, whom he often employs as his amanuensis, should make me out, from that little history, an account of it, which I might shew, he was pleased to say, to such of my select friends, as I entrusted with the knowlege of my own heart.

I shall impatiently expect the abstract of this little history; and the more, as the Doctor tells me, there will be included some particulars of Sir Charles's behaviour abroad in his younger life, and of Mr. Beauchamp, whom the Doctor speaks of with love, as his patron's dearest friend, and whom he calls a second Sir Charles Grandison.

See, my Lucy, the reward of frankness of heart. My communicativeness has been already encouraged with the perusal of two Letters from the same excellent man to Doctor Bartlett; to whom, from early days (as I shall be soon more particularly informed) he has given an account of all his conduct and movements.

The Doctor drew himself in, however, by reading to Lord L. and the Ladies, and me, a paragraph or two out of one of them: And he has even allowed me to give my grandmamma and aunt a sight of them. Return them, Lucy, with the other Letter, by the very next post. He says, he can deny me nothing. I wish I may not be too bold with him—As for Miss Grandison, she vows, that she will not let the good man rest till she gets him to communicate what he shall not absolutely declare to be a secret, to *us* three sisters, and my Lord L. If the first man, she says, could not resist *one* woman, how will the Doctor

deal with *three*, not one of them behind-hand with the *first* in curiosity? And all loving him, and whom he professes to esteem? You see, Lucy, that Miss Grandison, has pretty well got up her spirits again.

Just now Miss Grandison has related to me a conversation that passed between my Lord and Lady L. herself, and Doctor Bartlett: In which the subject was their brother and me. The Ladies and my Lord are entirely in my interests, and regardful of my punctilio. They roundly told the Doctor, That, being extremely earnest to have their brother marry, they knew not the person living, whom they wished to call his wife preferably to Miss Byron; could they be sure, that I was absolutely disengaged. Now, Doctor, said Miss Grandison, tell us frankly, What is your opinion of our choice for a more than nominal sister?

I will make no apologies, Lucy, for repeating all that was repeated to me of this conversation.

*Lord L.* Ay, my good Doctor Bartlett, let us have your free opinion.

*Dr. B.* Miss Byron (I pronounce upon knowlege, for she has more than once, since I have been down, done me the honour of entering into very free and serious conversations with me) is one of the most excellent of women.

And then he went on, praising me for ingenuousness, seriousness, chearfulness, and for other good qualities, which his partiality found out in me: And added, Would to heaven that she were neither more nor less than Lady Grandison!

God bless him! thought I—Don't you join, my Lucy, to say, at this place, you, who love me so dearly, God bless you, Doctor Bartlett?

*Lady L.* Well, but, Doctor, you say that Miss Byron talks freely with you; cannot you gather from her, whether she is inclined to marriage? Whether she is absolutely disengaged? Lady D. made a proposal to her for Lord D.; and insisted on an answer to this very question: That matter is gone off. As our *guest*, we would not have Miss Byron think us impertinent. She is very delicate. And as she is so amiably frank-hearted, those things she chooses not to mention of her own accord, one would not, you know, officiously put to her.

This was a little too much affected. Don't you think so, Lucy? The Doctor, it is evident by his answer, did.

*Dr. B.* It is not likely that such a subject can arise between Miss Byron and me: And it is strange, methinks, that Ladies calling each other sisters, should not be absolutely mistresses of this question.

*Lord L.* Very right, Doctor Bartlett. But Ladies will, in these points, take a compass before they explain themselves. A man of Doctor Bartlett's penetration and uprightness, Ladies, should not be treated with distance. We are of opinion, Doctor, that Miss Byron, supposing that she is absolutely disengaged, could make no difficulty to prefer my brother to all the men in the world. What think you?

*Dr. B.* I have no doubt of it: She thinks herself under obligation to him. She is goodness itself. She must love goodness. Sir Charles's person, his vivacity, his address, his understanding—What woman would not prefer him to all the men she ever saw? He has met with admirers among the Sex in every nation in which he has set his foot [Ah! Lucy!]. You, Ladies, must have seen, forgive me (bowing to each) that Miss Byron has a more than grateful respect for your brother.

*Miss Gr.* We think so, Doctor; and wanted to know if *you* did: And so, as my Lord says, fetched a little compass about; which we should not have done to *you*. But you say, That my brother has had numbers of admirers—Pray, Doctor, is there any *one* Lady (We imagine there is) that he has preferred to another, in the different nations he has travelled through?

*Lord L. Ay*, Doctor, we want to know this; and if you thought there were *not*, we should make no scruple to explain ourselves, as well to Miss Byron, as to my brother.

Don't you long to know what answer the Doctor returned to this, Lucy? I was out of breath with impatience, when Miss Grandison repeated it to me.

The Doctor hesitated—And at last said; I wish with all my heart, Miss Byron could be Lady Grandison.

*Miss Gr.* COULD be?—*Could* be? said each.

And, COULD be? said the fool to Miss Grandison, when she repeated it, her heart quite sunk.

*Dr. B.* (smiling) You hinted, Ladies, that you are not *sure*, that Miss Byron is absolutely disengaged. But, to be open and above-board, I have reason to believe, that your brother would be concerned, if he knew it, that you should think of putting such a question as this to anybody but himself. Why don't you? He once complained to me, that he was afraid his sisters looked upon him as a reserved man; and condescended to call upon me to put him right, if I thought his appearance such as would give you grounds for the surmise. There are two or three affairs of intricacy that he is engaged in, and particularly one, that hangs in suspense; and he would not be fond, I believe, of mentioning it, till he can do it with certainty: But else, Ladies, there is not a more frank-hearted man in the world, than *your* brother.

See, Lucy, how cautious we ought to be in passing judgment on the actions of others, especially on those of good men, when we want to fasten blame upon them; perhaps with a low view (envying their superior worth) to bring them down to our own level!—For are we not all apt to measure the merits of others by our own standard, and to give praise or dispraise to actions or sentiments, as they square with our own?

*Lord L.* Perhaps, Doctor Bartlett, you don't think yourself at liberty to answer, whether these particular affairs are of such a nature, as will interfere with the *hopes* we have of bringing to effect a marriage between my brother and Miss Byron?

*Dr. B.* I had rather refer to Sir Charles himself on this subject. If any man in the world deserves from prudence and integrity of heart to be happy in this life, that man is Sir Charles Grandison. But he is not *quite* happy.

Ah, Lucy!—The doctor proceeded. Your brother, Ladies, has often said to me, That there was hardly a man living who had a more sincere value for the Sex than he had; who had been more distinguished by the favour of worthy women; yet who had paid dearer for that distinction than he had done.

*Lady L.* Paid dearer! Good Heaven!

*Miss Gr.* How could that be?

*Lord L.* I always abroad heard the Ladies reckon upon Sir Charles, as their own man. His vivacity, his personal accomplishments, his politeness, his generosity, his bravery!—Every woman who spoke of him, put him down for a man of gallantry. And is he not a *truly* gallant man?—I never mentioned it before—But a Lady Olivia, of Florence, was much talked of, when I was in that city, as

being in Love with the handsome Englishman, as our brother was commonly called there—

Lady Olivia! Lady Olivia! repeated each sister: and why did not your Lordship——

Why? Because, tho' she was in Love with him, he had no thoughts of her. And, as the Doctor says, she is but *one* of those who, where-ever he set his foot, admired him.

Bless me, thought I, what a black swan is a good man! —Why (as I have often thought, to the credit of our Sex) will not all the men be good?

*Lady L.* My Lord, you must tell us more of this Lady Olivia.

*Lord L.* I know very little more of her. She was reputed to be a woman of high quality and fortune, and great spirit. I once saw her. She is a fine figure of a woman. Dr. Bartlett can, no doubt, give you an account of her.

*Miss Gr.* Ah, Doctor! What a history could you give us of our brother if you pleased!—But as there is no likelihood that this Lady will be any-thing to my brother, let us return to our first subject.

*Lady L.* By all means. Pray, Dr. Bartlett, do you know what my brother's opinion is of Miss Byron?

*Dr. Bart.* The highest that man can have of woman.

*Lady L.* As we are so very desirous to see my brother happily married, and think he never could have a woman so likely to make him happy, would you advise us to propose the alliance to him? We would not to *her*, unless we thought there were room to hope for his approbation, and that in a very high degree.

*Dr. B.* I am under some concern, my dear Ladies, to be thought to know more of your brother's heart, than

sisters do, whom he loves so dearly, and who equally love him. I beseech you, give me not so much more consequence with him than you imagine you have yourselves. I shall be afraid, if you do, that the favour I wish to stand in with you, is owing more to your brother's distinction of me, than to your own hearts.

*Lord L.* I see not why we may not talk to my brother directly on this head. Whence is it, that we are all three insensibly drawn in, by each other's example, to this distance between him and us?—It is not *his* fault. Did we ever ask him a question, that he did not directly answer, and that without shewing the least affectation or reserve?

*Miss Gr.* He came over to us all at once so perfect, after an eight or nine years absence, with so much power, and such a will, to do us good, that we were awed into a kind of reverence of him.

*Lady L.* Too great obligations from one side, will indeed create distance on the other. Grateful hearts will always retain a sense of favours heaped upon them.

*Dr. B.* You would give pain to his noble heart, did he think, that you put such a value upon what he has done. I do assure you, that he thinks he has hardly performed his duty by his sisters. And, as occasions may still offer, you will *find* he thinks so. But let me beg of you to treat him without reserve or diffidence; and that you would put to him all those questions which you would wish to be answered. You will find him, I dare say, very candid, and very explicit.

*Miss Gr.* That shall be my task, when I next see him. But, dear Doctor Bartlett, if you love us, communicate to us all that is proper for us to see, of the correspondence that passes between him and you.

The Doctor, it seems, bowed; but answered not.



So you see, Lucy, upon the whole, that I have no great *reason* to build so much, as my uncle in his last Letter, imagines I do, on the interest of these Ladies and my Lord L. with their brother. *Two or three intricate affairs on his hands: One of them still in suspense; of which, for that reason, he makes a secret: He is not quite happy: Greatly distinguished by the favour of worthy women:* Who would wonder at that?—But *has paid dear for the distinction!*—What can one say? What can one think! He once said himself, That his life was a various life; and that some unhappy things had befallen him. If the prudence of such a man could not shield him from misfortune, who can be exempted from it?—And from *worthy* women too!—That's the wonder!—But is this Olivia one of the *worthy* women?—I fancy he must despise us all. I fancy he will never think of incumbering himself with one of a Sex, that has made him pay so dear for the general distinction he has met with from it. As to his politeness to us; a man may *afford* to shew politeness to those he has resolved to keep at distance.

But, ah, Lucy!—There must be one happy woman, whom he wishes *not* to keep at distance. This is the affair, that *hangs in suspense*; and of which, therefore, he chooses to say nothing.

I have had the pleasure of a visit from my godfather Deane. He dined with us this day in his way to town. The Ladies, Dr. Bartlett, and my Lord L. are charmed with him. Yet I had pain mingled with my pleasure. He took me aside, and charged me *so* home—He was *too* inquisitive. I never knew him to be so *very* urgent to know my heart. But I was frank: Very frank: I should hardly have been excuseable, if I had not, to so good a

man, and so dear a friend. Yet he scarce knew how to be satisfied with my frankness.

He will have it, that I look thinner and paler than I used to do. That may very well be. My very *soul*, at times—I know not how I am—Sir Charles is in suspense too, from somebody abroad. From my heart I pity him. Had he but some faults; some great blemishes; I fancy I should be easier about him. But to hear nothing of him, but what is so greatly praiseworthy, and my heart so delighted with acts of beneficence—And now, my godfather Deane, at this visit, running on in his praises, and commending, instead of blaming me, for my presumptuous thoughts; nay, exalting me, and telling me, That I deserve him—that I deserve Sir Charles Grandison!—Why did he not chide me? Why did he not dissuade me?—Neither fortune nor merit answerable!—A man who knows so well what to do with fortune!—The Indies, my dear, ought to be his! What a king would he make! Power could not corrupt such a mind as his. Cæsar, said Dr. Bartlett, speaking of him before Mr. Deane and all of us, was not quicker to destroy, than Sir Charles Grandison is to relieve. Emily's eyes, at the time, ran over with joy at the expression; and, drying them, she looked proudly round on us all, as if she had said, This is my guardian!

But what do you think, Lucy! My godfather will have it, that he sees a young passion in Miss Jervois for her guardian!—God forbid!—A young Love may be conquered, I believe; but *who* shall caution the innocent girl? She must have a sweet pleasure in it, creeping, stealing, upon her. How can so unexperienced a heart, the object so meritorious, resist or reject the indulgence? But, O my Emily! sweet girl! do not let your Love get the better

of your gratitude, lest it make you unhappy! and, what would be still more affecting to a worthy heart, make the generous object of a passion that cannot be gratified, unhappy; and for *that* very reason; because he cannot reward it! See you not already, that, with all his goodness, he is not quite happy? He is a sufferer from *worthy* women!—O my Emily, do not *you* add to the infelicity of a man, who can make but *one* woman happy; yet wishes to befriend all the world—But, hush! selfish adviser! Should not Harriet Byron have thought of this in time?—Yet she knew not, that he had any previous engagements: And may death lay his cold hand upon her heart, before she become an additional disturbance to his! He knows not, I hope he guesses not, tho' Dr. Bartlett has found me out, as well as the sisters, that I am captivated, heart and soul, by his merits. May he never know it, if the knowledge of it would give him the shadow of uneasiness!

I owned to Mr. Deane, that my Lord L. and the Ladies were warmly interested in my favour. Thank God for that! he said. All must happen to his wish. Nay, he would have it, that Sir Charles's goodness would be *rewarded* in having such a wife: But what wife can do more than her duty to any husband who is not absolutely a savage? How then can all I could do, *reward* such a man as this?

But, Lucy, don't you blush for me, on reading this last page of my writing? You *may*, since I blush myself on re-perusing it. For shame, Harriet Byron, put a period to this Letter!—I will; nor subscribe to it so much as the initials of my name.

## LETTER XXIX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr. BARTLETT.*

[*Inclosed in the preceding.*]

*Friday, Mar. 17.*

LAST night I saw interred the remains of my worthy friend Mr. Danby. I had caused his two nephews and his niece to be invited: But they did not attend.

As the will was not to be opened till the funeral was over, about which the good man had given me verbal directions; apprehending, I believe, exhortations from me, had I known the contents; I sent to them this morning to be present at the opening.

Their attorney, Mr. Sylvester, a man of character, and good behaviour, brought me a Letter, signed by all three, excusing themselves on very slight pretences, and desiring that *he* might be present for them. I took notice to him, that the behaviour of his principals over-night and now, was neither respectful to the memory of their uncle, nor civil with regard to me. He honestly owned, that Mr. Danby having acquainted his two nephews, a little before he died, that he had made his will, and that they had very little to expect from him, they, who had been educated by his direction, and made merchants at his expence, with hopes given them, that he would, at his death, do very handsomely for them, and had never disobliged him, could not be present at the opening of a will, the contents of which they expected to be so mortifying to them.

I opened it in presence of this gentleman. The preamble was an angry one; giving reasons for his resent-

ment against the father of these young persons, who (tho' his brother) had once, as I hinted to you at Colnebrooke, made a very shocking attempt upon his life. I was hurt, however, to find a resentment carried so far as against the innocent children of the offender, and into the last will of so good a man; that will so lately made, as within three weeks of his death; and he given over for three months before.

Will the tenderness due to the memory of a friend permit me to ask, Where would that resentment have stopt, had the private man been a monarch, which he could carry into his last will?

But see we not, on the other hand, that these children, had they power, would have punished their uncle, for disposing, as he thought fit, of his own fortune; no part of which came to him by inheritance?

They had been educated, as I have said, at his expence; and, in the phrase of business, well put out. Expences their careless father would not have been at: He is, in every light, a bad man. How much better had these childrens title been to a more considerable part of their uncle's estate than he has bequeathed to them, had they been thankful for the benefits they had actually received! Benefits, which are of such a nature, that they cannot be taken from them.

Mr. Danby has bequeathed to each of the three, one thousand pounds; but on express condition, that they signify to his executor, within two months after his demise, their acceptance of it, in full of all demands upon his estate. If they do not (tender being duly made) the three thousand pounds are to be carried to the uses of the will.

He then appoints the executor; and makes him resi-

duary legatee; giving for reason, that he had been the principal instrument in the hand of Providence, of saving his life.

He bequeaths some generous remembrances to three of his friends in France; and requests his executor to dispose of three thousand pounds to charitable uses, either in France or England, as he thinks fit, and to what particular objects he pleases.

And, by an inventory annexed to the will, his effects in money, bills, actions, and jewels, are made to amount to upwards of thirty thousand pounds sterling.

Mr. Sylvester complimented me on this great *wind-fall*, as he called it; and assured me, that it should be his advice to his clients, that each take his and her legacy, and sit down contented with it: And he believed, that they the rather would, as, from what their uncle had hinted, they apprehended, that the sum of an hundred pounds each, was all they had to hope for.

I enquired into the inclinations and views of the three; and received a very good general account of them; with a hint, that the girl was engaged in a Love-affair.

Their father, after his vile attempt upon his brother's life, was detested by all his friends and relations, and went abroad; and the last news they heard of him, was, that he was in a very ill state of health, and in unhappy circumstances, in Barbados: And very probably by this time is no more.

I desired Mr. Sylvester to advise the young people to recollect themselves; and said, that I had a disposition to be kind to them: And as he could give me only general accounts of their views, prospects, and engagements, I wished they would, with marks of confidence in me, give me particular ones: But that, whether they complimented

me as I wished, or not, I was determined, for the sake of their uncle's memory, to do all reasonable services to them. Tell them, in a word, Mr. Sylvester, and do you forgive the seeming vanity, That I am not accustomed to suffer the narrowness of other peoples hearts to contract mine.

The man went away, very much pleased with what I had said; and in about two hours, sent me a note, in the names of all his clients, expressing gratitude and obligation; and requesting me to allow him to introduce them all three to me this afternoon.

I have some necessary things to do, and persons to see, in relation to my deceased friend, which will be dispatched over a dish of tea: And therefore I have invited the honest attorney, and his three clients, to sup with me.

I will not send this to Colnebrooke, where I hope you are all happy [All must; for are they not all good? And are not *you* with them?] till I accompany it with the result of this evening's conversation. Yet I am too fond of every occasion that offers to tell you, what, however, you cannot doubt, how much I am *yours*, not to sign to that truth the name of

CHARLES GRANDISON.

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LETTER XXX.

*Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

*Friday night, March 17.*

MR. SYLVESTER, an honest pleasure shining in his countenance, presented to me, first, Miss Danby; then, each of her brothers; who all received my

welcome with a little consciousness, as if they had something to reproach themselves with, and were generously ashamed to be overcome. The sister had the least of it: And I saw by that, that she was the least blameable, not the least modest; since I dare say she had but followed her brothers lead; while they looked down and bashful, as having all that was done amiss to answer for.

Miss Danby is a very pretty, and very genteel young woman. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Edward Danby, are agreeable in their persons and manners, and want not sense.

In the first moment I dissipated all their uneasiness; and we sat down together with confidence in each other. The honest attorney had prepared them to be easy after the first introduction.

I offer not to read to you, said I, the will of your uncle. It is sufficient to repeat what Mr. Sylvester has, no doubt, told you; That you are each of you intitled by it to a thousand pounds.

They all bowed; and the elder brother signified their united consent to accept it upon the terms of the will.

Three thousand pounds more are to be disposed of to charitable uses, at the discretion of the executor: Three other legacies are left to three different gentlemen in France: And the large remainder, which will not be less than four-and-twenty thousand pounds, falls to the executor, as residuary legatee, equally unexpected and undesired.

The elder brother said, God bless you with it, Sir. The second said, It could not have fallen to a worthier man. The young Lady's lips moved: But words proceeded not from them. Yet her eyes shewed that her lips made me a compliment.

It is ungenerous, Dr. Bartlett, to keep expecting minds



in suspense, tho' with a view of obliging in the end. The surprise intended to be raised on such an occasion, carries in its appearance an air of insult. I have, said I, a great desire to do you service. Now let me know, gentleman (I will talk to the young Lady singly, perhaps) what your expectations were upon your uncle; what will do for each of you, to enable you to enter the world with advantage, in the way you have been brought up; and, as I told your worthy friend, Mr. Sylvester, I will be ready to do you all reasonable service.—But, hold, Sir; for Mr. Thomas Danby was going to speak; you shall consider before you answer me. The matter is of importance. Be explicit. I love openness and sincerity. I will withdraw, till you have consulted together. Command me in when you have determined.

I withdrew to my Study: And, in about a quarter of an hour, they let me know, that they were ready to attend me. I went in to them. They looked upon one another. Come, gentlemen, don't fear to speak. Consider me, for your uncle's sake, as your brother.

The elder brother was going to speak; but, hesitating, Come, said I, let me *lead* you into the matter—Pray, Sir, what is your present situation? What are your present circumstances?

My father, Sir, was unhappy—My father——

Well, Sir, no more of your father—He *could* do nothing for you. Your whole dependence, I presume, was upon your uncle.

My uncle, Sir, gave us all our education—My uncle gave each brother a thousand guineas for putting out each to a merchant; five hundred only of which sums were so employed; and the other five hundred guineas are in safe hands.

Your uncle, Sir, all reverence to his memory, was an excellent man.

Indeed, Sir, he was.

And what, Sir, is the business you were brought up to?

My master is a West-India merchant.

And what, Mr. Danby, are your prospects in that way?

Exceeding hopeful, Sir, they would have been—My master intended to propose to my uncle, had he lived to come to town, to take me in a quarter-partner with him directly; and, in a twelvemonth's time, a half-partner.

A very good sign in your favour, Sir. You must have behaved yourself well.—And will he now do it?

Ah! Sir—And was silent.

Upon what terms, Mr. Danby, would he have proposed to your uncle to take you in a quarter-partner?

Sir—he talked of—

Of what?

Four thousand pounds, Sir. But my uncle never gave us hopes of more than three thousand guineas each, besides the thousand he had given: And when he had so much reason to resent the unhappy steps of my father, he let us know, that he would not do *any-thing* for us: And, to say truth, the thousand pounds left us in the will, is more than we expected.

Very ingenuous. I love you for your sincerity. But, pray, tell me, Will four thousand pounds be well laid out in a quarter-partnership?

To say truth, Sir, my master had a view, at the year's end, if nothing unexpected happened to prevent it, to give me his niece in marriage; and then to admit me into a half of the business, which would be equivalent to a fortune of as much more.

And do you love the young woman?

Indeed I do.

And does she countenance your address?

If her uncle—I don't doubt if *her* uncle could have prevailed upon *my* uncle—

Well, Sir, I am your uncle's executor. Now, Sir, (to Mr. Edward Danby) let me know your situation; *your* prospects?

Sir, I was put to a French wine-merchant. My master is in years. I am the sole manager of his business; and he would leave off to me, I believe, and to his nephew, who knows not so much of it as I do, nor has the acquaintance, either in France or England, that I have; could I raise money to purchase half the stock.

And what, Sir, is necessary for that purpose?

O Sir! at least six thousand pounds.—But had my uncle left me the three thousand I once hoped for, I could have got the other half at an easy interest; for I am well beloved, and have always borne a good character.

What did you suppose your uncle would do with the bulk of his fortune (you judged it, I suppose, to be large) if you expected no more than three thousand guineas each at the most, besides what he had given you?

We all thought, Sir, said Mr. Edward Danby, it would be *yours*, from the time that he owed his life to your courage and conduct. We never entertained hopes of being his heirs general: And he several times told me, when I was in France, that *you* should be his heir.

He never hinted that to me. What I did was as necessary to be done for my own safety, as for his. He much over-rated my services. But what are your prospects, Mr. Edward Danby, in the French wine-trade?

O Sir, very great!—

And will your master leave off to you and his nephew, think you?

I dare say he would, and be glad of retiring to Enfield,

where he has a house he is so fond of, that he would be continually there, by his good-will.

And have you, Sir, any prospect of adding to your circumstances by marriage?

Women are a drug, Sir. I have no doubt of offers, if once I were my own master.

I started. His sister looked angry. His brother was not pleased: Mr. Sylvester, who, it seems, is an old bachelor, laughed—

*A true merchant this already!* thought I.

Well, now, shall I have your consents, gentlemen, to take your sister aside?—Will you trust yourself with me, Miss Danby? Or had you rather answer my questions in company?

Sir, your character, your goodness, is so well known, I scruple not to attend you.

I took her hand, and led her to my study, leaving the door open, to the drawing-room in which they were. I seated her. Then sat down, but still held her hand.

Now, my dear Miss Danby, you are to suppose me, as the executor of your uncle, his representative. If you had that good uncle before you, and he was urging you to tell him what would make you happy, with an assurance, that he would do all in his power towards it; and if you would open your mind freely to him; with equal freedom open it to me. There was only this difference between us: He had resentments against your father, which he carried too far, when he extended them to his innocent children. [But it was an atrocious attempt, that embittered his otherwise benevolent spirit]: I have no resentment; and am armed with his power, and have all the will he ever could have, to serve you. And now, let me know, what will effectually do it?

The worthy girl wept. She looked down. She seemed as if she were pulling threads out of her handkerchief. But was unable to return any other answer, than what her eyes, once cast up, as if to Heaven, made for her.

Give me, my good Miss Danby (I would not distress you) give me, as your brothers did of *their* situation, some account of *yours*. Do you live with either of your brothers?

No, Sir. I live with an aunt: My mother's sister.

Is she good to you?

Yes, Sir, very good. But she has children; and cannot be so good as she would be to me. Yet she has always been kind; and has made the best of my uncle's allowance for my education: And my fortune, which is unbroken, is the same sum that he gave my brothers: And it is in good hands: And the interest of it, with my aunt's additional goodness and management, enables me to make a genteel figure: And, with my own housewifery, I never have wanted some little matters for my pocket.

Good girl thought I!—Mercantile carle! thy brother Edward, pretty one! How *dared* he to say, that women are drugs?—Who, in their oeconomy, short as their power is, are generally superior to men!

Your uncle was very good to put you upon a foot with your brothers, in his bounty to them; as now he has also done in his will: And assure yourself, that his representative will be equally kind to you as to your brothers. But shall I ask you, as your uncle would have done—Is there any one man in the world, whom you prefer to another?

She was silent; looked down; and again picked her handkerchief.

I called in her elder brother (not the drug-merchant) and asked him, What he knew of his sister's affections?

Why, my good Dr. Bartlett, are these women ashamed

of owning a laudable passion? Surely there is nothing shameful in *discreet* Love.

Her brother acquainted me with the story of her Love; the good girl blushing, and looking down all the while, with the consciousness of a sweet thief, who had stolen a heart, and, being required to restore it, had been guilty of a new cheat, and given her own instead of it.

The son of Mr. Galliard, an eminent Turkey merchant, is the man with whom she has made this exchange. His father, who lives in the neighbourhood of her aunt, had sent him abroad, in the way of his traffick; partly with a view to prevent his marrying Miss Danby, till it should be seen whether her uncle would do any-thing considerable for her: And he was but just returned; and, in order to be allowed to stay at home, had promised his father never to marry without his consent: But nevertheless loved his sister, Mr. Danby said, above all women; and declared that he never would be the husband of any other.

I asked, whether the father had any objections, but those of fortune, to his son's choice; and was answered, No. He *could* have no other, the young man, like a brother, said: There was not a more virtuous and discreet young woman in the kingdom than his sister, tho' he said it, that should not say it.

Tho' you say it, that *should* say it. Is not our relation intitled to the same justice that we would do to another?

We must not blame indiscriminately, continued I, all fathers who expect a fortune to be brought into their family, in some measure equivalent to the benefit the new-comer hopes to receive from it; especially in mercantile families, if the young man is to be admitted into a share with his father; who, by the way, *may* have other children—

He has—

Something by way of equivalent for the part he gives up, should be done. Love is a selfish Deity. He puts two persons upon preferring their own interests; nay, a gratification of their passion often *against* their interests, to those of every-body else; and reason, discretion, duty, are frequently given up in a competition with it. But Love, nevertheless, will not do every-thing for the ardent pair. Parents know this: And ought not to pay for the rashness they wish to prevent, but cannot.

They were attentive. I proceeded, addressing myself to both in the mercantile stile.

Is a father, who by his prudence, has weathered many a storm, and got safe into port, obliged to re-embark in the voyage of Life with the young folks, who perhaps in a little while, will consider him as an incumbrance, and grudge him his cabin? Parents (tho' a young man, I have always thought in this manner) should be indulgent; but children, when they put themselves into one scale, should allow the parent his due weight in the other. You are angry at this father, are you not, my dear Miss Danby?

I said this, to hear what answer she would return.

Indeed I am not. Mr. Galliard knows best his own affairs, and what they require. I have said so twenty and twenty times: And young Mr. Galliard is convinced, that his father is not to be blamed, having other children. And, to own the truth (looking on the floor) we both sit down, and wish together now-and-then: But what signifies wishing?

My sister will now have two thousand pounds: Perhaps when old Mr. Galliard sees, that his son's affections—

Old Mr. Galliard, interrupted I, shall be asked to do

nothing inconvenient to himself, or that is not strictly right by his other children : Nor shall the niece of my late worthy friend enter into his family, with discredit to herself.

Notice being given, that supper was ready, I took the brother and sister each by the hand ; and entering the drawing-room with them, Enjoy, said I, the little repast that will be set before you. If it be in my power to make you all three happy, happy you shall be.

It must give great pleasure, my dear Dr. Bartlett, you will believe, to a man of my lively sensations, to see three very different faces in the same persons, from those they had entered with. I imagined more than once, as the grateful eyes of the sister, and tongues of the brothers, expressed their joy, that I saw my late worthy friend looking down upon us, delighted, and not with disapprobation, upon his choice of an executor, who was determined to supply the defects which the frailty of human nature, by an over-strong resentment on one hand, and an overflowing gratitude on the other, had occasioned.

I told Mr. Thomas Danby, that besides his legacy, he might reckon upon five thousand pounds, and enter accordingly into treaty for and with his master's niece.

Mr. Edward Danby I commissioned, on the strength of the like additional sum, to treat with the gentleman he had served.

And you, my good Miss Danby, said I, shall acquaint your favoured Mr. Galliard, That besides the two thousand pounds already yours, you will have five thousand pounds more at his service. And if these sums answer not your full purposes, I expect you will let me know ; since, whether they do or not, my respect to the memory of your



worthy uncle shall be shewn to the value of more than these three sums to his relations. I never will be a richer man than I ought to be: And you must inform me, what other relations you have, and of their different situations in life, that I may be enabled to amend a will, made in a long and painful sickness, which might sour a disposition that was naturally all benevolence.

They wept; looked at one another; dried their eyes; and wept again. Mr. Sylvester also wept for joy. I thought my presence painful to them; and withdrew to my Study; and shut the door, that I might not add to their pain.

At my return—Do you—Do you, referred each brother to the other: And Mr. Thomas Danby getting up to speak, I see, my friends, said I, your grateful hearts in your countenances. Do you think my pleasure is not, at least, equal to yours? I am *more* than rewarded in the consciousness of having endeavoured to make a right use of the power entrusted to me. You will each of you, I hope (thus set forward) be eminent in his particular business. The merchants of Great Britain are the most useful members of the community. If I have obliged you, let me recommend to you, each in his several way, according to his ability, and as opportunity may offer, to raise those worthy hearts, that inevitable calamities shall make spiritless. Look upon what is done for you, not as the reward of any particular merits in yourselves, but as your debt to that Providence, which makes it a principal part of your religion, To do good to your fellow-creatures. In a word, let me enjoin you, in all your transactions, to *remember mercy* as well as *justice*.

The brothers, with folded hands, declared, that their hearts were opened by the example set them; and, they

hoped, would never be shut. The sister *looked* the same declaration.

Mr. Sylvester, raised with this scene of gratitude, tears in his honest eyes, said, That he should be impatient till he had looked into his affairs, and thro' his acquaintance, in order to qualify himself to do some little good, after such a *self-rewarding* example.

If a private man, my dear Dr. Bartlett, could be a means of expanding thus the hearts of four persons, none of them unworthy, what good might not princes, and those who have princely fortunes, do?—Yet, you see, I have done nothing but mere justice. I have not given up any-thing that was my own, before this Will gave me a power, that perhaps was put into my hands, as a new trial of the integrity of my heart.

But what poor creatures are we, my dear friend, that the very avoiding the occasion of a wrong action, should gladden our hearts, as with the consciousness of something meritorious?

At parting, I told the nephews, That I expected to hear from them the moment any-thing should be brought to effect; and let their masters and them agree, or not, I would take the speediest methods that could be fallen upon to transfer to them, and to their sister, such actions and stocks, as would put them in full possession of what they were intitled to, as well by my promise, as by their uncle's will.

I was obliged to enjoin them silence.

Their sister wept; and when I prest her hand at taking leave of her, gratefully returned the pressure; but in a manner so modest (recollecting herself into some little confusion) that shewed gratitude had possession of her whole heart, and set her above the forms of her Sex.

The good attorney, as much raised, as if he were one of the persons benefited, joined with the two brothers in invoking blessings upon me.

So much, my dear Dr. Bartlett, for this night. The past day is a day that I am not displeased with.

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## LETTER XXXI.

*Dr. BARTLETT, To Miss BYRON.*

*March 18.*

I PRESENT to you, madam, the account you desired to see, as extracted by my kinsman from my papers. You seemed to wish it to be hastened for you: It is not what it might have been; but mere facts, I presume, will answer your intention. Be pleased, therefore to accept it with your usual goodness.

“Dr. Bartlett went abroad as governor of a young man of quality; Mr. Lorimer, I am to call him, to conceal his real name. He was the very reverse of young Mr. Grandison. He was not only rude and ungovernable; but proud, ill-natured, malicious, even base.

The Doctor was exceedingly averse to take upon him the charge of the wicked youth abroad; having had too many instances of the badness of his nature while in England: But he was prevailed upon by the solicitations of his father (who represented it as an act of the greatest charity to him and his family) as well as by the solemn promises of good behaviour from the young man; for he was known to regard the advice of Dr. Bartlett more than that of any other person.

The Doctor and Mr. Lorimer were at Turin, when young Mr. Grandison (who had been some months in France) for the first time arrived in that city; then in the eighteenth year of his age.

Dr. Bartlett had not a more profligate pupil, than Mr. Grandison had a governor; tho' recommended by General W. his uncle by the mother's side. It used to be observed in places where they made but a few days residence, that the young gentleman ought to have been the governor, Monsieur Creutzer the governed. Mr. Grandison had, in short, the happiness, by his prudence, to escape several snares laid for his virtue, by a wretch, who hoped, if he could betray him into them, to silence the remonstrances of the young man, upon his evil conduct; and to hinder him from complaining of him to his father.

Mr. Grandison became acquainted with Dr. Bartlett at Turin: Monsieur Creutzer, at the same time, commenced an intimacy with Mr. Lorimer; and the two former were not more united from good qualities, than the two latter were from bad.

Several riotous things were done by Creutzer and Lorimer, who, whatever the Doctor could do to separate them, were hardly ever asunder. One of their enormities fell under the cognizance of the civil magistrate; and was not made easy to Lorimer without great interest and expence. While Creutzer fled to Rome, to avoid condign punishment; and wrote to Mr. Grandison to join him there.

Then it was, that Mr. Grandison wrote (as he had often ineffectually threatened to do) to represent to his father the profligacy of the man; and to request him to appoint him another governor, or to permit him to return to England till he had made choice of one for him; begging of Dr. Bartlett, that he would allow him, till he had

an answer from his father, to apply to him for advice and instruction.

The answer of his father was, That he heard of his prudence from every mouth: That he was at liberty to chuse what *companion* he pleased: But that he gave him no *governor* but his own discretion.

Mr. Grandison then, more earnestly than before, and with an humility and diffidence suited to his natural generosity of temper, that never grew upon indulgence, besought the Doctor's direction: And when they were obliged to separate, they established a correspondence, which never will end but with the life of one of them.

Mr. Grandison laid before the Doctor all his plans; submitting his conduct to him, as well with regard to the prosecution of his studies, as to his travels: But they had not long corresponded in this manner, when the Doctor let him know, that it was needless to consult him *afore-hand*; and the more so, as it often occasioned a suspension of excellent resolutions: But he besought him to continue to him an account of all he undertook, of all he performed, and of every material incident of his life; not only as his narrations would be matter of the highest entertainment to him; but as they would furnish him with lessons from example, that might be of greater force upon the unhappy Lorimer, than his own precepts.

While Lorimer was passing thro' but a few of the cities in Lombardy, Mr. Grandison made almost the tour of Europe; and yet gave himself time to make such remarks upon persons, places, and things, as could hardly be believed to be the observations of so young a man. Lorimer, mean time, was engaged in shews, spectacles, and in the diversions of the places *in which he lived*, as it might be said, rather, than *through which he passed*.

The Doctor, at one time, was the more patient with these delays, as he was willing that the carnival at Venice should be over, before he suffered his pupil to go to that city. But Lorimer, suspecting his intention, slipt thither unknown to his governor, at the very beginning of it; and the Doctor was forced to follow him. And when there, had the mortification of *hearing* of him (for the young man avoided his governor as much as possible) as one of the most riotous persons there.

In vain did the Doctor, when he saw his pupil, set before him the example of Mr. Grandison; a much younger man. All the effect the Letters he used to read to him had upon him, was, to make him hate the more both his Governor and Mr. Grandison. By one Letter only did he do himself temporary credit. It was written some months before it was shewn him, in which Mr. Grandison described some places of note thro' which he had passed, and thro' which the Doctor and his charge had also more lately passed. The mean creature contrived to steal it; and his father having often urged for a specimen of his son's observations on his travels, he copied it almost verbatim, and transmitted it, as his own, to his father, only letting the Doctor know, after he had sent it away, that he *had* written.

The Doctor doubted not, but Lorimer had exposed himself; but was very much surprised, when he received a congratulatory Letter from the father on his son's improvements, mingled with some little asperity on the Doctor, for having set out his son to his disadvantage: 'I could not doubt,' said the fond father, 'that a son of mine had genius: He wanted nothing but to apply.'—And then he gave orders for doubling the value of his next remittance.

The Doctor took the young gentleman to task about it. He owned what he had done, and gloried in his contrivance. But his Governor thought it incumbent upon him to undeceive the father, and to save him the extraordinary part of his remittance.

The young man was enraged at the Doctor, for *exposing* him, as he called it, to his father, and for the check he was continually giving to his lawless appetites; and falling into acquaintance with a courtesan, who was infamous for ruining many young travellers by her subtle and dangerous contrivances, they joined in a resolution to revenge themselves on the Doctor, whom they considered as their greatest enemy.

Several projects they fell upon: One, in particular, was, to suborn a spy, who went to the Inquisitors of State, and accused the Doctor of having held a free discourse upon the nature of the Venetian Government; a crime, which in that watchful Republic is never overlooked. It is well known, that the city of Venice swarms with these spies: Who are employed by the government, in order to give it the earliest information of liberties taken either by natives or strangers, on subjects that are thought too high for the discussion of private men; and this, as is supposed, no less for the sake of the safety of individuals, than for its own.

One of the three Inquisitors of State, who make a dreadful tribunal in that Republic, it was supposed, got better information of the Doctor's innocence, and had him warned of his danger.

The Doctor had been very solicitous to be acquitted of his ungracious charge. In every Letter he wrote to England this was one of his prayers: But still the father, who knew not what to do with his son at home, besought

his patience; and wrote to his son in the strongest terms (after reproaching him for his ungraciousness) to pay an implicit obedience to the Doctor.

The father was a learned man. Great pains had been taken with Lorimer, to make him know some-thing of the antient Greek and Roman histories. The father was *very* desirous, that his son should see the famous places of old Greece, of which he himself had read so much: And, with great difficulty, the Doctor got the young man to leave Venice, where the vile woman, and the diversions of the place, had taken scandalous hold of him.

Athens was the city at which the father had desired they would make some stay; and from thence visit other parts of the Morea. And there the young man found his woman got before him, according to private agreement between them.

It was some time before the Doctor found out, that the very woman who had acted so abandoned a part with Lorimer at Venice, was his mistress at Athens: And when he did, he applied, on some fresh enormities committed by Lorimer, to the tribunal which the Christians have there, consisting of eight venerable men chosen out of the eight quarters of the city, to determine causes among Christians; and they taking cognizance of the facts, the wicked woman suborned wretches to accuse the doctor to the Cadi, who is the Turkish judge of the place, as a dangerous and disaffected person; and the Cadi being, as it was supposed, corrupted by presents, got the Vayvode, or Governor, to interfere; and the Doctor was seized, and thrown into prison: His Christian friends in the place ~~were forbidden to interpose in his favour~~; and pen and ink, and all access to him, were prohibited.

The vile woman, having concerted measures with



the persons she had suborned, for continuing the Doctor in his severe confinement, set out with her paramour for Venice; and there they rioted as before.

Mr. Beauchamp, a young man of learning and fine parts, happened to make an acquaintance with Mr. Grandison in the island of Candia, where they met as countrymen, which, from a sympathy of minds, grew immediately into an intimacy that will hardly ever end. This young gentleman, in the course of his travels, visiting Athens, about this time, was informed of the Doctor's misfortune, by one of the eight Christians, who constituted the tribunal above-mentioned, and who was an affectionate friend of the Doctor, tho' forbidden to busy himself in his cause: And Mr. Beauchamp (who had heard Mr. Grandison speak of the Doctor with an uncommon affection) knowing that Mr. Grandison was then at Constantinople, dispatched a man on purpose, to acquaint him with the affair, and with all the particulars he could get of the case, authenticated as much as the nature of the thing would admit.

Mr. Grandison was equally grieved and astonished at the information. He instantly applied to the English ambassador at the Porte, as also to the French minister there, with whom he had made an acquaintance: They to the Grand Vizir: And an order was issued for setting the Doctor at liberty. Mr. Grandison, in order to urge the dispatch of the Chiaux, who carried it, accompanied him, and arrived at Athens, just as the Vayvode had determined to get rid of the whole affair in a private manner (the Doctor's finances being exhausted) by the bow-string. The danger endeared the Doctor to Mr. Grandison; a relief so seasonable endeared Mr. Grandison to the Doctor; to them *both* Mr. Beauchamp, who would

not stir from Athens, till he had seen him delivered; having busied himself in the interim, in the best manner he could (tho' he was obliged to use caution and secrecy) to do him service, and to suspend the fatal blow.

Here was a cement to a friendship (that had been begun between the young gentlemen from likeness of manners) between them and the Doctor, whom they have had the goodness ever since to regard as their father: And to this day it is one of the Doctor's delights to write to his worthy son Beauchamp all that he can come at, relating to the life and actions of a man, whom the one regards as an example; the other as an honour to the human race.

It was some time before the Doctor knew for certain, that the ungracious Lorimer had been consenting to the shocking treatment he had met with; for the wretches whom the vile woman had suborned, had made their escape from Athens before the arrival of Mr. Grandison and the Chiaux; the flagitious youth had written to his father, in terms of the deepest sorrow, an account of what had befallen his governor; and his father had taken the best measures that could be fallen upon at so great distance, for the Doctor's succour and liberty: But in all probability, he would have been lost before those measures could have taken effect.

Lorimer's father, little thinking that his son had connived at the plot formed against his governor, besought him, when he had obtained his liberty, not to leave his son to his own devices. The Doctor, as little thinking then, that Lorimer had been capable of a baseness so very villainous, in compassion both to father and son, went to Venice, and got him out of the hands of the vile woman; and then to Rome: But there, the unhappy wretch continuing his profligate courses, became at last a sacrifice

to his dissoluteness; and his death was a deliverance to his Family, to the Doctor, and to the Earth.

On his death-bed he confessed the plot, which the infamous courtesan had meditated against the Doctor at Venice, as well as his connivance at that which she had carried into execution at Athens. He died in horror not to be described; begging for longer life, and promising reformation on that condition. The manner of his death, and the crimes he confessed himself guilty of, by the instigation of the most abandoned of women, beside those committed against his governor, so shocked and grieved the Doctor, that he fell ill, and his recovery was long doubted of.

Mean time Mr. Grandison visited some parts of Asia and Afric, Egypt particularly; corresponding all the time with Dr. Bartlett, and allowing the correspondence to pass into the hands of Mr. Beauchamp; as he did that which he held with Mr. Beauchamp, to be communicated to the Doctor.

When Mr. Grandison returned to Italy, finding there his two friends, he engaged the Doctor to accompany Mr. Beauchamp in that part of his tour into some of the Eastern regions, which he himself had been particularly pleased with, and, as he said, wanted to be more particularly informed of: And *therefore* insisted, that it should be taken at his own expence. He knew that Mr. Beauchamp had a step-mother, who had prevailed on his father to take off two-thirds of the allowance he made him on his travels.

Mr. Beauchamp very reluctantly complied with the condition so generously imposed on him by his beloved friend; another of whose arguments was, That such a tour would be the most likely means to establish the health of a man equally dear to both.

Mr. Grandison never was at a loss for arguments to keep in countenance the persons whom he benefited; and to make their acceptance of his favours appear not only to be their duty, but an obligation laid on himself.

Mr. Grandison himself, when the two gentlemen set out on their tour, was engaged in some affairs at Bologna and Florence, which gave him great embarrassment.

Dr. Bartlett and Mr. Beauchamp visited the principal islands of the Archipelago: After which, the Doctor left the young gentleman pursuing his course to Constantinople, with intention to visit some parts of Asia, and took the opportunity of a vessel that was bound for Leghorn, to return thither.

His health was happily established; and, knowing that Mr. Grandison expected the long-desired call from his father to return to England, and that it was *likely* that he could be of use to his ward Miss Jervois, and her affairs, in her guardian's absence, he was the more desirous to return to Italy.

Mr. Grandison rejoiced at his arrival: And soon after set out for Paris, in order to attend there the expected call; leaving Emily, in the interim, to his care.

Lorimer's father did not long survive his son. He expressed himself in his last hours highly sensible of the Doctor's care of his unhappy boy; and earnestly desired his Lady to see him handsomely rewarded for his trouble. But not making a will, and the Lady having, by her early over-indulgence, ruined the morals of her child (never suffering him to be either corrected or chidden, were his enormities ever so flagrant) she bore a secret grudge to the Doctor for his honest representations to her Lord of the young man's immoralities: And not even the interposition of a Sir Charles Grandison has hitherto been able

to procure the least acknowledgement to the Doctor; though the loss as well of his reputation as life, might have been the consequence of the faithful services he had endeavoured to render to the profligate youth, and in him to the whole family."

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## LETTER XXXII.

Dr. BARTLETT. *In Continuation.*

[*Inclosing the preceding.*]

THUS far, dear Miss Byron (delight of every one who is so happy as to know you!) reach my kinsman's extracts from my papers. I will add some particulars in answer to your enquiries about Mr. Beauchamp, if, writing of a man I so greatly love, I can write but a few.

Mr. Beauchamp is a fine young man in his person: When I call him a second Sir Charles Grandison, you and the Ladies, and my Lord L. will conceive a very high idea of his understanding, politeness, and other amiable qualities. He is of an ancient family. His father, Sir Harry Beauchamp, tenderly loves him, and keeps him abroad equally against both their wills; especially against Mr. Beauchamp's, now his beloved friend is in England. This is done to humour an imperious, vindictive woman, who, when a widow, had cast her eyes upon the young gentleman for a husband; imagining, that her great wealth (her person not disagreeable) would have been a temptation to him. This, however, was unknown to the father, who made his addresses to her much about the time that

Mr. Beauchamp had given an absolute denial (perhaps with too little ceremony) to an overture made to him by a friend of hers. This enraged her. She was resolved to be revenged on him; and knowing him to be absolutely in his father's power, as to fortune, gave way to Sir Harry's addresses; and on her obtaining such terms as in a great measure put both father and son in her power, she married Sir Harry.

She soon gained an absolute ascendant over her husband. The son, when his father first made his addresses to her, was allowed to set out on his travels with an appointment of 600 *l.* a year. She never rested till she had got 400 *l.* a year to be struck off; and the remaining 200 were so ill remitted, that the young gentleman would have been put to the greatest difficulties, had it not been for the truly friendly assistance of Mr. Grandison.

Yet it is said, that this Lady is not destitute of some good qualities; and in cases where the *son* is not the subject, behaves very commendably to Sir Harry: But being a managing woman, and Sir Harry loving his ease, she has made herself his receiver and treasurer; and by that means has put it out of his power to act as paternally by his son as he is inclined to do, without her knowing it.

The Lady and Sir Harry both, however, profess to admire the character of Sir Charles Grandison, from the Letters Mr. Beauchamp has written from time to time to his father; and from the general report in his favour: And on this, as well I, as Mr. Beauchamp, found our hope, that if Sir Charles, by some unsuspected way, can make himself personally acquainted with the Lady, he will be able to induce her to consent to her son-in-law's recall; and to be reconciled to him; the rather, as there is no issue by this marriage; whose interests might strengthen the Lady's animosity.

Mr. Beauchamp, in this hope, writes to Sir Charles, that he can, and will, pay all due respect to his father's wife, and, as such, treat her as his mother, if she will consent to his return to his native country: But declares, that he would stay abroad all his life, rather than his father should be made unhappy, by allowing of his coming over against the consent of so high-spirited a woman. In the mean time he proposes to set out from Vienna, where he now is, for Paris, to be near, if Sir Charles, who he thinks can manage any point he undertakes (and who in this will be seconded by his father's love) can prevail with his mother-in-law.

I long, Ladies, to have you all acquainted with this other excellent young man. You, Miss Byron, I am sure, in particular, will admire Sir Charles Grandison's, and my Beauchamp: Of spirit so manly, yet of manners so delicate, I end as I began; He is a second Sir Charles Grandison.

I shall think myself, Ladies, very happy, if I can find it in my power to oblige you, by any communications you would wish to be made you. But let me once more recommend it to you, Lady L. Lord L. and Miss Grandison, to throw off all reserves to the most affectionate of brothers. He will have none to you, in cases which he knows will give you pleasure: And if he forbears of his own accord to acquaint you with some certain affairs, it is, because the issue of them is yet hidden from himself.

As to Lady Olivia, mentioned to you by good Lord L. she never can be more to my patron than she now is.

Allow me to be, my good Miss Byron, with a true paternal affection,

*Your admirer and humble servant,*

AMBROSE BARTLETT.

*† Subjoined in a separate paper, by Miss BYRON  
to her LUCY.*

HOW is this, Lucy? Let me collect some of the contents of these Letters. "If Sir Charles forbear, of his own accord, to acquaint his sisters with some certain affairs"—"Issue hidden from himself." "Engaged in some affairs at Bologna and Florence, that embarrass him"—[*Is, or was so engaged, means the Doctor?*] "Sir Charles not reserved; yet reserved."—How is all this, Lucy?

But does the Doctor say, "That I shall particularly admire Mr. Beauchamp?"—What *means* the Doctor by that?—But he cannot affront me so much as to mean anything but to shew his own Love to the worthy young man. The Doctor longs for us to see him: If I do see him, he must come quickly: For shall I not soon return to my last, my best refuge, the arms of my indulgent grand-mamma and aunt?—I shall.

But, dear Lucy, have you any spite in you? Are you capable of malice—*deadly* malice?—If you are, sit down, and wish the person you hate, to be in Love with a man (I must, it seems, speak out) whom she thinks, and everybody knows, to be superior to herself, in every quality, in every endowment, both of mind and fortune; and be doubtful (far, far worse is *doubtful* than *sure*!) among some faint glimmerings of hope, whether his affections are engaged; and if they are not, whether he can return—Ah, Lucy! you know what I mean—Don't let me speak out.

But one word more—Don't you think the Doctor's compliment at the beginning of his Letter, a little particular?—"Delight of EVERY ONE who is so happy as to know you." Charming words!—But are they, or are they not, officiously inserted?—Am I the delight of



Sir Charles Grandison's heart? Does *he* not know *me*?—Weak, silly, vain, humble, low, yet proud Harriet Byron!—Begone, paper—mean confession of my conjecturing folly—Ah, Lucy, I tore the paper half thro', as you'll see, in anger at myself; but I will stitch it to the Doctor's Letter, to be taken off by you, and to be seen by nobody else.

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## LETTER XXXIII.

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation.*

*Saturday, Mar. 18.*

SELF, my dear Lucy, is a very wicked thing; a sanctifier, if one would give way to its partialities, of actions, which, in others, we should have no doubt to condemn. DELICACY, too, is often a misleader; an idol, at whose shrine we sometimes offer up our Sincerity; but, in that case, it should be called *Indelicacy*.

Nothing, surely, can be delicate, that is not true, or that gives birth to equivocation: Yet how was I pleased with Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, for endeavouring to pass me off to good Dr. Bartlett in the light I had no title to appear in!—As if my mind, in a certain point, remained to be known; and would so remain, till the gentleman had discovered his.

And are there some situations, in which a woman must conceal her true sentiments? In which it would be thought immodesty to speak out?—Why was I born with a heart so open and sincere? But why, indeed, as Sir Charles has said in his Letter relating to the Danby's, should women be blamed, for owning modestly a passion for a worthy and suitable object? Is it, that they will not speak out,

lest, if their wishes should not be crowned with success by *one* man, they should deprive themselves of a chance to succeed with *another*? Do they not propose to make the man they love, happy?—And is it a crime to acknowledge, that they are so well disposed to a *worthy* object? A *worthy* object, I repeat; for that is what will warrant the open heart. What a littleness is there in the custom that compels us to be insincere! And suppose we do not succeed with a first object, shall we cheat a future Lover with the notion that *he* was the first?

Hitherto I had acted with some self-approbation: I told Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Orme, Mr. Fowler, that I had not seen the man to whom I could wish to give my hand at the altar: But when I found my heart engaged, I was desirous Lady D. should know that it was. But yet, misled by this same notion of delicacy, I could think myself obliged to the two sisters, and my Lord, that they endeavoured to throw a blind over the eyes of good Dr. Bartlett: When the right measure, I now think, would have been, not to have endeavoured to obtain lights from him, that we all thought he was not commissioned to give; or, if we had, to have related to him the whole truth, and not have put on disguises to him; but to have left him wholly a judge of the fit, and the unfit.

And this is Love, is it? that puts an honest girl upon approving of such tricks?—Begone, Love! I banish thee: if thou wouldst corrupt the simplicity of that heart, which was taught to glory in truth.

And yet, I had like to have been drawn into a greater fault: For, What do you think?—Miss Grandison had (by some means or other; she would not tell me how) in Dr. Bartlett's absence on a visit to one of the Canons of Windsor, got at a Letter brought early this morning

from her brother to that good man, and which he had left opened on his desk.

Here, Harriet, said she, is the Letter so lately brought, not perhaps quite honestly come at, from my brother to Dr. Bartlett (holding it out to me). You are warmly mentioned in it. Shall I put it where I had it? Or will you so far partake of my fault as to read it first?

O Miss Grandison! said I: And *am* I warmly mentioned in it? Pray oblige me with the perusal of it. And I held out my more than half-guilty hand, and took it: But (immediately recollecting myself) did you not hint that you came at it by means not honest?—Take it again; I will not partake of your fault.—But, cruel Charlotte! how could you tempt me so? And I laid it on a chair.

Read the first paragraph, Harriet. She took it up, unfolded it, and pointed to the first paragraph.

Tempter! said I, how can you wish me to imitate our first pattern! And down I sat, and put both my hands before my eyes. Take it away, take it away, while yet I am innocent!—Dear Miss Grandison, don't give me cause for self-reproach. I will not partake of your *acknowledged* fault.

She read a line or two; and then said, Shall I read further, Harriet? The very next word is your name. I will—

No, no, no, said I, putting my fingers on my ears.—Yet, had you come honestly by it, I should have longed to read it—By what means—

Why, if people will leave their closet-doors open, let them take the consequence.

If people will do so—But was it so?—And yet, if it was, would *you* be willing to have your Letters looked into?

Well then, I will carry it back—Shall I? (holding it

out to me) Shall I, Harriet?—I will put it where I had it—Shall I? And twice or thrice went from me, and came back to me, with a provoking archness in her looks.

Only tell me, Miss Grandison, is there any-thing in it that you think your brother would not have us see?—But I am sure, there is, or the obliging Dr. Bartlett, who has shewn us others, would have favoured us with communicating the contents of this.

I would not but have seen this Letter for half I am worth! O Harriet! there are *such* things in it—Bologna! Paris! Grandison-hall!

Be gone, Siren: Letters are sacred things. Replace it—Don't you own, that you came not honestly by it?—And yet—

Ah! Lucy, I was ready to yield to the curiosity she had raised: But, recollecting myself, Begone, said I: Carry back the Letter: I am afraid of myself.

Why, Harriet, here is one passage, the contents of which you must be acquainted with in a very little while—

I will not be tempted, Miss Grandison. I will stay till it is communicated to me, be it what it will.

But you may be surprised, Harriet, at the time, and know not what answer to give to it.—You had as good read it—Here, take it—Was there ever such a scrupulous creature?—It is about you and Emily—

About me and Emily! O Miss Grandison, What *can* there be about me and Emily?

And where's the difference, Harriet, between asking me about the contents, and reading them?—But I'll tell you—

No, you shall not: I will not hear the contents. I never will ask you. Can nobody act greatly but your brother?

Let you and me, Charlotte, be the better for his example. You shall neither read them, nor tell me of them. I would not be so used myself.

Such praises did I never hear of woman!—O Harriet! —Such praises—

Praises, Charlotte!—From your brother?—O this curiosity! the first fault of our first parent! But I will not be tempted. If you provoke me to ask questions, laugh at me, and welcome: But I beseech you, answer me not. Dear creature, if you love me, replace the Letter; and do not seek to make me mean in my own eyes.

How you reflect upon me, Harriet!—But let me ask you, Are you willing, as a third sister, to take Emily into your guardianship, and carry her down with you into Northamptonshire!—Answer me that.

Ah! Miss Grandison! And is there such a proposal as that mentioned?—But answer me not, I beseech you. Whatever proposal is intended to be made me, let it be made: It will be too soon, whenever that is, if it be a disagreeable one.

But let me say, madam (and tears were in my eyes) that I will not be treated with indignity by the best man on earth. And while I can refuse to yield to a thing that I think unworthy of myself (you are a sister, madam, and have nothing either to hope or fear) I have a title to act with spirit, when occasions call for it.

My dear, you are serious—Twice *madam*, in one breath! I will not forgive you. You ought now to *hear* that passage read which relates to you and Emily, if you will not read it yourself.

And she was looking for it; I suppose, intending to read it to me.

No, Miss Grandison, said I, laying my spread hand

upon the Letter; I will neither read it, nor hear it read. I begin to apprehend, that there will be occasion for me to exert all my fortitude; and while it is yet in my power to do a right or a wrong thing, I will not deprive myself of the consciousness of having *merited* well, whatever may be my lot—Excuse me, madam.

I went to the door, and was opening it—when she ran to me—Dear creature! you are angry with me: But how that pride becomes you! There is a dignity in it that awes me. O Harriet! how infinitely does it become the only woman in the world, that is worthy of the best man in it! Only say, you are not angry with me. Say that you can and do forgive me.

Forgive you, my Charlotte!—I do. But can you say, that you came not honestly by that Letter, and yet forgive yourself? But, my dear Miss Grandison, instantly replace it; and do you watch over me, like a true friend, if in a future hour of weakness you should find me desirous to know any of the contents of a paper so naughtily come at. I own that I had like to have been overcome: And if I had, all the information it would have given me, could never have recompensed me for what I should have suffered in my own opinion, when I reflected on the means by which I had obtained it.

Superior creature! how you shame me! I will replace the Letter. And I promise you, that if I cannot forget the contents of it myself (and yet they are glorious to my brother) I will never mention any of them to you; unless the Letter be fairly communicated to you, and to us all.

I threw my arms about her neck. She fervently returned the sisterly embrace. We separated; she retiring at one door, in order to go up to replace the Letter; I at the other, to re-consider all that had passed on the occa-

sion. And I hope I shall love her the better for taking so kindly a behaviour so contrary to what her own had been.

Well, but, don't you congratulate me, my dear, on my escape from my curiosity? I am sure my grandmamma, and my aunt, will be pleased with their girl. Yet it was a hard struggle, I own: In the suspense I am in; a very hard struggle. But tho' wishes will play about my heart, that I knew such of the contents as it might concern me to know; yet I am infinitely better pleased that I yielded not to the temptation, than I should have been, if I had, And then, methinks, my pride is gratified in the superiority this Lady ascribes to me over herself, whom so lately I thought greatly my superior.

Yet what merit have I in this? Since if I had considered only rules of policy, I should have been utterly wrong, had I yielded to the temptation: For what use could I have made of any knowlege I might have obtained by this means? If any proposal is to be made me, of what nature soever, it must, in that case, have appeared to be quite new to me: And what an affectation must that have occasioned, what dissimulation, in your Harriet?—And how would a creature, educated as I have been, have behaved under such trials as might have arisen from a knowlege so faultily obtained? .

And had I been discovered; had I given cause of suspicion, either to Dr. Bartlett, or Sir Charles; I should have appeared as the principal in the fact: It would have been mean to accuse Miss Grandison, as the tempter, in a temptation yielded to with my eyes open. And should I not have cast a slur upon that curiosity which Dr. Bartlett before had not refused to gratify, as well as shut myself out from all future communications and confidence?

It is very possible, besides, that, unused as I have been

to artifice and disguise, I should have betrayed myself; especially had I found any of the contents of the Letter very affecting.

Thus you see, Lucy, that policy, as well as rectitude of manners, justify me: And in this particular I am a happy girl.

Miss Grandison has just now told her sister what passed between us. Lady L. says, she would not have been Miss Grandison, in taking the Letter, by what means soever come at; for how, said she, did I know what secrets there might be in it, before I read it? But I think verily, when it *had* been got at, and offered me, I could not have been Miss Byron.

And she threw her arms about me, and hugged me to her. Dear creature, said she, you *must* be Lady Grandison—*Must!* said Miss Grandison: She *shall*.

Who, Lucy, whether that may ever come to pass, or not, would not, on reflexion (thus approved by both sisters) rejoice that she conquered her curiosity, and acted as I did?

Miss Grandison talked to Lady L. of its being likely that her brother would go to Bologna: Of a visit he is soon to make to Grandison-hall; and she to go with him: Of his going to Paris, in order to settle some matters relating to the Will of his late friend Mr. Danby—

Well, Lucy, my time in town is hastening to its period. Why am I not reminded, that my three allotted months are near expired? Will you receive the poor girl, who perhaps will not be able to carry down with her the heart she brought up? And yet, to go down to such dear friends without it, what an ungrateful sound has that!

Miss Grandison began to talk of other subjects relating to her brother, and those greatly to his praise. I could



have heard all she had to say with infinite pleasure. I *do* love to hear him praised. But, as I doubted not but these subjects arose from the Letter so surreptitiously obtained, I restrained myself, and withdrew.

OF WHAT a happy temper is Miss Grandison! She was much affected with the scene that passed between us; but all is over with her already. One lesson upon her harpsichord sets every-thing right with her. She has been railly-ing Lord L. with as much life and spirit, as if she had done nothing to be vexed at. Had I been induced by her to read the Letter which she got at dishonestly, as she owned, what a poor figure should I have made in my own eyes, for a month to come!

But did she not as soon overcome the mortification given her by her brother, on the detection of captain Anderson's affair? How unmercifully did she railly me, within a few hours after!—Yet, she has fine qualities. One cannot help loving her. I *do* love her. But is it not a weakness to look without abatement of affection on those faults in one person, which we should hold utterly inexcusable in another? In Miss Grandison's case, however, don't say it is, Lucy. O what a partiality! Yet she has within these few minutes owned, that she thought the step she had taken a faulty one, before she came to me with the Letter; and hoped to induce me to countenance her in what she had done.

I called her a little Satan on this occasion. But, after all, what if the dear Charlotte's curiosity, was more for my sake than her own? No motive of friendship, you will say, can justify a wrong action—Why no, Lucy; that is very true: But if you knew Miss Grandison, you would love her dearly.

## LETTER XXXIV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT.

[*The Letter which Miss Byron refused to read, or hear read.*]

Friday Night, Mar. 17.

I HOPE my Lord L. and my sisters will be able to make Colnebrooke so agreeable to Miss Byron, that I may have the pleasure of finding her there in the beginning of the week.

My Lord W. is in town. He has invited me to dine with him to-morrow; and must *not* be denied, was a part of his message, brought me by Halden his steward, who says, That his Lordship has something of consequence to consult me upon.

When, my dear friend, shall I find time for myself? Pray make my compliments to my Lord L. and to my *three* sisters; and tell them from me, that when I have the happiness of being in *their* company, then it is that I think I give time to myself.

I have a Letter from Bologna: From the faithful Camilla. The contents of it give me great concern. She urges me to make one more visit there. She tells me, that the Bishop said in her hearing, it would be *kind*, if I would. Were such a visit to be requested *generally*; and it were likely to be of service; you may believe that I would cheerfully make it.

I should go, for a fortnight at least, to Grandison-hall. Burgess has let me know, that the workmen have gone almost as far as they can go without my further orders: And the churchwardens have signified to me, that the

church is completely beautified, according to my directions; so that it will be ready to be opened on the Sunday after next, at furthest; and entreat my presence, both as patron, and benefactor. I will now hasten my designed alterations at the Hall.

I had rather not be present at the opening. Yet the propriety of my being there will probably prevail upon me to comply with the entreaties of the churchwardens; who in their Letter signify the expectations of Sir Samuel Clarke, Sir William Turner, and Mr. Barnham, of seeing me, and my sister Charlotte. You will be pleased to mention this to her.

I wish, without putting a slight upon good Mr. Dobson, that *you*, my dear friend, could oblige us with the first sermon. All then would be decent, and worthy of the occasion; and the praise would be given *properly*, and not to the *agent*. But as it would be a little mortifying to Mr. Dobson (of whose praise only I am apprehensive) so much as to hint such a wish, I will write to him, that he will oblige me if he say not one word, that shall carry the eyes of the audience to my seat.

The execution of the orders I gave, that five other pews should be equally distinguished and ornamented with mine, carries not with it the appearance of affectation; does it, my good Dr. Bartlett? especially as so many considerable families have seats there? I would not seem guilty of a false modesty, which, breaking out into singularity, would give the suspicion of a wrong direction, in cases where it may be of use to suppose a right one.

What can I do in relation to my Emily? She is of the stature of woman. She ought, according to the present taste, to be introduced into public life. I am not fond of that life. And what knowlege she will gain by the intro-

duction, she had better be without. Yet I think we should conform something to the taste of the times in which we live. Womens minds have generally a lighter turn than those of men. They should be innocently indulged. And on this principle it was, that last winter I attended her, and my sisters, very often to the places of public entertainment; that she, having seen every-thing that was the general subject of polite conversation, might judge of such entertainments as they deserve; and not add expectation (which runs very high in young minds, and is seldom answered) to the ideal scenes. This indulgence answered as I wish. Emily can now hear talk of the emulation of actors and managers, and of the other public diversions, with tranquillity; and be satisfied, as she reads, with representing over again to herself the parts in which the particular actors excelled. And thus a boundary is set to her imagination; and that by her own choice; for she thinks lightly of them, when she can be obliged by the company of my two sisters and Lord L.

But new scenes will arise, in an age so studious as this, to gratify the eye and the ear. From these a young woman of fortune must not be totally excluded. I am a young man; and as Emily is so well grown for her years, I think I cannot so properly be her introducer to them, as I might, were I fifteen or twenty years older.

I live to my own heart; and I know (I think I do) that it is not a bad one: But as I cannot intend anything with regard to my Emily, I must, for her sake, be more observant of the world's opinion, than I hope I need to be for my own. You have taught me, that it is not good manners to despise the world's opinion, tho' we should regard it only in the second place.

Emily has too large a fortune. I have a high opinion of

her discretion. But she is but a girl. Womens eyes are wanderers; and too often bring home guests that are very troublesome to them, and whom, once introduced, they cannot get out of the house.

I wish she had only ten thousand pounds. She would then stand a better chance for happiness, than she can do, I doubt, with five times ten; and would have five persons, to one that she has now, to choose out of: For how few are there who can make proposals to the father or guardian of a girl who has 50,000 £!

Indeed there are not wanting in our sex forward spirits, who will think that sum not too much for their merits, tho' they may not deserve 5,000 £. nor even one. And hence arises the danger of a woman of great fortune from those who will not dare to make proposals to a guardian. After an introduction (and how easy is that now made, at public places!) a woman of the greatest fortune is *but* a woman, and is to be attacked, and prevailed upon, by the same methods which succeed with a person of the slenderest; and perhaps is won with equal, if not with greater ease; since, if the Lady has a little romance in her head, and her Lover a great deal of art and flattery, she will call that romantic turn generosity, and, thinking she can lay the man who has obtained her attention, under obligation, she will meet him her full half-way.

Emily is desirous to be constantly with us. My sister is very obliging. I know she will comply with whatever I shall request of her, in relation to Emily. But where the reputation of a Lady is concerned, a man should not depend too much upon his own character, especially a young man, be it ever so unexceptionable. Her mother has already given out foolish hints. She demands her daughter. The unhappy woman has no regard to truth. Her own

character lost, and so deservedly, will she have any tenderness for that of Emily? Who will scruple to believe, what a mother, tho' ever so wicked, will report of her daughter under twenty, and her guardian under thirty, if they live constantly together? Her guardian, at the same time, carrying his heart in his countenance, and loving the girl; though with as much innocence as if she were his sister. Once I had thoughts of craving the assistance of the Court of Chancery for the protection of her person and fortune: But a hint of this nature distressed her for many days, unknown to me. Had I been acquainted that she took it so heavily, I would not have made her unhappy for one day.

I have looked out among the quality for a future husband for her: But, where can I find one with whom I think she will be happy? There are many who would be glad of her fortune. As I said, her fortune is too large. It is enough to render every man's address to her suspected; and to make a guardian apprehensive, that her person, agreeable as it is, and every day improving, and her mind opening to advantage every hour of her life, would be *but* the second, *if* the second, view of a man professing to love her. And were she to marry, what a damp would the slights of a husband give to the genius of a young woman, whose native modesty would always make her want encouragement!

I have also cast an eye over the gentry within my knowledge: But have not met with one whom I could wish to be the husband of my Emily. So tender, so gentle, so ductile, as she is, a fierce, a rash, an indelicate, even a careless or indifferent man, would either harden her heart, or shorten her life: And as the latter would be much more easy to be effected than the former, what must she suffer

before she could return indifference for disrespect; and reach the quiet end of it!

See what a man Sir Walter Watkyns is! My sister only could deal with such a one. A superiority in her so visible, he must fear her: Yet a generosity so great, and a dignity so conspicuous, in her whole behaviour, as well as countenance, he must love her: Every-body's respect to her, would oblige love and reverence from him. But my weak-hearted, diffident Emily, what would *she* do with such a man?

What would she do with a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? What with such a man as Mr. Greville, as Sir Hargrave describes him? I mention these men; for are not there many such?

I am not apt to run into grave declamations against the times: And yet, by what I have seen abroad, and now lately since my arrival, at home, and have heard from men of greater observation, and who have lived longer in the world, than I have, I cannot but think, that Englishmen are not what they were. A wretched effeminacy seems to prevail among them. Marriage itself is every day more and more out of fashion; and even virtuous women give not the institution so much of their countenance, as to discourage by their contempt the free-livers. A good woman, as *such*, has therefore but few chances for happiness in marriage. Yet shall I not endeavour, the *more* endeavour, to save and serve my Emily?

I have one encouragement, since my happy acquaintance with Miss Byron, to think that the age is not entirely lost to a sense of virtue and goodness. See we not how every-body reveres *her*? Even a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a Greville, a Fenwick, men of free lives, adore her. And at the same time she meets with the Love of all good men,

and the respect of women, whether gay or serious. But I am afraid, that the first attraction with men is her beauty. I am afraid, that few see in that admirable young Lady what I see in her: A mind great and noble: A sincerity beyond that of women: A goodness unaffected, and which shews itself in action, and not merely in words, and outward appearance: A wit lively and inoffensive: And an understanding solid and useful: All which render her a fit companion, either in the social or contemplative hour: And yet she thinks herself not above the knowlege of those duties, the performance of which makes an essential of the female character.

But I am not giving a character of Miss Byron to you, my good Dr. Bartlett, who admire her as much as I do.

Do you think it impossible for me to procure for my Emily such a guardian and companion, as Miss Byron, on her return to Northamptonshire, would make her?— Such worthy relations as she would introduce her to, would be a further happiness to my ward.

I am far from undervaluing my sister's good qualities: But if Emily lives with her, she must live also with me. Indeed the affairs in which I am engaged for other people (if I may call those who have a claim upon me for every instance of my friendship *other* people) will occasion me to be often absent. But still, while Grandison-hall, and St. James's Square, are the visible places of residence equally of the guardian and ward, Emily's mother will tell the world, that we live together.

Miss Jervois does not choose to return to Mrs. Lane; and indeed I don't think, she would be safe there in a family of women, tho' very worthy ones, from the attempts of one of the Sex, who, having brought her into the world, calls herself her mother; and especially now



that the unhappy woman has begun to be troublesome there. I beg of you, therefore, my dear Dr. Bartlett, who know more of my heart and situation than any one living (my dear Beauchamp excepted) to consider what I have written, and give me your opinion of that part of it, which relates to Miss Byron and Emily.

I was insensibly drawing myself in to enumerate the engagements, which at present press most upon me. Let me add to the subject—I must soon go to Paris, in order finally to settle such of the affairs of my late worthy friend, as cannot be so well done by any other hand. The three thousand pounds, which he has directed to be disposed of to charitable uses, in France as well as in England, at the discretion of his executor, is one of them.

Perhaps equity will allow me to add to this limited sum from what will remain in my hands after the establishment of the nephews and niece. As they are young, and brought up with the hope that they will make a figure in the world by their diligence, I would not, by any means, make them independent on that. The whole estate, divided among them, would not be sufficient to answer that purpose happily, tho' it might be enough to abate the edge of their industry.

The charity that I am most intent upon promoting in France, and in England too, is, that of giving little fortunes to young maidens in marriage with honest men of their own degree, who might, from such an outsetting, begin the world, as it is called, with some hope of success.

By this time, my dear Dr. Bartlett, you will guess that I have a design upon you. It is, that you will assist me in executing the Will of my late friend. Make enquiries after, and recommend to me, objects worthy of relief. You was very desirous, some time ago, to retire to the

Hall: But I knew not how to spare you; and I hoped to attend you thither. You shall now set out for that place as soon as you please. And that neither may be (or as little as possible) losers by the separation, every-thing that we would say to each other, were we together, *that*, as we used to do, we will say by pen and ink. We will be joint executors, in the first place, for this sum of 3000 *l*.

Make enquiries then, as soon as you get down, for worthy objects—The industrious poor, of *all* persuasions, reduced either by age, infirmity, or accident; Those who labour under incurable maladies; Youth, of either Sex, capable of beginning the world to advantage, but destitute of the means; These, in particular, are the objects we both think worthy of assistance. You shall take 500 *l*. down with you, for a beginning.

It is my pride, it is my glory, that I can say, Dr. Bartlett and Charles Grandison, on all benevolent occasions, are actuated by one soul. My dear friend, adieu.

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## LETTER XXXV.

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.*

*Sat. Night, March 18.*

I HAVE furnished the Ladies, and my Lord, with more Letters. And so they have all my heart before them!—I don't care. The man is Sir Charles Grandison; and they railly me not so much as before, while they thought I affected reserves to them. Indeed it would be cruel, if they did; and I should have run away from them.

I am glad you all think, that the two sisters used me

severely. They really did. But I have this gratification of my pride in reflecting upon their treatment of me—I would not have done so by them, had situations been exchanged. And I think myself nearer an equality with them, than I had thought myself before.—But they are good Ladies, and my sincere friends and well-wishers; and I forgive them: And so must my dear grandmamma.

I am sorry, methinks, that her delicacy has been offended on the occasion. And *did* she weep at the hearing read my account of that attack made upon her girl by the over-lively Charlotte?—O the dear, the indulgent, parent! How tender was it of my aunt too, to be concerned for the poor Harriet's delicacy, so hard put to it as she was! It did indeed (as she distinguishes in her usual charming manner) look, as if they put a great price upon their intended friendship to me, with regard to my interest in their brother's heart: As if the favour done to the humbled girl, if they could jointly procure for her their brother's countenance, might well allow of their *raillery*.—Don't, *pray* don't, my dear grandmamma, call it by a severer name. They did not, I am *sure* they did not, mean to hurt me so much, as I really was hurt. So let it pass. Humour and *raillery* are very difficult things to rein in. They are ever curveting like a prancing horse; and they will often throw the rider who depends more upon his skill in managing them, than he has reason to do.

My uncle was charmed with the scene; and thinks the two Ladies did just as *he* would have done. He means it a compliment to their *delicacy*, I presume. But I am of my aunt Selby's opinion, that their *generous* brother would not have given them thanks for their *raillery* to the poor frightened Harriet. I am very happy, however, that my behaviour and frankness on the occasion are not disap-

proved at Selby-house, and Shirley-manor, and by you, my Lucy. And here let that matter rest.

Should I not begin to think of going back to you all, my Lucy? I believe I blush ten times a day, when alone, to find myself waiting and waiting as if for the gracious motion; yet apprehending that it never *will*, never *can*, be made; and all you, my friends, indulging an absence, that your goodness makes painful to you, in the same hope. It looks—Don't it, Lucy?—so like a design upon—I don't know how it looks!—But, at times, I can't endure myself. And yet while the love of virtue (a little too personal, perhaps) is the foundation of these designs, these waitings, these emotions, I think I am not wholly inexcusable.

I am sure I should not esteem him, were he not the good man he is. Pray, let me ask you—Do you think he could not be put upon saying something affronting to me; upon doing something unworthy of his character?—O then I am sure I should hate him: All the other instances of his goodness would then be as nothing. I will be captious, I think, and study to be affronted, whether he intends to affront me, or not.—But what a multitude of foolish notions comes into the head of a silly girl, who, little as she knows, knows more of any-thing, or of anybody, than she knows of herself!

I wish my godfather had not put it in my head, that Emily is cherishing (perhaps unknown to herself) a flame, that will devour her peace. For, to be sure this young creature can have no hope that—Yet 50,000 *l.* is a vast fortune. But it can never buy her guardian. Do you think such a man as Sir Charles Grandison has a price?—I am sure he has not.

I watch the countenance, the words, the air of the girl, when he is spoken of. And with pity I see, that he cannot be named, but her eyes sparkle. Her eye is taken off her work or book, as she happens to be engaged in either; and she seems as if she would look the person through who is praising her guardian. For the life of her, she cannot *work* and *hear*. And then she sighs—Upon my word, Lucy, there is no such thing as proceeding with his praise before her—the girl so sighs—So young a creature!—Yet how can one caution the poor thing?

But what makes me a little more observant of her, than I should otherwise perhaps have been (additional to my godfather's observation) is a hint given me by Lady L. which perhaps she has from Miss Grandison, and *she* not unlikely from the stolen Letter: For Miss Grandison hinted at it, but I thought it was only to excite my curiosity [When one is not in good humour, how one's very stile is encumbered!]: The hint is this, That it is more than probable, it will be actually proposed to me, to take down with me to Northamptonshire this young Lady—I, who want a governess myself, to be—But *let* it be proposed.

In a conversation that passed just now, between us women, on the subject of Love (a favourite topic with all girls) *this* poor thing gave her opinion unasked; and, for a young girl, was quite alert, I thought. She used to be more attentive than talkative.

I whispered Miss Grandison once, Don't you think Miss Jervois talks more than she used to do, madam?

I think she does, *madam*, re-whispered the arch Lady.

I beg your pardon—*Charlotte*, then.

You have it, *Harriet*, then.—But let her prate. She is not often in the humour.

Nay, with all my heart: I love Miss Jervois: But I can't but watch when habits begin to change. And I am always afraid of young creatures exposing themselves when they are between girls and women.

I don't love whispering, said Miss Jervois, more pertly than ever: But my guardian loves me; and you, Ladies, love me; and so my heart is easy.

*Her heart easy!*—Who thought of her heart? Her guardian *loves* her!—Emily sha'n't go down with me, Lucy.

*Sunday Morning, March 19.*

O but, Lucy, we are alarmed here on Miss Jervois's account, by a Letter which Dr. Bartlett received a little late last night from Sir Charles; so shewed it us not till this morning as we were at breakfast. The unhappy woman, her mother, has made him a visit. Poor Emily! Dear child! what a mother she has!

I have so much obliged the doctor by delivering into his hands the papers that our other friends have just perused (and, let me say, with high approbation) that he made no scruple of allowing me to send this Letter to you. I asked the favour, as I know you will all now be very attentive to whatever relates to Emily. Return every thing the Doctor shall intrust me with by the first opportunity.

By the latter part of this Letter you will find, that the Doctor has acquainted Sir Charles with his sisters' wishes of a correspondence with him by Letter. He consents to it, you will all see; but upon terms that are not likely to be complied with by any of his *three* sisters; for he puts me in. *Three sisters!* His *third* sister!—The repetition has such an officiousness in it. He is a good man; but he can

be severe upon our Sex—*It is not in woman to be unreserved.*—You'll find *that* one of the reflexions upon us: He adds; And (to be *impartial*) *perhaps they should not.* Why so?—But is not this a piece of advice given to myself, to make me more reserved than I am? But he gives not himself opportunity to see whether I am or am not reserved. I won't be mean, Lucy, I repeat for the twentieth time. I won't *deserve* to be despised by him—No! tho' he were the sovereign of the greatest empire on earth. In this believe

Your HARRIET BYRON.

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## LETTER XXXVI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr. BARTLETT.*

[*Inclosed in the preceding.*]

March 18.

I HAVE had a visit, my dear and reverend friend, from Emily's mother. She will very probably make one also at Colnebrooke, before I can be so happy as to get thither. I dispatch this therefore, to apprise you and Lord L. of such a probability; which is the greater, as she knows Emily to be there, thro' the inadvertence of Saunders, and finds *me* to be in town. I will give you the particulars of what passed between us, for your better information, if she goes to Colnebrooke.

I was preparing to attend Lord W. as by appointment, when she sent in her name to me.

I received her civilly. She had the assurance to make up to me with a full expectation that I would salute her;

but I took, or rather *received*, her ready hand, and led her to a chair by the fire-side. You have never seen her. She thinks herself still handsome; and, did not her vices make her odious, and her *whole aspect* shew her heart, she would not be much mistaken.

How does Emily, Sir? gallanting her fan: Is the girl here? Bid her come to me. I *will* see her.

She is not here, madam.

Where is she then? She has not been at Mrs. Lane's for some time.

She is in the best protection: She is with my two sisters.

And pray, Sir Charles Grandison, What do you intend to do with her? The girl begins to be womanly.

She laughed; and her heart spoke out at her eyes.

Tell me what you propose to do with her? You know, added she, affecting a serious air, that she is my child.

If, madam, you deserve to be thought her mother, you will be satisfied with the hands she is in.

Pish!—I never loved you good men: Where a fine girl comes in their way, I know what I know—

She looked wantonly, and laughed again.

I am not to talk seriously with you, Mrs. Jervois: But what have you to *say* to my ward?

*Say!*—Why, you know, Sir, I am her mother: And I have a mind to have the care of her person myself. You must (so her father directed) have the care of her fortune: But I have a mind, for her reputation-sake, to take the girl out of the hands of so young a guardian. I hope you will not oppose me?

If this be all your business, madam, I must be excused. I am preparing, as you see, to dress.

Where is Emily? I *will* see the girl.



If your motive be motherly Love, little, madam, as you have acted the mother by her, you shall see her when she is in town. But her *person* and *reputation*, as well as *fortune*, must be my care.

I am married, Sir: And my husband is a man of honour.

Your marriage, madam, gives a new reason why Emily must not be in your care.

Let me tell you, Sir, that my husband is a man of honour, and as brave a man as yourself; and he will see me righted.

Be he who he will, he can have no business with Emily. Did you come to tell me you are married, madam?

I did, Sir. Don't you wish me joy?—

Joy, madam! I wish you to deserve joy, and you will then perhaps have it. You'll excuse me—I shall make my friends wait.

I could not restrain my indignation. This woman marries, as she calls it, twice or thrice a year.

Well, Sir, then you will find time, perhaps, to talk with Major O-Hara. He is of one of the best families in Ireland: And he will not let me be robbed of my daughter.

Major O-Hara, madam, has nothing to do with the daughter of my late unhappy friend. Nor have I anything to say to *him*. Emily is in my protection; and I am sorry to say, that she never had been so, were not the woman who calls herself her mother, the person least fit to be intrusted with her daughter. Permit me the favour of leading you to your chair.

She then broke out into the language in which she always concludes these visits. She threatened me with the resentments of Major O-Hara; and told me, He had been a conqueror in half a dozen duels.

I offered my hand. She refused it not. I led her to her chair.

I will call again to-morrow afternoon, said she (threatening with her head) perhaps with the major, Sir. And I expect you will produce the little harlotry.

I withdrew in silent contempt. Vile woman!

But let nothing of this escape you to my Emily. I think she should not see her but in my presence. The poor girl will be terrified into fits, as she was the last time she saw her, if she comes, and I am not there. But possibly I may hear no more of this wicked woman for a month or two. Having a power to make her annuity either one or two hundred pounds, according to her behaviour, at my own discretion, the man she has married, who could have no inducement, but the annuity, if he *has* married her, will not suffer her to incur such a reduction of it; for, you know, I have always hitherto paid her two hundred pounds a year. Her threatening to see me to-morrow may be to amuse me while she goes. The woman is a foolish woman; but, being accustomed to intrigue, she aims at cunning and contrivance.

I am now hastening to Lord W. I hope his woman will not be admitted to his table, as she generally is, let who will be present; yet, it seems, knows not how to be silent, whatever be the subject. I have never chosen either to dine or sup with my Lord, that I might not be under a necessity of objecting to her company: And were I *not* to object to it, as I am a near kinsman to my Lord, and *know* the situation she is in with him, my complaisance might be imputed to motives altogether unworthy of a man of spirit.

Yours of this morning was brought me, just as I was

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concluding. There is one paragraph in it, that greatly interests me.

You hint to me, that my sisters, tho' my absences are short, would be glad to receive now-and-then a Letter from me. You, my dear friend, have engaged me into a kind of habit, which makes me write to you with ease and pleasure.—To you, and to our Beauchamp, methinks, I can write any-thing. Use, it is true, would make it equally agreeable to me to write to my sisters. I would not have them think that there is a brother in the world, that better loves his sisters than I do mine: And now, you know, I have *three*. But why have they not signified as much to me? Could I give pleasure to any whom I love, without giving great pain to myself, it would be unpardonable not to do it.

I could easily carry on a correspondence with my sisters, were they to be very earnest about it: But then it must be a *correspondence*: The writing must not be all of one side. Do they think I should not be equally pleased to hear what *they* are about, from time to time; and what, occasionally, *their* sentiments are, upon persons and things? If it fall in your way, and you think it not a mere temporary wish (for young Ladies often wish, and think no more of the matter); then propose the condition.—But caution them, that the moment I discover, that they are less frank, and more reserved, than I am, there will be an end of the correspondence. My *three* sisters are most amiably frank, for women—But, thus challenged, dare they enter the lists, upon honour, with a man, a *brother*, upon equal terms?—O no! They dare not. It is not in women to be unreserved in some points; and (to be impartial) perhaps they should not: Yet, surely, there is

now-and-then a man, a *brother*, to be met with, who would be the more grateful for the confidence reposed in him.

Were this proposal to be accepted, I could write to them many of the things that I communicate to you. I have but few secrets. I only wish to keep from relations so dear to me, things that could not possibly yield them pleasure. I am sure I could trust to your judgment, the passages that might be read to them from my Letters to you.

Sometimes, indeed, I love to divert myself with Charlotte's humorous curiosity; for she seems, as I told her lately, to love to suppose secrets, where there are none, for a compliment to her own sagacity, when she thinks she has found them out; and I love at such times to see her puzzled, and at a fault, as a punishment for her declining to speak out.

You have told me heretofore, in excuse for the distance, which my *two elder sisters* observe to their brother, when I have complained of it to you, that it proceeded from awe, from reverence for him. But why should there be that awe, that reverence? Surely, my dear friend, if this is spontaneous, and invincible, in them, there must be some fault in my behaviour, some seeming want of freedom in my manner, with which you will not acquaint me: It is otherwise impossible, that between brothers and sisters, where the love is not doubted on either side, such a distance should subsist. You must consult them upon it, and get them to explain themselves on this subject to you; and when they have done so, tell me of my fault, and I will endeavour to render myself more agreeable (more familiar, shall I say?) to them. But I will not by any means excuse them, if they give me cause to think, that the distance is owing to the will and the power I have been

blessed with to do my *duty* by them. What would this be, but indirectly to declare, that once they expected not justice from their brother? But no more of this subject at present. I am impatient to be with you all at Colnebrooke; you cannot think *how* impatient. Self-denial is a very hard doctrine to be learned, my good Dr. Bartlett. So, in some cases, is it found to be, by

*Your* CHARLES GRANDISON.

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## LETTER XXXVII.

*Miss* BYRON, *To Miss* SELBY.

*Colnebrooke, Sunday Evening.*

POOR Emily! her heart is almost broken. This ignoble passion, what a mean-spirited creature had it like to have made me!—Be quiet, be quiet, Lucy!—I *will* call it *ignoble*. Did you ever know me before so little?—And had it not like to have put me upon being hard-hearted, envious, and I can't tell what, to a poor fatherless girl, just starting into woman, and therefore into more danger than she ever was in before; wanting to be protected—from whom? From a *mother*.—Dreadful circumstance!—Yet I am ready to grudge the poor girl her guardian, and her innocent prattle!—But let me be despised by the man I love, if I do not conquer this new-discovered envy, jealousy, littleness, at least with regard to this unhappy girl, whose calamity endears her to me.

Dear child! sweet Emily! You *shall* go down with me, if it be proposed. My grandmamma, and uncle and aunt, will permit me to carry you with me. They are generous:

They have no little passion to mislead their beneficence: They are what I hope to be, now I have found myself out. —And what if her gratitude shall make her heart overflow into Love, has she not excuse for it, if Harriet has any?

Well, but to the occasion of the poor Emily's distress. —Aboutt twelve this day, soon after Lord L. and the two sisters and I, came from church (for Emily happened not to go) a coach and four stopped at the gate, and a servant in a sorry livery, alighting from behind it, enquired for Lord L. Two gentlemen, who by their dress and appearance were military men, and one Lady, were in it.

My Lord ordered them to be invited to alight, and received them with his usual politeness.

Don't let me call this unhappy woman Emily's mother; O-Hara is the name she owns.

She addressed herself to my Lord: I am the mother of Emily Jervois, my Lord: This gentleman, Major O-Hara, is my husband.

The Major bowed, strutted, and acknowledged her for his wife: And this gentleman, my Lord, said he, is Captain Salmonet; a very brave man: He is in foreign service. His Lady is my own sister.

My Lord took notice of each.

I understand, my Lord, that my daughter is here. I desire to see her.

One of my Lord's servants, at that time, passing by the door, which was open, Pray, Sir, said she to him, let Miss Jervois know, that her mamma is come to see her. Desire her to come to me.

*Major.* I long to see my new daughter: I hear she is a charming young Lady. She may depend upon the kindness of a father from me.

*Capt.* De man of honour and good-nature be my brother's general cha-*rac*-ter, I do assure your Lordship.

He spoke English as a Frenchman, my Lord says; but pronounced the word character as an Irishman.

*Major (bowing)*. No need of this, my dear friend. My Lord has the cha-*rac*-ter of a fine gentleman himself, and knows how to receive a gentleman who waits upon him with due respect.

*Lord L.* I hope I do. But, madam, you know whose protection the Lady is in.

*Mrs. O-Hara.* I do, my Lord. Sir Charles Grandison is a very fine gentleman.

*Capt.* De vine*st* cha-*rac*-ter in de world. By my salvation, every-body say so.

*Mrs. O-Hara.* But Sir Charles, my Lord, is a very young gentleman to be a guardian to so young a creature; especially now that she is growing into woman. I have had some few faults, I own. Who lives, that has not? But I have been basely scandalized. My first husband had *his*; and much greater than I had. He was set against me by some of his own relations: Vile creatures!—He left me, and went abroad; but he has answered for all by this time; and for the scanty allowance he made me, his great fortune considered: But as long as my child will be the better for it, that I can forgive.—Emily, my dear!—

She stepped to the door on hearing the rustling of silks, supposing her at hand; but it was Miss Grandison, followed by a servant with chocolate, to afford her a pretence to see the visitors; and at the same time having a mind to hint to them, that they were not to expect to be asked to stay to dinner.

It is to Miss Grandison that I owe the description of each, the account of what passed, and the broken dialect.

Mrs. O-Hara has been a handsome woman; but well might Sir Charles be disgusted with her aspect. She has a leering, sly, yet confident eye; and a very bold countenance. She is not ungenteel; yet her very dress denotes her turn of mind. Her complexion, sallowish, streaked with red, makes her face (which is not so plump as it once has been) look like a withering John-apple that never ripened kindly.

Miss Grandison has a way of saying ill-natured things in such a good-natured manner, that one cannot forbear smiling, tho' one should not altogether approve of them; and yet sometimes one would be ready to wonder how she came by her images.

The Major is pert, bold, vain; and seemed particularly fond of his new scarlet coat and laced waistcoat. He is certainly, Miss Grandison says, a low man, tho' a soldier. Anderson, added she, is worth fifty of him. His face, fiery and highly pimpled, is set off to advantage by an enormous solitaire. His bad and straggling teeth are shewn continually by an affected laugh, and his empty discourse is interlarded with oaths; which, with my uncle's leave, I shall omit.

Captain Salmonet, she says, appeared to her in a middle way between a French beau and a Dutch boor; aiming at gentility, with a person and shape uncommonly clumsy.

They both assumed military airs, which not sitting naturally, gave them what Miss Grandison called, *The swagger of soldierly importance.*

Emily was in her own apartment, almost fainting with terror: For the servant, to whom Mrs. O-Hara had spoken, to bid her daughter come to her, had officiously carried up the message.



To what Mrs. O-Hara had said in defence of her own character, my Lord answered, Mr. Jervois had a right, madam, to do what he pleased with a fortune acquired by his own industry. A disagreement in marriage is very unhappy; but in this case, as in a duel, the survivor is hardly ever in fault. I have nothing to do in this matter. Miss Jervois is very happy in Sir Charles Grandison's protection. *She* thinks so; and so does every-body that knows her. It is your misfortune if *you* do not.

*Mrs. O-Hara.* My Lord, I make no dispute of Sir Charles's being the guardian of her fortune; but no father can give away the authority a mother has, as well as himself, over her child.

*Major.* That child a daughter too, my Lord.

*Lord L.* To all this I have nothing to say. You will not be able, I believe, to persuade my brother Grandison to give up his ward's person to you, madam.

*Mrs. O-Hara.* Chancery may, my Lord—

*Lord L.* I have nothing to say to this, madam. No man in England knows better what is to be done, in this case, than Sir Charles Grandison; and no man will be readier to do what is just and fitting, without Law: But I enter not into the case; you must not talk to me on this subject.

*Miss Gr.* Do you think, madam, that your marriage intitles you the *rather* to have the care of Miss Jervois?

*Major (with great quickness).* I hope, madam, that my honour and my cha-*rac*-ter—

*Miss Gr.* Be they ever so unquestionable, will not intitle you, Sir, to the guardianship of Miss Jervois's person.

*Major.* I do not pretend to it, madam. But I hope that no father's will, no guardian's power, is to set aside the natural authority which a mother has over her child.

*Lord L.* This is not my affair. I am not *inclined* to enter into a dispute with you, madam, on this subject.

*Mrs. O-Hara.* Let Emily be called down to her mother. I hope I may see my child. She is in this house, my Lord. I hope I may see my child.

*Major.* Your Lordship, and you, madam, will allow, that it would be the greatest hardship in the world, to deny to a mother the sight of her child.

*Capt.* De very greatest hardship of all hardships. Your Lordship will not refuse to let de daughter come to her moder.

*Lord L.* Her guardian perhaps will not deny it. You must apply to him. He is in town. Miss Jervois is here but as a guest. She will be soon in town. I must not have her alarmed. She has very weak spirits.

*Mrs. O-Hara.* Weak *spirits*, my Lord!—A child to have spirits too weak to see her mother!—And she felt for her handkerchief.

*Miss Gr.* It sounds a little harshly, I own, to deny to a mother the sight of her daughter: But unless my brother were present, I think, my Lord, it cannot be allowed.

*Major.* Not allowed, madam!

*Capt.* A moder to be denied to see her daughter! Jesu! And he crossed himself.

*Mrs. O-Hara* (putting her handkerchief to hide her eyes, for it seems she wept not). I am a very unhappy mother indeed—

*Major* (embracing her). My dearest life! My best Love! I must not bear these tears—Would to God Sir Charles were here, and thought fit—But I came not here to threaten—You, my Lord, are a man of the greatest honour; so is Sir Charles.—But whatever were the misunderstandings between husband and wife, they should

not be kept up and propagated between mother and child. My wife at present desires only to see her child: That's all, my Lord. Were your brother present, madam, he would not deny her this. Then again embracing his wife, My dear soul, be comforted. You will be allowed to see your daughter; no doubt of it. I am able to protect and right you. My dear soul, be comforted.

She sobbed, Miss Grandison says; and the good-natured Lord L. was moved.—Let Miss Jervois be asked, said he, If she chooses to come down.

I will go to her myself, said Miss Grandison.

She came down presently again—

Miss Byron and Miss Jervois, said she, are gone out together in the chariot.

*Major.* Nay, madam—

*Capt.* Upon my salvation this must not pass—And he swaggered about the room.

Mrs. O-Hara looked with an air of incredulity.

It was true, however: For the poor girl being ready to faint, I was called in to her. Lady L. had been making a visit in the chariot; and it had just brought her back. O save me, save me, dear madam, said Miss Emily, to me, wringing her hands. I cannot, I cannot, see my mother out of my guardian's presence: And she will make me own her new husband. I beseech you, save me; hide me!

I saw the chariot from the window, and, without asking any questions, I hurried Miss Emily down stairs, and conducted the trembling dear into it; and whipping in after her, ordered the coachman to drive any-where, except towards London: And then the poor girl threw her arms about my neck, smothering me with her kisses, and calling me by all the tender names that terror and mingled gratitude could suggest to her.

Miss Grandison told the circumstances pretty near as above; adding, I think, my Lord, that Miss Emily wants not apology for her terror on this occasion. That Lady, in her own heart, knows, that the poor girl has reason for it.

Madam, said the Major, my wife is cruelly used. Your brother—But I shall talk to *him* upon the subject. He is said to be a man of conscience and honour: I hope I shall find him so. I know how to protect and right my wife.

And *I* will stand by my brother and his Lady, said the Captain, to the very last drop of my blood.—He looked fierce, and put his hand on his sword.

*Lord L.* You don't by these airs mean to insult me, gentlemen—If you do—

*Major.* No, no, my Lord. But we must seek our remedy elsewhere. Surprising! that a mother is denied the sight of her daughter! *Very* surprising.

*Capt.* Very surprising, indeed!—Ver dis to be done in my country—In France—English liberty! Begar ver pretty liberty!—A daughter to be supported against her mother—Whew! Ver pretty liberty, by my salvation!—

*Mrs. O-Hara.* And is indeed my vile child run away to avoid seeing her mother?—Strange! Does she always intend to do thus?—She *must* see me—And dearly shall she repent it!

And she looked fierce, and particularly spiteful; and then declared, that she would stay there till Emily came back, were it midnight.

*Lord L.* You will have my leave for that, madam?

*Major.* Had we not best go into our coach, and let that drive in quest of her?—She cannot be far off. It will be easy to trace a chariot.

*Lord L.* Since this matter is carried so far, let me tell you, that, in the absence of her guardian, I will protect

her. Since Miss Jervois is thus averse, she shall be indulged in it. If you see her, madam, it must be by the consent, and in the presence, of her guardian.

*Major.* Well, my dear, since the matter stands thus; since your child is taught to shun you thus; let us see what Sir Charles Grandison will say to it. He is the principal in this affair, and is not *privileged*. If *he* thinks fit—And there he stopped, and blustered; and offered his hand to his bride.—I am able both to protect and right you, madam; and I *will*. But you have a Letter for the girl, written on a supposition that she was not here.—Little did you think, or I think, that she was in the house when we came; and that she should be spirited away to avoid paying her duty to her mother.

Very true. Very true. And, Very true, said each; and Mrs. O-Hara pulled out the Letter, laying it on one of the chairs; and desired it might be given to her daughter. And then they all went away, very much dissatisfied; the two men muttering and threatening, and resolving, as they said, to make a visit to Sir Charles.

I hope we shall see him here very soon. I hope these wretches will not insult him, or endanger a life so precious. Poor Emily! I pity her from my heart. She is as much grieved on this occasion, as I was, in dread of the resentment of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

Let me give you some account of what passed between Emily and me: You will be charmed with her beautiful simplicity.

When we were in the chariot, she told me, that the last time she saw her mother, it was at Mrs. Lane's: The bad woman made a pretence of private business with her daughter, and withdrew with her into another room, and then insisted that she should go off with her, unknown to

any-body. And because I desired to be excused, said she, my mother laid her hands upon me, and said she would trample me under her foot. It is true (unhappy woman!) she was—[Then the dear girl whispered me, tho' nobody was near us—sweet modest creature, loth to reveal this part of her mother's shame even to me, aloud, and blushed as she spoke—] she was in her cups.—My mamma is as naughty as some *men* in that respect: And I believe she would have been as good as her word; but, on my screaming (for I was very much frightened) Mrs. Lane, who had an eye upon us, ran in with two servants, and one of her daughters, and rescued me. She *had* torn my cap—Yet it was a sad thing, you know, madam, to see one's mother put out of the house against her will. And then she raised the neighbourhood. Lord bless me, I thought I should have died. I *did* fall into fits. Then was Mrs. Lane forced to tell every one what a sad woman my mother was!—It was such a disgrace to me!—It was a month before I could go to church, or look any body in the face. But Mrs. Lane's character was of her side; and my guardian's goodness was a help—Shall I say a help, against my mother?—Poor woman! we heard afterwards, she was dead; but my guardian would not believe it. If it would please God to take me, I should rejoice. Many a tear does my poor mother, and the trouble I give to the best of men, cost me, when nobody sees me; and many a time do I cry myself to sleep, when I think it impossible I should get such a kind relief.

I was moved at the dear girl's melancholy tale. I clasped my arms about her, and wept on her gentle bosom. Her calamity, which was the greatest that could happen to a good child, I told her, had endeared her to me: I would love her as my sister.

And so I will: Dear child! I will for ever love her. And I am ready to hate myself for some passages in my last Letter. O how deceitful is the heart! I could not have thought it possible that mine could have been so narrow.

The dear girl rejoiced in my assurances, and promised grateful Love to the latest hour of her life.

Indeed, madam, I have a grateful heart, said she, for all I am so unhappy in a certain relation. I have none of those sort of faults that give me a resemblance in any way to my poor mother. But how shall I make out what I say? You will mistrust me, I fear: You will be apt to doubt my principles. But will you promise to take my heart in your hand, and guide it as you please?—Indeed it is an honest one. I wish you saw it thro' and thro'.—If ever I do a wrong thing, mistrust my head, if you please, but not my heart. But in every-thing I will be directed by you; and then my head will be as right as my heart.

I told her, that good often resulted from evil. It was a happy thing perhaps for both, that her mother's visit had been made. Look upon me, my dear Emily, as your entire friend: We will have but one heart between us.

Let me add, Lucy, that if you find me capable of drawing this sweet girl into confessions of her infant Love, and of making ungenerous advantage of them, tho' the event were to be fatal to my peace if I did not; I now call upon all you, my dear friends, to despise and renounce the treacherous friend in Harriet Byron.

She besought me to let her write to me; to let her come to me for advice, as often as she wanted it, whether here, in my dressing-room or chamber, or at Mr. Reeves's, when I went from Colnebrooke.

I consented very chearfully, and at her request (for indeed, said she, I would not be an intruder for the world)

promised by a nod at her entrance, to let her know, if she came when I was busy, that she must retire, and come another time.

You are too young a Lady, added she, to be called my mamma—Alas! I have never a mamma, you know: But I will love you, and obey you, on the holding up of your finger, as I would my mother, were she as good as you.

Does not the beautiful simplicity of this charming girl affect you, Lucy? But her eyes swimming in tears, her earnest looks, her throbbing bosom, her hands now clasped about me, now in one another, added such graces to what she said, that it is impossible to do justice to it: And yet I am affected as I write; but not so much, you may believe, as at the time she told her tender tale.

Indeed her calamity has given her an absolute possession of my heart. I, who had such good parents, and have had my loss of them so happily alleviated, and even supplied, by a grandmamma and aunt so truly maternal, as well as by the Love of every one to whom I have the happiness to be related; how unworthy of such blessings should I be, if I did not know how to pity a poor girl who must reckon a living mother as her heaviest misfortune!

Sir Charles, from the time of the disturbance which this unhappy woman made in Mrs. Lane's neighbourhood, and of her violence to his Emily, not only threatened to take from her that moiety of the annuity which he is at liberty to withdraw; but gave orders that she should never again be allowed to see his ward but in his presence: And she has been quiet till of late, only threatening and demanding. But now she seems, on this her marriage with Major O-Hara, to have meditated new schemes, or is aiming, perhaps, at new methods to bring to bear an old one; of which Sir Charles had private inti-



mation given him by one of the persons to whom, in her cups, she once boasted of it: Which was, that as soon as Miss Emily was marriageable, she would endeavour, either by fair means, or foul, to get her into her hands: And if she did, but for *one* week, she should the *next* come out the wife of a man she had in view, who would think half the fortune more than sufficient for himself, and make over the other half to her; and then she should come into her right, which she deems to be half of the fortune of which her husband died possessed.

This that follows is a copy of the Letter left for Emily by this mother; which, tho' not well spelled, might have been written by a better woman, who had hardships to complain of which might have intitled her to pity.

*My dear Emily,*

**I**F you have any Love, any Duty, left, for an unhappy Mother, whose faults have been barbarously aggravated, to justify the ill usage of a husband who was not faultless, I conjure you to insist upon making me a visit, either at my new lodgings in Dean-street, Soho; or that you will send me word where I can see you, supposing I am not permitted to see you as this day, or that you should not be at Colnebrooke, where, it seems, you have been some days. I cannot believe that your guardian, for his own reputation-sake, as well as for justice-sake, as he is supposed to be a good man, will deny you, if you insist upon it; as you ought to do, if you have half the Love for me, that I have for you.

Can I doubt that you *will* insist upon it? I cannot. I long to see you: I long to lay you in my bosom. And I have given hopes to Major O'Hara, a man of one of the best families in Ireland, and a very worthy man, and a

brave man too, who knows how to right an injured wife, if he is put to it (but who wishes to proceed amicably) that you will not scruple, as my husband, to call him father.

I hear a very good account of your improvements, Emily; and I am told, that you are grown very tall, and pretty. O my Emily!—What a grievous thing is it to say, that I am *told* these things; and not to have been allowed to see you, and to behold your growth, and those improvements, which must rejoice my heart, and do, tho' I am so basely belied as I have been! Do not you, Emily, despise her that bore you. It is a dreadful thing, with such fortunes as your father left, that I must be made poor and dependent; and then be despised for being so.

But if you, my child, are taught to be, and will be, one of those; what, tho' I have such happy prospects in my present marriage, will be my fate, but a bitter death, which your want of duty will hasten? For what mother can bear the contempts of her child? And in that case your great fortune will not set you above God's judgments. But better things are hoped of my Emily, by her

*Indulgent, tho' heretofore*  
*Saturday, March 18.* *unhappy Mother,*

HELEN O-HARA.

My Lord thought fit to open this Letter: He is sorry that he did; because the poor girl is so low-spirited, that he does not choose to let her see it; but will leave it to her guardian to give it to her, or not, as he pleases.

Miss Grandison lifted up her hands and eyes as she read it. Such a wretch as this, said she, to remind Emily of God's judgments; and that line written as even as the

rest! How was it possible, if her wicked heart could suggest such words, that her fingers could steadily write them? But indeed she verifies the words of the wise man; *There is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman.*

We all long to see Sir Charles. Poor Emily, in particular, will be unhappy till he comes.

While we expect a favoured person, tho' rich in the company of the friends we are with, what a diminution does it give to enjoyments that would be complete were it not for that expectation? The mind is uneasy, not content with itself, and always looking out for the person wanted.

Emily was told, that her mother left a Letter for her; but is advised not to be solicitous to see it till her guardian comes. My Lord owned to her, that he had opened it; and pleaded tenderness, as he justly might, in excuse of having taken that liberty. She thanked his Lordship, and said, It was for such girls as she to be directed by such good and kind friends.

She has just now left me. I was writing, and wanted to close. I gave her a nod, with a smile, as agreed upon a little before. Thank you, thank you, dear madam, said she, for this freedom. She stopped at the door, and, with it in her hand, in a whispering accent, bending forwards, Only tell me, that you love me as well as you did in the chariot.

Indeed, my dear, I do; and better, I think, if possible: Because I have been putting part of our conversation upon paper, and so have fastened your merits on my memory.

God bless you, madam! I am gone. And away she tript.

But I will make her amends, before I go to rest; and confirm all that I said to her in the chariot; for most cordially I can.

I am, my dear Lucy, and will be,

*Ever yours,*

HARRIET BYRON.

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LETTER XXXVIII.

*Mr. DEANE, To Mrs. SELBY.*

*London, Friday Night, Mar. 17.*

YOU wished me, my dear Mrs. Selby, as I was obliged to go to London on my own affairs, to call at Colnebrooke, and to give you my observations on the state of matters there; and whether there were any likelihood of the event we are all so desirous should be brought about; and particularly, if an opportunity offered, that I would at distance sound Sir Charles himself on the subject. I told you, that you need not be afraid of my regard to our dear child's delicacy; and that she herself should not have reason to mistrust me on this nice subject.

It seems his great engagements in town, and some he has had in Kent, have hindered him from giving Lord L. and his sisters much of his company, tho' our Harriet is there; which they all extremely regret.

I dined at Colnebrooke. Lord L. is a very worthy and agreeable man. Lady L. and Miss Grandison are charming women. Miss Jervois is a pretty young Lady.—But more of her by-and-by.—The cousin Grandison you

spoke of, is gone down to Grandison-hall; whither Sir Charles himself thinks shortly of going—But this and other distant matters I refer to our Harriet's own account.

My visit to Sir Charles is most in my head, and I will mention that, and give place to other observations afterwards.

After dinner I pursued my journey to London. As my own business was likely to engage me for the whole time I had to stay in town, I alighted at his house in St. James's Square; and was immediately, on sending in my name, introduced to him.

Let me stop to say, He is indeed a very fine gentleman. Majesty and sweetness are mingled in every feature of his face; and the latter, rather than the former, predominates in his whole behaviour. Well may Harriet love him.

I told him, that I hoped, on my coming to town on particular affairs, he would excuse the intrusion of a man who was personally a stranger to him; but who had long wished for an opportunity to thank him for the relief he had given to a young Lady in whom I claimed an interest that was truly paternal. At the same time I congratulated him on the noble manner in which he had extricated himself, to the confusion of men, whom he had taught to find out, and to be ashamed, that they were savages.

He received my compliments as a man might be supposed to do, to whom praise is not a new thing; and made me very handsome ones, declaring himself acquainted with my character, with my connexions with your family, and with one of the most excellent of young Ladies. This naturally introduced the praises of our Harriet; in which he joined in so high and so just a strain, that I saw his heart was touched. I am sure it is: So set yours at rest. It must do. Every-thing is moving, and that not slowly, to

the event so desirable. I led to the graces of her person; he to those of her mind: He allowed her to be, for both, one of the most perfect beauties he had ever seen. In short, Mrs. Selby, I am convinced, that the important affair will ripen of itself. His sisters, Lord L. Dr. Bartlett, all avowedly in our lovely girl's favour, and her merit so extraordinary; it must do. Don't you remember what the old song says?

*When Phœbus does his beams display,  
To tell men gravely, that 'tis day,  
Is, to suppose them blind.*

All I want, methinks, is, to have them oftener together. Idleness, I believe, is a great friend to Love. I wish his affairs would let him be a little idle. They must be dispatched soon, be they what they will; for Lord L. said, that when he is master of a subject, his execution is as swift as thought. Sir Charles hinted, that he should soon be obliged to go to France. Seas are nothing to him. Dr. Bartlett said, that he considers all nations as joined on the same continent; and doubted not but if he had a call, he would undertake a journey to Constantinople or Peking, with as little difficulty as some others would (he might have named me for one) to the Land's-end. Indeed he appears to be just that kind of man. Yet he seems not to have any of that sort of fire in his constitution, that goes off with a bounce, and leaves nothing but vapour and smoke behind it.

You are in doubt about our girl's fortune. It is not a despicable one. He may, no question, have a woman with a much greater; and so may she a man.—What say you to Lady D's proposal, rejected for his sake; at *hap-hazard*

too, as the saying is? But let it once come to that question, and leave it to *me* to answer it.

You bid me remark how Harriet looks. She is as lovely as ever; but I think, not quite so lively, and somewhat paler; but it is a clear and healthy, not a sickly paleness: And there is a languor in her fine eyes, that I never saw in them before. She never was a pert girl; but she has more meekness and humility in her countenance, than, methinks, I would *wish* her to have; because it gives to Miss Grandison, who has fine spirits, some advantages, in conversation, over Harriet, that, if she *had*, methinks she should not take. But they perfectly understand one another.

But now for a word or two about Miss Jervois. I could not but take notice to our Miss Byron, of the greediness, with which she eats and drinks the praises given her guardian; of the glow that overspreads her cheeks, and of a sigh that now-and-then seems to escape even her own observation, when he is spoken of (so like a niece of mine, that drew herself in, and was afterwards unhappy) and by these symptoms I conclude, that this young creature is certainly giving way to Love. She has a very great fortune, is a pretty girl, and an improving beauty. She is tall and womanly. I thought her sixteen or seventeen; but, it seems, she is hardly fourteen. There is as much difference in girls, as in fruits, as to their *maturing*, as I may say. My mother, I remember, once said of an early bloom in a niece of hers, that such were born to woe. I hope it won't be so with this; for she certainly is a good young creature, but has not had great opportunities of knowing either the world, or herself. Brought up in a confined manner in her father's house at Leghorn, till twelve or thirteen; what opportunities could she have? No mo-

ther's wings to be sheltered under; Her mother's wickedness giving occasion the more to streighten her education, and at a time of life so young, and in so restraining a country as Italy, for girls and young maidens; and, since brought over, put to board with a retired country gentlewoman—What can she know, poor thing? She has been but a little while with Miss Grandison, and that but as a guest: So that the world before her is all new to her: And, indeed, there seems to be in her pretty wonder, and honest declarations of her whole heart, a simplicity that sometimes borders upon childishness, tho' at other times a kind of womanly prudence. I am not afraid of her on our Harriet's account; and yet Harriet (Lover-like, perhaps!) was alarmed at my hinting it to her: But I am on *her own*. I wish, as I said before, Sir Charles were more among them: He would soon discover whose Love is fit to be discountenanced, and whose to be encouraged; and, by that means, give ease to twenty hearts. For I cannot believe that such a man as this would be *guilty* (I will call it) of reserve to such a young Lady as ours, were he but to have the shadow of a thought that he has an interest in her heart.

My affairs are more untoward than I expected: But on my return to Peterborough I will call at Shirley house and Selby manor—and then (as I hope to see Sir Charles again either in London or at Colnebrooke) I will talk to you of all these matters. Mean time, believe me to be

*Your affectionate and faithful humble Servant,*

THOMAS DEANE.



## LETTER XXXIX.

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.**Monday, March 20.*

AFTER we had taken leave of one another for the night, I tapt at Emily's chamber-door; which being immediately opened by her maid, Is it you, my dear Miss Byron? said she, running to me. How good this is!

I am come, my dear, late as it is, to pass an agreeable half-hour with you, if it will not be unseasonable.

That it can never be.

You must then let your Anne go to bed, said I: Else, as her time is not her own, I shall shorten my visit. I will assist you in any little services myself. I have dismissed Jenny.

God bless you! madam, said she; you consider everybody. Anne tells me, that the servants, throughout the house, adore you: And I am sure their principals do.—Anne, you may go to your rest.

Jenny, who attends me here, has more than once hinted to me, that Miss Jervois loves to sit up late, either reading, or being read to by Anne; who, tho' she reads well, is not fond of the task.

Servants, said I, are as sensible as their masters and mistresses. They speak to their feelings. I question not but they love Miss Jervois as well as they do me. I should as soon choose to take my measures of the goodness of principals by their servant's love of them, as by any other rule. Don't you see, by the silent veneration and assiduities of the servants of Sir Charles Grandison, how much they adore their master?

I am very fond of being esteemed by servants, said she, from that very observation of my guardian's goodness, and his servant's worthiness, as well as from what my maid tells me, all of them say of you. But you and my guardian are so much alike in every thing, that you seem to be born for one another.

And then she sighed, involuntarily; yet seemed not to endeavour to restrain or recal her sigh.

Why sighs my dear young friend? Why sighs my Emily?

That's good of you to call me *your* Emily. My guardian calls me *his* Emily. I am always proud when he calls me so—I don't know why I sigh: But I have lately got a trick of sighing, I think. Will it do me harm? Anne tells me, it will; and says, I must break myself of it. She says, it is not pretty in a young Lady to sigh: But where is the un-prettiness of it?

Sighing is said to be a sign of being in Love; and young Ladies—

Ah! madam! And yet *you* sigh, very often—

I felt myself blush.

I often catch myself sighing, my dear, said I. It is a *trick*, as you call it, which I would not have you learn.

But I have *reason* for sighing, madam; which you have not—Such a mother! A mother that I wanted to be good, not so much to me, as to herself: A mother so unhappy, that one must be glad to run away from her. My poor papa! so good as he was to every-body, and even to her, yet had his heart broken—O madam!—(flinging her arms about me, and hiding her face in my bosom) Have I not cause to sigh?

I wept on her neck; I could not help it: So *durifully*

sensible of her calamity! and for *such* a calamity, who could forbear?

Such a disgrace too! said she, raising her head. Poor woman!—Yet she has the worst of it. Do you think that *that* is not enough to make one sigh?

Amiable goodness! (kissing her cheek) I shall love you too well.

You are too good to me: You must not be so good to me: That, even *that*, will make me sigh. My *guardian's* goodness to me gives me pain; and I think verily, I sigh more since last I left Mrs. Lane, and have seen more of his goodness, and how every-body admires, and owns obligation to him, than I did before.—To have a stranger, as one may say, and so *very* fine a gentleman, to be so good to one, and to have such an unhappy mother—who gives *him* so much trouble—how can one help sighing for both reasons?

Dear girl! said I, my heart overflowing with compassion for her, you and I are bound equally, by the tie of gratitude, to esteem him.

Ah, madam! you will one day be the happiest of all women—And so you *deserve* to be.

What means my Emily?

Don't I see, don't I hear, what is designed to be brought about by Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison? And don't I hear from my Anne, what every-body expects and wishes for?

And *does* every-body expect and wish, my Emily—

I stopped. She went on.—And don't I see that my guardian himself loves you?

Do you think so, Emily?

O how he dwells upon your words, when you speak!

You fansy so, my dear.

You have not observed his eyes so much as I have done, when he is in your company. I have watched *your* eyes, too; but have not seen that you mind him quite so much as he does you.—Indeed he loves you dearly.—And then she sighed again.

But why *that* sigh, my Emily?—Were I so happy as you think, in the esteem of this good man, would you envy me, my dear?

Envy you!—I, such a simple girl as I, envy you! No, indeed. Why should I envy you?—But tell me now; dear madam, tell me; Don't you love my guardian?

Every-body does. You, my Emily, love him.

And so I do: But you love him, madam, with a hope that no one else will have reason to entertain—Dear now, place a little confidence in your Emily: My guardian shall never know it from me by the *least* hint. I beg you will own it. You can't think how you will oblige me. Your confidence in me will give me importance with myself.

Will you, Emily, be as frank-hearted with me, as you would have me be with you?

Indeed I will.

I do, my dear, greatly esteem your guardian.

*Esteem!* Is that the word? Is that the Ladies word for Love? And is not the word *Love*, a pretty word for women? I mean no harm by it, I am sure.

And I am sure you *cannot* mean harm: I will be sincere with my Emily. But you must not let any one living know what I say to you of this nature. I would prefer your guardian, my dear, to a king, in all his glory.

And so, madam, would I, if I were you. I should be glad to be thought like you in every-thing.

Amiable innocence! But tell me, Miss Jervois, Would you not *have* me esteem your guardian? You know he was *my* guardian too, and that at an exigence when I most wanted one.

Indeed I would. Would you have me wish such a good young Lady, as Miss Byron, to be ungrateful? No, indeed.—And again she sighed.

Why *then* sighed my Emily? You said you would be frank-hearted.

So I will, madam. But I really can't tell why I sighed then. I wish my guardian to be the happiest man in the world: I wish you, madam, to be the happiest woman: And how can either be so, but in one another?—But I am grieved, I believe, that there seems to be something in the way of your mutual happiness—I don't know whether that is all, neither—I don't know what it is—If I did, I would tell you—But I have such throbs sometimes at my heart, as make me fetch my breath hard—I don't know what it is—Such a weight here, as *makes* me sigh; and I have a pleasure, I think, because I have an ease in sighing—What can it be?—

Go on, my dear: You are a pretty describer.

Why now, if any-body, as Anne did last time my guardian came hither, was to run up stairs, in a hurry; and to say, Miss, Miss, Miss, your guardian is come! I should be in *such* a flutter! my heart would seem to be too big for my bosom! I should sit down as much out of breath, as if I had run down a high hill.—And, for half an hour, may be, so tremble, that I should not be able to see the dear guardian that perhaps I wanted to see. And to hear him with a voice of gentleness, as if he pitied me for having so unhappy a mother, call me *his* Emily.—Don't you think he has a sweet voice?—And *your* voice,

too, madam, is also *so* sweet—Every-body says, that even in your common speech your voice is melody.—Now Anne says—

O my agreeable little flatterer!

I don't flatter, madam. Don't call me a flatterer. I am a very sincere girl: Indeed I am.

I dare say you are: But you raise my vanity, my dear. It is not *your* fault to tell me what people say of me; but it is *mine* to be proud of their commendations—But you were going to tell me what Anne says, on your being so much affected, when she tells you in a hurry that your guardian is come?

Why Anne says, That all those are signs of Love. Foolish creature!—And yet so they may: But not of such Love as she means.—Such a Love as she as good as owns she had in her days of *flutteration*, as she whimsically calls them; which, as she explains it, were when she was two or three years older than I am. In the first place, I am very young, you know, madam; a mere girl: And such a *simple* thing!—I never had a mother, nor sister neither; nor a companion of my own Sex.—Mrs. Lane's daughters, what were they?—They looked upon me as a child as I was. In the next place, I do love my guardian, that's true; but with as much reverence, as if he were my father. I never had a thought that had not that deep, that profound reverence for him, as I remember I had for my father.

But you had not, my dear, any of those flutters, those throbs, that you spoke of, on any returns of your father, after little absences?

Why, no; I can't say I had. Nor, tho' I always rejoiced when my guardian came to see me at Mrs. Lane's, had I, as I remember, any such violent emotions, as I have had

now of late. I don't know how it is—Can you tell me?

Do you not, Lucy, both love and pity this sweet girl?

My dear Emily!—These *are* symptoms, I doubt—

Symptoms of what, madam?—Pray tell me sincerely. I will not hide a thought of my heart from you.

If encouraged, my dear—

What then, madam?—

It *would be* Love, I doubt.—That sort of Love that would make you uneasy—

No; that cannot be, surely. Why, madam, at that rate, I should never dare to stand in your presence. Upon my word, I wish no one in the world, but you, to be Lady Grandison. I have but one fear—

And what is that?

That my guardian won't love me so well, when he marries, as he does now.

Are you afraid that the woman he marries will endeavour to narrow so large a heart as his?

No; not if that woman were you.—But, forgive my folly! (and she looked down) he would not take my hand so kindly as he now does: He would not look in my face with pleasure, and with pity on my mother's account, as he does now: He would not call me *his* Emily: He would not bespeak every one's regard for his ward.

My dear, you are now almost a woman. He will, if he remain a single man, soon draw back into his heart that kindness and love for you, which, while you are a girl, he suffers to dwell upon his lips. You must expect this change of behaviour soon, from his prudence. You yourself, my Love, will set him the example: You will grow more reserved in your outward behaviour, than hitherto there was reason to be—

O, madam! never tell me that! I should break my

heart, were I twenty, and he did not treat me with the tenderness that he has always treated me with. If, indeed, he find me an incroacher; if he find me forward, and indiscreet, and troublesome; then let him call me *anybody's* Emily, rather than *his*.

You will have different notions, my dear, before that time—

Then, I think, I sha'n't desire to live to see the time. Why, madam, all the comfort I have to set against my unhappiness from my mother, is, that so good, so virtuous, and so prudent a man as Sir Charles Grandison, calls me *his* Emily, and loves me as his child. Would you, madam, were you Lady Grandison (now, tell me, would you) grudge me these instances of his favour and affection?

Indeed, my dear, I would not: If I know my own heart, I would not.

And would you permit me to live with you?—Now it is out—Will you permit me to live with my guardian and you?—This is a question I wanted to put to you; but was both ashamed and afraid, till you thus kindly emboldened me.

Indeed I would, if your guardian had no objection.

That don't satisfy me, madam. Would you be my earnest, my sincere advocate, and plead for me? He would not deny you any-thing. And would you (come, madam, I will put you to it—Would you) say, "Look you here, Sir Charles Grandison; This girl, this Emily, is a good sort of girl: She has a great fortune. Snares may be laid for her: She has no papa but you: She has, poor thing! (I hope you would call me by names of pity to move him) no mamma; or is more unhappy than if she had none. Where can you dispose of her so properly as to let her be with us? I will be her protectress, her friend, her mamma"



[Yes, do, madam, let me choose a mamma! Don't let the poor girl be without a mamma, if *you* can give her one. I am sure I will study to give you pleasure, and not pain] —“I *insist* upon it, Sir Charles. It will make the poor girl's heart easy. She is told of the arts and tricks of men where girls have great fortunes; and she is always in dread about them, and about her unhappy mother. Who will form plots against her, if she is with us?”—Dear, dear madam! you are *moved* in my favour—[Who could have forborn being affected by her tender prattle?] and she threw her arms about me; I see you are moved in my favour!—And I will be your attendant: I will be your waiting-maid: I will help to adorn you, and to make you more and more lovely in the eyes of my guardian.

I could not bear this.

No more, no more, my lovely girl, my innocent, my generous, my irresistible girl!—Were it come to that [It became me to be unreserved, for more reasons than one, to this sweet child]—Not one request should my Emily make, that heart and mind I would not comply with: Not one wish that I would not endeavour to promote and accomplish for her.

I folded her to my heart, as she hung about my neck.

I grieve you—I would not, for the world, grieve my young mamma, said she—Henceforth let me call you my mamma.—*Mamma*, as I have heard the word explained, is a more tender name even than *mother*—The unhappy Mrs. Jervois shall be Mrs. O-Hara, if she pleases; and only *mother*: A child must not renounce her *mother*, tho' the mother should renounce, or worse than renounce, her child.

I must leave you, Emily.

Say then *my* Emily.

I must leave you *my*, and *more* than *my*, Emily.—You have cured me of sleepiness for this night!

O then I am sorry—

No; don't be sorry. You have given me pain, 'tis true; but I think it is the sweetest pain that ever entered into a human heart. Such goodness! such innocence! such generosity!—I thank God, my love, that there is in my knowledge so worthy a young heart as yours.

Now, how good this is! (and again she wrapped her arms about me) And will you go?

I must, I must, my dear!—I can stay no longer.—But take this assurance, that my Emily shall have a first place in my heart for ever. I will study to promote your happiness; and your wishes shall be the leaders of mine.

Then I am sure I shall live with my guardian and you for ever, as I may say: And God grant, and down on her knees she dropt, with her arms wrapped about mine, that you may be the happiest of women, and that soon, for my sake, as well as your own, in marriage with the best of men—my guardian! (exultingly, said she): And say, Amen—Do, God bless you, madam, say Amen to my prayer.

I struggled from her.—O my sweet girl! I cannot bear you!—I hastened out at the door, to go to my chamber.

You are not angry, madam? following me, and taking my hand, and kissing it with eagerness. Say you are not displeased with me. I will not leave you till you do.

Angry! my love! Who can be angry? How you have distressed me, by your sweet goodness of heart?

Thank God, I have not offended you. And now say, once more, *my* Emily—Say, Good rest to you, *my* Emily—my Love—and all those tender names—and say, God bless you, my child, as if you were my mamma; and I will leave you, and I shall in fancy go to sleep with Angels.

Angels, only, are fit company for *my* Emily—God .  
bless *my* Emily! Good night! Be your slumbers happy!

And I kissed her once, twice, thrice, with fervour; and  
away she tript; but stopt at the door, courtesying low, as  
I, delighted, yet *painfully* delighted, looked after her.

Ruminating, in my retirement, on all the dear girl had  
said, and on what might be my fate; so many different  
thoughts came into my head, that I could not close my  
eyes: I therefore arose before day; and, while my thoughts  
were agitated with the affecting subject, had recourse to  
my pen.

Do, my Lucy, and do you, my grandmamma, my aunt,  
my uncle, *more* than give me leave, *bid* me, *command* me,  
if it shall be proposed, to bring down with me my Emily:  
And yet she shall not come, if you don't all promise to  
love her as well as you do

*Your for ever obliged*

HARRIET BYRON.

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## LETTER XL.

*Miss* BYRON, *To* *Miss* SELBY.

*Monday, Mar. 20.*

**T**HE active, the restless goodness, of this Sir Charles  
Grandison, absolutely dazles me, Lucy!

The good Dr. Bartlett has obliged us all with the sight  
of two Letters, which give an account of what he has done  
for Lord W. his uncle. He has been more than a father  
to his *uncle*: Does not that sound strange? But he is to be  
the obliger of every-body.

The Doctor said, that since Miss Grandison had

claimed the benefit of her brother's permission for him to use his own discretion in communicating to us such of the Letters as he was favoured with by Sir Charles, he believed he could not more unexceptionably oblige Lord L. and the sisters, than by reading to them those two Letters, as they were a kind of family subject.

After the Doctor had done reading, he withdrew to his closet. I stole up after him, and obtained his leave to transmit them to you.

Lucy, be chary of them, and return them when perused.

There is no such thing as pointing out particular passages of generosity, justice, prudence, disinterestedness, beneficence, that strike one in those Letters, without transcribing every paragraph in them. And, ah, Lucy! there are other observations to be made; mortifying ones, I fear.

Only let me say, That I think, if Sir Charles Grandison could and would tender himself to *my* acceptance, I ought to decline his hand. Do you think, if I were his, I should not live in continual dread of a separation from him, even by that inevitable stroke which, alone, could be the means of *completing* his existence?

This is the man, ye modest, ye tender-hearted fair ones, whom ye should seek to intitle to your vows: Not the lewd, the obscene libertine, foul Harpy, son of Riot, and of Erebus; glorying in his wickedness, triumphing in your weakness, and seeking by storm to win a heart that ought to shrink at his approach. Shall not *Like cleave to Like*?—Henceforth may it be so, wishes

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr. BARTLETT.*

*Sat. Night, Mar. 18.*

AS soon as I had seen Mrs. Jervois to her chair, I went to attend Lord W.

He received me with great expressions of esteem and affection.

He commanded his attendants to withdraw, and told me, taking my hand, that my character rose upon him from every mouth. He was in love with me, he said. I was my *mother's* son.

He commended me for my oeconomy, and complimented into *generosity*, the *justice* I had done to some of my *friends*.

I frankly own, said he, that at your first arrival, and even till *now* (that I am determined to be the man, you, cousin, would wish me to be) I had thought it but prudent, to *hold back*. For I imagined, that your father had lived at such a rate, that you would have applied to me, to extricate you from difficulties; and particularly for money to marry your elder sister, at least. I took notice, young man, proceeded he, and I heard others observe, that you had not eyes to see any of your father's faults; either when he was living, or departed; and this gave me reason to apprehend, that you had your father's extravagant turn: And I was resolved, if I were applied to, to *wrap myself close about in a general denial*. Else, all I had been gathering together for so many years past, might soon have been dissipated; and I should only have taken a thorn out of the foot of another, and put it into my own.

And then he threw out some disagreeable reflexions on my father's spirit.

To those I answered, That every man had a right to judge for himself, in those articles for which he himself is only accountable. My father, and your Lordship, continued I, had very different ways of thinking. Magnificence was his taste: Prudence (so your Lordship must account it) is yours. There are people in the world, who would give different names to both tastes: But would not your Lordship think it very presumptuous in any man to arraign you at the bar of his judgment, as mistaken in the measures of your prudence?

Look you, nephew, I don't know well what to make of your speech; but I judge, that you *mean not* to affront me.

I do not, my Lord. While you were apprehensive that you might be a sufferer by me, you acted with your usual prudence to discourage an application. My father had, in your Lordship's judgment, but one fault; and he was the principal sufferer by it himself: Had he looked into his affairs, he would have avoided the necessity of doing several things that were disagreeable to him, and must ever be to a man of spirit. His very timber, that *required*, as I may say, the ax, would have furnished him with all he wanted: And he paid interest for a less sum of money than actually was in the hands of his stewards, unaccounted for.

But what a glory to *you*, cousin—

No compliment to me, my Lord, I pray you, to the discredit of my father's memory. He had a right to do what he did. Your Lordship does what you think fit. I too, now I am my own master, do as I please. My taste is different from both. I pursue mine, as he did his. If I should happen to be more right than my father in some things,

he might have the advantage of me in others; and in those I happen to do, that are generally thought laudable, what merit have I? Since all this time (directed by a natural bias) I am pursuing my own predominant passion; and that, perhaps, with as much ardour, and as little power to resist it, as my father had to restrain his.

Bravo! bravo! said my Lord—Let me ask you, nephew—May *all* young men, if they will, improve by travelling as you have done?—If they may, by my troth nine parts in ten of those who go abroad, ought to be hanged up at their fathers doors on their return.

Very severe, my Lord. But thinking minds will be thoughtful, whether abroad or at home: Unthinking ones call for our pity.

Well, Sir, I do assure you, that I am proud of my nephew, whatever you are of your uncle. And there are two or three things that I want to talk to you about; and one or two that I would consult you upon.

He rang, and asked, What time dinner would be ready?

In half an hour, was the answer.

Mrs. Giffard came in. Her face glowed with passion. My Lord seemed affected at her entrance. It was easy to see, that they were upon ill terms with each other; and that my Lord was more afraid of her, than she was of him.

She endeavoured to assume a complaisant air to me; but it was so visibly struggled for, that it sat very awkwardly on her countenance; and her lips trembled when she broke silence, to ask officiously, as she did, after the health of my sister Charlotte.

I would be alone with my nephew, said my Lord, in a passionate tone.

You *shall* be alone, my Lord, impertinently replied she, with an air that looked as if they had quarrelled

more than once before, and that she had made it up on her own terms. She pulled the door after her with a rudeness that he only could take, and deserve, who was conscious of having degraded himself.

Foolish woman! Why came she in when I was there, except to shew her supposed consequence, at the expence of his honour? She knew what my opinion was of her. She would, by a third hand, once, have made overtures to me of her interest with my Lord; but I should have thought meanly of myself, had I not, with disdain, rejected the tender of her services.

A damned woman! said my Lord; but looked, first, as if he would be sure she was out of hearing.

This woman, nephew, and her behaviour, is one of the subjects I wanted to consult you upon.

Defer this subject, my Lord, till you have recovered your temper. You did not design to begin with it. You are discomposed.

And so I am: And he puffed, and panted, as if out of breath.

I asked him some indifferent questions. To have followed him upon the subject at that time, whatever resolutions he had taken; they would probably have gone off, when the passion, to which they would have owed their vigour, had subsided.

When he had answered them, his colour and his wrath went down together.

He then ran out into my praises again, and, particularly, for my behaviour to Mrs. Oldham; who, he said, lived now very happily, and very exemplarily; and never opened her lips, when she was led to mention me, but with blessings heaped upon me.

That woman, my Lord, said I, was *once* good. A re-



covery, where a person is not totally abandoned, is more to be hoped for, than the reformation of one who never was well-principled. All that is wished for, in the latter, is, that she may be made unhurtful: Her highest good was never more than harmlessness. She that was once good, cannot be easy, when she is in a *true* state of penitence, till she is restored to that from which she was induced to depart.

You understand these matters, cousin: I don't. But if you will favour me with more of your company, I shall, I believe, be the better for your notions. But I must talk about this woman, nephew. I am calm now. I must talk of this woman now—I am resolved to part with her: I can bear her no longer. Did you not mind how she pulled the door after her, tho' you were present?

I did, my Lord. But it was plain, that something disagreeable had passed before; or she could not so entirely have forgot herself. But, my Lord, we will postpone this subject, if you please. If you yourself lead to it after dinner, I will attend to it, with all my heart.

Well, then, be it so. But' now tell me, Have you, nephew, any thoughts of marriage?

I have great honour for the state; and hope to be one day happy in it.

Well said—And are you at liberty, kinsman, to receive a proposal of that nature?

And then, without waiting for my answer, he proposed Lady Frances N. and said, he had been spoken to on that subject.

I answered, that the Lady was very deserving; but that I should think myself under too great obligations to a wife, for my own ease, if there were a woman in the world whom I could prefer to her.

Well, what think you of Lady Anne S.? I am told, that *she* is likely to be the Lady. She has a noble fortune. Your sisters, I hear, are friends to Lady Anne.

My sisters wish me happily married. I have such an opinion of both those Ladies, that it would give me some little pain, to imagine each would not, in her turn, refuse me, were I offered to her, as I cannot, myself, make the offer. I cannot bear, my Lord, to think of returning slight for respect, to my *own* Sex: But as to Ladies; how can we expect that delicacy and dignity from them, which are the bulwarks of their virtue, if we do not treat them with dignity?

Charming notions! If you had them not abroad, you had them from your mother: She was all that was excellent in woman.

Indeed she was. Excellent woman! She is always before my eyes.

And excellent kinsman too! Now I know your reverence for your mother, I will allow of all you say of your father; because I see it is all from principle. I have known some men who have spoken with reverence of their mothers, to give themselves dignity: That is to say, for bringing creatures so important as themselves into the world; and who have exacted respect to the good old women who were *merely* good old women, as we call them, in order to take the incense offered the parent, into their own nostrils. This was duty in parade.

The observation, my good Dr. Bartlett, I thought above my Lord W. I think I have heard one like it, made by my father, who saw very far into men; but was sometimes led, by his wit, into saying a severe thing: And yet, whenever I hear a man praised highly for the performance of common duties; as for being a good husband, a

good son, or a kind father; tho' each is *comparatively* praise-worthy, I conclude, that there is nothing extraordinary to be said of him. To call a man a good FRIEND, is indeed comprising all the duties in one word. For friendship is the balm, as well as seasoning, of life: And a man cannot be defective in *any* of the social duties, who is capable of it, when the term is rightly understood.

Well, cousin, since you cannot think of either of those Ladies, how should you like the rich and beautiful Countess of R.? You know what an excellent character she bears.

I do. But, my Lord, I should not choose to marry a widow: And yet, generally, I do not disrespect widows, nor imagine those men to blame who marry them. But as my circumstances are not unhappy, and as riches will never be my principal inducement in the choice of a wife, I may be allowed to indulge my peculiarities; especially as I shall hope (and I should not deserve a good wife if I did not) that, when once married, I shall be married for my whole life.

The Countess once declared, said my Lord, before half a score in company, two of them her particular admirers, That she never would marry any man in the world, except he were just such another, in mind and manners, as Sir Charles Grandison.

Ladies, my Lord, who in absence speak favourably of a man that forms not pretensions upon them, nor is likely to be troublesome to them, would soon convince that man of his mistake, were his presumption to rise upon their declared good opinions.

I wonder, proceeded my Lord, that every young man is not good. I have heard you, cousin, praised in all the circles where you have been mentioned. It was certainly an advantage to you to come back to us a stranger, as I

may say. Many youthful follies may perhaps be overpassed, that we shall never know any-thing of: But, be that as it will, I can tell you, Sir, that I have heard such praises of you, as have made my eyes glisten, because of my relation to you. I was told, within this month past, that no fewer than Five Ladies, out of one circle, declared, that they would stand out by consent, and let you pick and choose a wife from among them.

What your Lordship has heard of this nature, let me say, without affecting to disclaim a compliment apparently too high for my merits, is much more to the honour of the one Sex, than of the other. I should be glad, that policy, if not principle (principle might take root, and grow from it) would mend us men.

So should I, nephew: But I [Poor man! he hung down his head!] have not been a better man than I ought to be. Do you not despise me in your heart, cousin?—You must have heard—That cursed woman—But I begin to repent! And the truly good, I believe, cannot be either censorious, or uncharitable. Tell me, however, do you not despise me?

Despise my mother's brother! No, my Lord. Yet were a sovereign to warrant my freedom, and there was a likelihood that he would be the better for it; I would, with decency, tell him my whole mind. I am sorry to say it; but your Lordship, if you have not had virtue to make you worthy of being imitated, has too many examples among the great, as well as among the middling, to cause you to be censured for *singularity*. But your Lordship adds, to a confession that is not an ungenerous one, that you begin to repent.

Indeed I do. And your character, cousin, has made me half-ashamed of myself.

I am not accustomed, my Lord, to harangue on these

subjects to men who know their duty: But let me say, That your Lordship's good resolutions, to be efficacious, must be built upon a better foundation than occasional disgust or disobligation. But here, again, we are verging to a subject that we are both agreed to defer till after dinner.

I am charmed with your treatment of me, cousin. I shall, for my own sake, adore my sister's son. Had I consulted my chaplain, who is a good man too, he would have too roughly treated me.

Divines, my Lord, must do their duty.

He then introduced the affair between Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and me, of which, I found, he was more particularly informed, than I could have imagined: And after he had launched out upon that, and upon my refusal of a duel, he, by a transition that was very natural, mentioned the *rescued Lady*, as he called her. I have heard, cousin, said he, that she is the most beautiful woman in England.

I think her so, my Lord, replied I: And she has one excellence, that I never before met with in a Beauty: She is not proud of it.

I then gave my opinion of Miss Byron in such terms, as made my Lord challenge me, as my sisters once did, on the warmth of my description and praises of her.

And does your Lordship think, that I cannot do justice to the merits of such a Lady as Miss Byron, but with an interested view? I do assure you, that what I have said, is short of what I think of her. But I can praise a Lady, without meaning a compliment to myself. I look upon it, however, as one of the most fortunate accidents of my life, that I have been able to serve her, and save her from a forced marriage with a man whom she disliked, and who could not deserve her. There is hardly any-

thing gives me more pain, than when I see a worthy woman very unequally yoked, if her own choice has not been at first consulted; and who yet, tho' deeply sensible of her misfortune, irreproachably supports her part of the yoke.

You are a great friend to the Sex, kinsman.

I am. I think the man who is not, must have fallen into bad company; and deserves not to have been favoured with better. Yet, to unwomanly faults, to want of morals, and even to want of delicacy, no man is more quick-sighted.

I don't know how it is; but *I* have not, at this rate, fallen into the best company: But perhaps it is for want of that delicacy in my own mind, which you are speaking of.

Were we men, my Lord, to value women (and to let it be known that we do) for those qualities which are principally valuable in the Sex; the less estimable, if they would not be reformed, would shrink out of our company, into company more suitable to their taste; and we should never want objects worthy of our knowlege, and even of our admiration, to associate with. There is a kind of magnetism in goodness. Bad people will indeed find out bad people, and confederate with them, in order to keep one another in countenance; but they are bound together by a rope of sand; while trust, confidence, love, sympathy, and a reciprocation of beneficent actions, twist a cord which ties good men to good men, and cannot be easily broken.

I have never had these notions, cousin; and yet they are good ones. I took people as I found them; and, to own the truth, meaning to serve myself, rather than anybody else, I never took pains to look out for worthy at-

tachments. The people I had to do with, had the same views upon *me*, as I had upon *them* and thus I went on in a state of hostility with all men; mistrusting and guarding, as well as I could, and not doubting that every man I had to do with would impose upon me, if I placed a confidence in him—But as to this Miss Byron, nephew, I shall never rest till I see her—Pray, what is her fortune? they tell me, it is not above 15,000 *l.*—What is that, to the offers you have had made you?

Just then we were told, dinner was on the table.

I am wishing for an inclination to rest; but it flies me. The last Letter from Beauchamp, dated from Bologna, as well as those from the Bishop, afflict me. Why have I such a feeling heart? Were the unhappy situation of affairs there, owing to my own enterprising spirit, I should deserve the pain it gives me. But I should be too happy, had I not these *without-door* perplexities, as I may call them, to torment me, Thank God that they arise not from *within*, tho' they make themselves too easy a passage to my heart!

My paper is written out. If I am likely to find a drowsy moment, I shall welcome its approach: If not, I will rise, and continue my subject.

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## LETTER XLII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr. BARTLETT.*

*Sunday, Mar. 19.*

I HAVE had two happy hours of forgetfulness. I could not, tho' I tried for it, prevail for more: And I will continue my subject.

After dinner, every attendant being dismissed, my Lord, making me first see that nobody was listening in the passages, began as follows:

I am determined, nephew, to part with this Giffard. She is the plague of my life. I would have done it half a year ago, on an occasion that I will not mention to you, because you would despise me, if I did, for my weakness: And now she wants to bring in upon me, a sister of hers, and her husband, and to part with two other worthy folks, that I know love me; but of whom, for that reason, she is jealous; and then they would divide me among them: For this man and his wife have six children; all of whom, of late, make an appearance that cannot be honestly supported.

And have you any difficulty, my Lord, in parting with her, but what arises from your own want of resolution?

The most insolent devil that ever was about a man at one time, and the most whining at another. Don't despise me, nephew; you know I have taken her as—You know what I mean—

I understand you, my Lord.

But say, you don't despise me, Sir Charles Grandison. As I hope to live, I am half afraid of you.

My pity, my Lord, where I see compunction, is stronger than my censure.

That is well said.—Now I agreed with this woman, in a weak moment, and she has held me to it, to give her an annuity of 150 *l.* for life; which was to be made up 250 *l.* if I parted with her without her consent: And here we have been, for several months, plaguing one another, whether I shall turn *her* out of the house, or she will leave *me*: For she has told me, that she will not stay, unless I take in her sister and brother; yet will not go, because she



will then have no more than the 150 *l.* a year: And that is, too much for her deserts for these two years past.

Your Lordship sees the inconveniencies of this way of life; and I need not mention to you, how much happier that state is, which binds a man and woman together by interest, as well as by affection, if discretion be not forgotten in the choice. But let me express my surprize, that your Lordship, who has so ample an estate, and no child, should seem to value your peace of mind at so low a rate as 100 *l.* a year.

I will not let her go away with such a triumph. She has not deserved from me—

Pray, my Lord, was she of reputation when you took her?

She was a widow—

But was her character tolerable in the eye of the world? She might be a greater object of pity for being a widow.

My gouty disorders made me want a woman about me. I hated men-fellows—

Well, my Lord, this regards your *motive*. But have you any previous or later incontinence to charge her with?

I can't say I have. Her cursed temper would frighten, rather than invite, Lovers. I *heard*, it was no good one; but it broke not out to me till within these two years.

Your Lordship, surely, must not dispute the matter with her. If you are determined to part with her, give her the 250 *l.* a year, and let her go.

To reward a cursed woman for misbehaviour!—I cannot do it.

Give me leave to say, that your Lordship has deserved some punishment: Give her the annuity, not as a reward to her, but as a punishment to yourself.

You hurt my sore place, nephew.

Consider, my Lord, that 250 *l.* a year for life, or even for ever, is a poor price for the reputation of a woman with whom a man of your quality and fortune condescended to enter into treaty. Every quarterly payment must strike her to the heart, if she live to have compunction seize her, when she thinks that she is receiving, for subsistence, the wages of her shame. Be that *her* punishment. You intimate, that she has so behaved herself, that she has but few friends: Part with her, without giving her cause of complaint, that may engage pity for her, if not friends, at your expence. A woman who has lost *her* reputation, will not be regardful of *yours*. Suppose she sue you for non-performance of covenants: Would your Lordship *appear* to such a prosecution? You cannot be *capable* of pleading your privilege on a prosecution that would otherwise go against you. You cannot be in earnest to part with this woman, she cannot have offended you beyond forgiveness, if you scruple 100 *l.* a year to get rid of her.

He fervently swore, that he was in earnest; and added, I am resolved, nephew, to marry, and live honest.

He looked at me, as if he expected that I should be surprised.

I believe I could not change countenance, on such a hint as this. You have come to a good resolution, my Lord; and if you marry a prudent woman, your Lordship will find the difference in your own reflexion, as well as in your reputation and interest. And shall the difference of 100 *l.* a year—Don't let me say, that I am ashamed for my Lord W.

I knew that you would despise me, Sir Charles.

I know, that I should despise myself, were I not to deal freely with your Lordship in this respect. Indeed,

my Lord, you have not had so good reason (forgive me!) to think hardly of my father's spirit, as you had to correct your own.

I cannot bear this, nephew. He looked displeased.

You must not be angry, my Lord. I will not bear anger from any man breathing, and keep him company, who, consulting me, shall be displeased with me for speaking my mind with freedom and sincerity.

What a man am I talking to!—Well, rid me of this torment [You have spirit, nephew; and nobody can reproach you with acting contrary to your own principles] and I will for ever love you. But *talk* to her: I hardly dare. She whimpers and sobs, and threatens, by turns, and I cannot beat it.—Once she was going to tie herself up—Would to God I had not prevented her—And then (O my folly!) we went on again.

My good Dr. Bartlett, I was ashamed of my uncle. But you see what an artful, as well as insolent woman, this is. What *folly* is there in wickedness! Folly encounters with folly, or how could it succeed so often as it does?—Yet my mother's brother to wish he had suffered a creature, with whom he had been familiar, to destroy herself!—I could hardly bear him. Only that I thought it would be serving both wretches, and giving both a chance for repentance; or I should not have kept my seat—But we see in my mother, and in her brother, how habitual wickedness debases, and how habitual goodness exalts, the human mind. In their youth they were supposed nearer an equality in their understandings and attainments, than in their maturity, when occasion called out into action their respective talents. But perhaps the brother was not the better man for the uninterrupted prosperity that attended him, and for having never met with

check or controul; whereas the most happily married woman in the world must have a will to which she must sometimes resign her own. What a glory to a good woman must it be, who can, not only resign her will, but, make so happy a use of her resignation, as my mother did!

My Lord repeated his request, that I would talk with the woman; and that directly.

I withdrew, and sent for her, accordingly.

She came to me, out of breath with passion; and, as I thought, partly with apprehension for what her own behaviour might be before me.

I see, Mrs. Giffard, said I, that you are in great emotion. I am desired to talk with you; a task I am not very fond of: But you will find nothing but civility, such as is due to you, for your Sex's sake, from me. Calm, therefore, your mind: I will see you again, in a few moments.

I took a turn, and soon came back. Her face looked not quite so bloated; and she burst into tears. She began to make a merit of her services; her care; her honesty; and then inveighed against my Lord for the narrowness of his spirit. She paid some compliments to me; and talked of being ashamed to appear before me as a guilty creature; introductory to what she was prepared to say of her sacrifices, the loss of her good name, and the like; on which, with respect to my Lord, and his ingratitude to her, as she called it, she laid great stress.

I am never displeased, my dear friend, with the testimony which the most profligate women bear to the honour of virtue, when they come to set a value upon their departure from it.

You have it not to say, Mrs. Giffard, that my Lord betrayed, seduced, or deceived you. I say not this so

much for reproach, as for justice-sake; and not to suffer you to deceive yourself, and to load him with greater faults than he has been guilty of. You were your own mistress: You had no father, mother, husband, to question you, or to be offended with you. You knew your duty. You were treated with as a sole and independent person. One hundred and fifty pounds a year, Mrs. Giffard, tho' a small price for the virtue of a good woman, which is indeed above all price, is, nevertheless, greatly above the price of common service. I never seek to palliate faults of a flagrant nature; tho' it is not my meaning to affront, a woman especially, and one who supposes herself in distress. You *must know*, madam, the frail tenure by which you were likely to hold: You stipulated, therefore, for a provision, accordingly. The woman who never hoped to be a wife, can have no hardships to take the stipulation, and once more give herself the opportunity to recover her lost fame. This independence my Lord is desirous to give you—

What independence, Sir?

One hundred and fifty—

*Two* hundred and fifty, Sir, if you please—If my Lord thinks fit to dismiss me.

My Lord has told me, that *that* was indeed the stipulation; but he pleads misbehaviour.

I was willing to make a little difficulty of the 100 *l.* a year, tho' I thought my *Lord* ought not—And as to misbehaviour, Dr. Bartlett, I hardly know how to punish a woman for that, to her keeper. Does she not first misbehave to herself, and to the laws of God and man? And ought a man, that brings her to violate her first duties, to expect from her a regard to a mere discretionary obligation? I would have all these *moralists*, as they affect to call

themselves, suffer by such libertine principles as cannot be pursued, but in violation of the very first laws of morality.

*Misbehaviour!* Sir. He makes this plea to cover his own baseness of heart. I never misbehaved, as he calls it, till I saw—

Well; madam, this may lead to a debate that can answer no end. I presume, you are as willing to leave my Lord, as he is to part with you. It must be a wretchedness beyond what I can well imagine, to live a life of guilt (I must not palliate in this case) and yet of hatred and animosity, with the person who is a partaker in that guilt.

I am put upon a very unequal task, Sir, to talk with *you* on this subject. My Lord will not refuse to see me, I hope. I know what to say to *him*.

He has requested me to talk with you, madam. As I told you, I am not fond of the task. We have all, our faults. God knows what he will pardon, and what he will punish. His pardon, however, in a great measure depends upon yourself. You have health and time, to all appearance, before you: Your future life may be a life of penitence. I am no divine, madam; I would not be thought to preach to you: But you have now a prospect opened of future happiness, through your mutual misunderstandings, that you never otherwise *might* have had. And let me make an observation to you; That where hatred or dislike have once taken place of liking, the first separation, in such a case as this, is always the best. Affection or esteem between man and woman, once forfeited, hardly ever is recovered. Tell me truth—Don't you as heartily dislike my Lord, as he does you?

I do, Sir—He is—

I will not hear *what* he is, from the mouth of declared

prejudice. He has his faults. One great fault is, *that* in which you have been joint partakers—But if you might, would you choose to live together to be torments to each other?

I can torment him more than he can me—

Diabolical temper!—Woman! (and I stood up, and looked sternly) Can you forget *to* whom you say this—and *of* whom?—Is not Lord W. my uncle?

This (as I intended it should) startled her. She asked my pardon.

What a fine hand, proceeded I, has a Peer of the realm made of it! to have this said *of* him, and perhaps, had you been in his presence, *to* him, by a woman whose courage is founded in his weakness?—Let me tell you, madam—

She held up her clasped hands—For God's sake, forgive me, Sir! and stand my friend.

An hundred and fifty pounds a year, madam, is rich payment for *any* consideration that a woman could give, who has more spirit than virtue. Had you kept *that*, madam, you would, tho' the daughter of cottagers, have been superior to the greatest man on earth, who wanted to corrupt you.—But thus far, and as a punishment to my Lord for his wilful weakness, I *will* be your friend—Retire from my Lord: You shall have 250 *l.* a year: And as you were not brought up to the expectation of one half of the fortune, bestow the hundred a year, that was in debate, upon young creatures of your Sex, as an encouragement to them to preserve that chastity, which you, with your eyes open, gave up; and, with the rest, live a life suitable to that disposition; and then, as my fellow-creature, I will wish you happy.

She begged leave to withdraw: She could not, she said, stand in my presence.

I had, indeed, spoken with warmth. She withdrew, trembling, courtesying, mortified; and I returned to my Lord.

He was very earnest to hear my report. I again put it to him, Whether he adhered to his resolution of parting with his woman? He declared in the affirmative, with greater earnestness than before; and begged to know, if I could manage it that she should go, and that without seeing him? I cannot bear to see her, said he.

Bravoes of the Law, cowards and cullies to their paramours, are these keepers, generally. I have ever suspected the courage (to magnanimity they must be strangers) of men who can defy the Laws of Society. I pitied him: And believing that it would not be difficult to manage this heroine, who had made her weak Lord afraid of her; I said, Have you a mind, my Lord, that she shall quit the house this night, and before I leave it? If you have, I think I can undertake, that she shall.

And *can* you do this for me? If you can, you shall be my great Apollo. That will, indeed, make me happy: For the moment you are gone, she will force herself into my presence, and will throw the gout, perhaps, into my stomach. She reproaches me, as if she had been an innocent woman, and I the most ungrateful of men. For God's sake, nephew, release me from her, and I shall be happy. I would have left her behind me in the country, proceeded he; but she would come with me. She was afraid that I would appeal to you: She stands in awe of nobody else. You will be my guardian Angel, if you will rid me of this plague.

Well, then, my Lord, you will leave it to me to do the best I can with her: But it cannot be the best on your side, for your honour's sake, if we do her not that justice that



the Law would, or ought to do her. In a word, my Lord, you must forgive me for saying, that you shall not resume that dignity to distress this woman, which you laid aside when you entered into treaty with her.

Well, well, I refer myself to your management: Only this 100 *l.* a year—Once again, I say, it would hurt me to reward a woman for plaguing me: And 150 *l.* a year is two-thirds more than ever she, or any of her family, were intitled to.

The worst and meanest are intitled to justice, my Lord; and I hope your Lordship will not refuse to perform engagements that you entered into with your eyes open: You must *not*, if I take any concern in this affair.

Just then the woman sent in, to beg the favour of an audience, as she called it, of me.

She addressed me in terms above her education. There is something, said she, in your countenance, Sir, so terrible, and yet so sweet, that one must fear your anger, and yet hope for your forgiveness, when one has offended. I was too free in speaking of my Lord to his nephew—And then she made a compliment to my character, and told me, She would be determined by my pleasure, be it what it would.

How seldom are violent spirits true spirits! When over-awed, how tame are they, generally, in their submission! Yet this woman was not without art in hers. She saw, that, displeased as she apprehended I was with her, I had given her hopes of the payment of the hundred pounds a year penalty; and this made her so acquiescent.

I was indeed displeased with you, Mrs. Giffard; and could not, from what you said, but conclude in your disfavour, in justification of my Lord's complaints against you.

Will you give me leave, Sir, to lay before you the true state of every-thing between my Lord and me? Indeed, Sir, you don't know—

When two persons, who have lived in familiarity, differ, the fault is seldom wholly on one side: But thus far I judge between you, and desire not to hear particulars; The man who dispenses with a known duty, in such a case as this before us, must render himself despicable in the eyes of the very person whom he raises into consequence by sinking his own. Chastity is the crown and glory of a woman. The most profligate of men love modesty in the Sex, at the very time they are forming plots to destroy it in a particular object. When a woman has submitted to put a price upon her honour, she must appear, at times, despicable in the eyes even of her seducer; and when these two break out into animosity, ought either to wish to live with the other?

Indeed, indeed, Sir, I am struck with remorse: I see my error. And she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and seemed to weep.

I proceeded; You, Mrs. Giffard, doubted the continuance of my Lord's passion: You made your terms, therefore, and proposed a penalty besides. My Lord submitted to the terms, and by that means secured his right of dismissing you, at his pleasure; the only conveniency that a man dishonouring himself by despising marriage, can think he has. Between him and you, what remains to be said (tho' you are both answerable at a tribunal higher than your own) but that you should have separated long ago? Yet you would not consent to it: You would not leave him at liberty to assert the right he had reserved to himself. Strange weakness in him, that he would suffer

that to depend upon you!—But one weakness is the parent of another.

She then visibly wept.

You found it out, that you could *torment your Lord in an higher degree, than he could torment you*; and how, acting upon such principles, you have lived together for some time past, you have let every one see.

She, on her knees, besought my pardon for the freedom of that expression—Not from motives of contrition, as I apprehend; but from those of policy.

She was strong enough to raise herself, without my assistance. She did, unbidden, on seeing me step backward a pace or two, to give her an opportunity to do so; and looked very silly; and the more, for having missed my assisting hand: By which I supposed, that she had usually better success with my Lord, whenever she had prevailed on herself to kneel to him.

It is easy, my good Dr. Bartlett, from small crevices, to discover day in an artful woman's heart. Nothing can be weaker, in the eye of an observer, who himself disdains artifice, than a woman who makes artifice her study. In such a *départure* from honest nature, there will be such curvings, that the eyes, the countenance, must ever betray the heart; while the lips, either breaking out into apologies, or aiming at reserve, confirm the suspicion, that all is not right in the mind.

I excuse you, Mrs. Giffard, said I; my Lord has deservedly brought much of what has distressed him, upon himself: But now it is best for you to part. My Lord chooses not to see you. I would advise you to remove this very afternoon.

What, Sir, and not have my 250 *l.* a year!

Will you leave the house this night, if I give you my word—

For the whole sum, Sir?—Two hundred and fifty pounds a year, Sir?

Yes, for the whole sum.

I will, Sir, with all my heart and soul. Most of my things are in the country. My Lord came up in a passion, to talk with you, Sir. Two or three band-boxes are all I have here. Mr. Halden (he is my Lord's favourite) shall go down, and see I take nothing but my own—I will trust to your word of honour, Sir—and leave, for ever, the most ungrateful—

Hush, Mrs. Giffard, these tears are tears of passion. There is not a female feature, at this instant, in your face—[What a command of countenance! It cleared up in a moment. I *expected* it from her] A penitent spirit is an humble, a broken spirit: You shew, at present, no sign of it.

She dropt me a courtesy, with such an air (tho' not designed, I believe) as shewed that the benefit she was to reap from the advice, would not be sudden, if ever; and immediately repeated her question, If she had my honour for the payment of the entire sum—And you don't insist, Sir (I have poor relations) that I shall pay out the hundred a year, as you mentioned?

You are to do with the whole annuity as you please. If your relations are worthy, you cannot do better than to relieve their necessities. But remember, Mrs. Giffard, that every quarter brings you the wages of iniquity, and endeavour at some atonement.

The woman could too well bear this severity. Had a finger been sufficient to have made her feel, I would not have laid upon her the weight of my whole hand.

She assured me, that she would leave the house in two hours time; and I returned to my Lord, and told him so.

He got up, and embraced me, and called me his good Angel. I advised him to give his orders to Halden, or to whom he thought fit, to do her and himself justice, as to what belonged to her in the country.

But the terms! the terms! cried my Lord. If you have brought me off for 150 *l*. I will adore you.

These are the terms (You promised to leave them to me): You pay no more than 150 *l*. a year for her life, till you assure me, upon your honour, that you chearfully, and on mature consideration, make it up 250 *l*.

How is that! How is that, nephew?—Then I never shall pay more, depend upon it.

Nor will I ever ask you.

He rubbed his hands, forgetting the gout; but was remembered by the pain, and cried, Oh!—

But how did you manage it, kinsman?—I never should have brought her to any-thing. How did you manage it?

Your Lordship does not repent her going?

He swore, that it was the happiest event that could have befallen him. I hope, said he, she will go without wishing to see me.—Whether she would whine, or curse, it would be impossible for me to see her, and be myself.

I believe she will go without desiring to see you; perhaps while I am here.

Thank God! a fair riddance! Thank God!—But is it possible, kinsman, that you could bring me off for 150 *l*. a year? Tell me, truly.

It is: And I tell your Lordship, that it shall cost you no more, till you shall know how to value the comfort and happiness of your future life at more than 100 *l*. a year: Till then, the respect I pay to my mother's brother, and

the regard I have for his honour, will make me chearfully pay the 100 *l.* a year in dispute, out of my own pocket.

He looked around him, his head turning as if on a pivot; and, at last, bursting out into tears and speech together—And is it *thus*, Is it *thus*, you subdue me? Is it *thus* you convince me of my shameful littleness? I cannot bear it: All that this woman has done to me, is nothing to this. I can neither leave you, nor stay in your presence. Leave me, leave me, for six minutes only—Jesus! how shall I bear my own littleness?

I arose. One word, only, my Lord. When I re-enter, say not a syllable more on this subject: Let it pass as I put it. I would part with a greater sum than an hundred a year, for the satisfaction of giving to my uncle the tranquillity he has so long wanted in his own house, rather than that a person, who has had a dependence upon him, should think herself intitled to complain of injustice from him.

He caught my hand, and would have met it with his lips. I withdrew it hastily, and retired; leaving him to recollect himself.

When I returned, he thrust into my hand a paper, and held it there, and swore that I should take it. If the wretch live ten years, nephew, said he, *that* will reimburse you; if she die sooner, the difference is yours: And, for God's sake, for the sake of your mother's memory, don't despise me; that is all the favour I ask of you: No man on earth was ever so nobly overcome. By all that's good, you shall chalk me out my path. Blessed be my sister's memory, for giving me such a kinsman! The name of Grandison, that I ever disliked till now, is the first of names: And may it be perpetuated to the end of time!

He held the paper in my hand till he had done speak-

ing. I then opened it, and found it to be a bank note of 1000 *l*. I was earnest to return it; but he swore so vehemently, that he would have it so, that I, at last, acquiesced; but declared, that I would pay the whole annuity, as far as the sum went; and this, as well in justice to him, as to save him the pain of attending to an affair that must be grievous to him: And I insisted upon giving him an acknowledgement under my hand, for that sum; and to be accountable to him for it, as his banker would, in the like case.

And thus ended this affair. The woman went away before me. She begged the favour, at the door, of one word with me. My Lord started up, at her voice: His complexion varied: He whipt as nimbly behind the door, as if he had no gout in his foot. I will not see her, said he.

I stepped out. She complimented, thanked me, and wept; yet, in the height of her concern, would have uttered bitter things against my Lord: But I stopped her mouth, by telling her, that I was to be her paymaster, quarterly, of the 250 *l*. a year; and she turned her execrations against her Lord, into blessings on me: But after all, departed with reluctance.

Pride, and not tenderness, was visibly the occasion. Could she have secured her whole annuity, she would have gratified that pride, by leaving her Lord in triumph while she thought her departure would have given him regret: But to be *dismissed*, was a disgrace that affected her, and gave bitterness to her insolent spirit.

## LETTER XLIII.

*Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT.*

*In Continuation.*

MY Lord, tho' he had acquitted himself on the occasion, in such a manner as darted into my mind a little ray of my beloved mother's spirit, could not forbear giving way to his habitual littleness, when he was assured Giffard was out of the house. He called Halden to him, who entered with joy in his countenance, arising (as it came out) from the same occasion, and ordered him to make all his domestics happy for (what he meanly called) his *deliverance*; and asked If there were any-body in the house who loved her? Not a single soul, said Halden; and I am sure, that I may venture to congratulate your Lordship, in the names of all your servants: For she was proud, imperious, and indeed a tyranness, to all beneath her.

I then, for the first time, pitied the woman; and should have pitied her still more (true as this might, in some measure, be) had she not gone away so amply rewarded: For, in this little family I looked forward to the family of the State; the Sovereign and his ministers. How often has a minister, who has made a tyrannical use of power (and even some who have not) experienced, on his dismissal, the like treatment, from those who, had they had his power, would perhaps have made as bad an use of it; who, in its plenitude, were fawning, creeping slaves, as these servants might be to this mistress of their Lord! We read but of one grateful Cromwell, in all the superb train of Wolsey, when he had fallen into disgrace; and



yet he had in it hundreds; some not ignobly born, and all of them less meanly descended than their magnificent master.

Halden addressed himself to me, as having been the means of making his Lord and his whole household happy. Let the joy be moderate, Halden, said I: The poor woman might, possibly, have numbered among her well-wishers (she could not have disoblged *every-body*) some of those, who now will be most forward to load her with obloquy. You must not make her too considerable: It is best for my Lord, as well as for those who loved her not, to forget there ever was such a woman; except to avoid her faults, and to imitate her in what was commendable. She boasts of her honesty and management: My Lord charges her not with infidelity, of any kind.

Halden bowed, and withdrew.

My Lord swore, by his soul, that I had not my good name for nothing. Blessed, said he, be the name of the Grandisons! This last plaudit gratified my pride (I need not tell my Dr. Bartlett, that I have pride); the more gratified it, as Lord W's animosity to my father made him not pleased with his name.

I did not think, when my Lord began his story to me, that I should so soon have brought about a separation of guilt from guilt: But their mutual disgusts had prepared the way; resentment and pride, mingled with avarice on one side, and self-interestedness, founded (reasonably) on a stipulation made, and not complied with, on the other; were all that hindered it from taking place as from themselves. A mediator had nothing then to do, but to advise an act of justice, and so to gild it by a precedent of disinterestedness in himself, as should excite an emulation in a proud spirit, that, if not then, must, when pas-

sion had subsided, have arisen, to make all end as it ought.

When I found my Lord's joy a little moderated, I drew my chair near him. Well, my Lord, and now as to your hints of marriage—

Blessed God!—Why, nephew, you *overturn* me with your generosity. Are you not my next of kin? And can you give your consent, were I to ask it, that I should marry?

I give you not only my *consent*, as you condescendingly phrase it, but my *advice*, to marry.

Good God! *I* could not, in the like case, do thus.—But, nephew, I am not a *young* man.

The more need of a prudent, a discreet, a tender assistant. Your Lordship hinted, that you liked not men-servants about your person, in your illness. You are often indisposed with the gout: Servants will not always *be* servants when they find themselves of use. Infirmary requires indulgence: In the very nature of the word and thing, indulgence cannot exist with servility: Between man and wife it may: The same interest unites them. Mutual confidence! who can enough value the joy, the tranquillity at least, that results from mutual confidence? A man gives his own consequence to the woman he marries; and he sees himself respected in the respect paid her: She extends his dignity, and confirms it. There is such a tenderness, such an helpfulness, such a sympathy in sufferings, in a good woman, that I am always for excusing men in years, who marry prudently; while I censure, for the same reason, women in years. Male nurses are unnatural creatures! [There is not such a character that can be respectable] Womens sphere is the house, and their shining-place the sick chamber, in which they can exert all their amiable, and, shall I say, lenient qualities? Mar-

ry, my Lord, by all means. You are hardly Fifty; but were you Seventy, and so often indisposed; so wealthy; no children to repine at a mother-in-law, and to render your life or hers uncomfortable by their little jealousies; I would advise you to marry. The man or woman deserves not to be benefited in the disposition of your affairs, that would wish you to continue in the hands of mean people, and to rob you of the joys of confidence, and the comfort of tender help, from an equal, or from one who deserves to be made your equal, in degree. Only, my Lord, marry so, as not to defeat your own end: Marry not a gay creature, who will be fluttering about in public, while you are groaning in your chamber, and wishing for her presence.

Blessings on your heart, my nephew! Best of men! I can hold no longer. There was no bearing, *before*, your generosity: What can I say now?—But you *must* be in earnest.

Have you, my Lord, asked I, any Lady in your eye?

No, said he; indeed I have not.

I was the better pleased with him, that he had not; because I was afraid, that, like our VIIIth Henry, he had some other woman in view, which might have made him more uneasy than he would otherwise have been with Giffard: For tho' it were better that he should marry, than live in scandal; and a woman of untainted character, rather than one who had let the world see that she could take a price for her honour; yet I thought him better justified in his complaints of that woman's misbehaviour, than in the other case he would have been: And that it was a happiness to both (if a right use were made of the event) that they had been unable to live on, as they had set out.

He told me, that he should think himself the happiest of men, if I could find out, and recommend to him, a woman, that I thought worthy of his addresses; and even would court her for him.

Your Lordship ought not to expect fortune.

I do not.

She should be a gentlewoman by birth and education; a woman of a serious turn: Such a one is not likely in affluence to run into those scenes of life, from which, perhaps, only want of fortune has restrained the gayer creature. I would not have your Lordship fix an age, tho' I think you should not marry a girl. Some women, at Thirty, are more discreet than others at Forty: And if your Lordship should be blessed with a child or two to inherit your great estate, that happy event would domesticate the Lady, and make your latter years more happy than your former.

My Lord held up his hands and eyes, and tears seemed to make themselves furrows on his cheeks.

He made me look at him, by what he said on this occasion, and with anger, till he explained himself.

By my soul, said he, and clapped his two lifted-up hands together, I hate your father: I never heartily loved him; but now I hate him more than ever I did in my life.

My Lord!—

Don't be surprised. I hate him for keeping so long abroad a son, who would have converted us both. Lessons of morality, given in so noble a manner by regular *practice*, rather than by preaching *theory* (those were his words) not only where there is no interest proposed to be served, but *against* interest, must have subdued us both; and that by our own consents. O my sister! and he clasped his hands, and lifted up his eyes, as if he had the dear object

of his brotherly address before him; how have you blessed me, in your son!—

This apostrophe to my mother affected me. What a mixture is there in the character of Lord W.! What a good man might he have made, had he been later his own master!—His father died before he was of age.

He declared, that I had described the very wife he wished to have. Find out such a one for me, my dear kinsman, said he; and I give you *carte blanche*: But let her not be much younger than Fifty. Make the settlements for me: I am very rich: I will sign them blindfold. If the Lady be such a one as *you* say I *ought* to love, I *will* love her: Only let her say, she can be grateful for my Love, and for the provision you shall direct me to make for her; and my first interview with her shall be at the altar.

I think, my friend, I have in my eye such a woman as my Lord ought to do very handsome things for, if she condescend to have him. I will not tell you, not even *you*, whom I mean, till I know she will encourage such a proposal; and, for her own fortune's sake, I think she should; But I had her not in my thoughts when I proposed to my Lord the character of the woman he should wish for.

Adieu, my dear friend.

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## LETTER XLIV.

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.

Tuesday, Mar. 21.

MR. BARTLETT went to town yesterday. He returned early enough to breakfast with us. He found at dinner with his patron, the whole Danby family and

Mr. Sylvester; as also, the two masters of the young gentlemen, with Mr. Galliard, whose son is in love with Miss Danby, and she with him. There all the parties had confirmed to them the generous goodness of Sir Charles, of which he had assured Mr. Sylvester and the two brothers and sister before.

I am sorry, methinks, the Doctor went to town: We should otherwise, perhaps, have had the particulars of all, from the pen of the benevolent man. Such joy, such admiration, such gratitude, the Doctor says, were expressed from every mouth, that his own eyes, as well as Mr. Sylvester's, and most of those present, more than once, were ready to overflow.

Every-thing was there settled, and even a match proposed by Sir Charles, and the proposal received with approbation on both sides, between the elder Miss Galliard, and that audacious young man the drug-merchant; who recovered, by his behaviour in this meeting, his reputation with Sir Charles, and every-body.

The Doctor says, that Mr. Hervey and Mr. Poussin, the two masters of the young gentlemen, are very worthy men; so is Mr. Galliard: And they behaved so handsomely on the occasion, that Sir Charles expressed himself highly pleased with them all. For Mr. Hervey and Mr. Galliard offered to accept of less money than Sir Charles made the young people worth; the one for a portion with Miss Danby; the other for admitting the elder Danby into a partnership with him, on his marriage with his niece: But Sir Charles had no notion, he said, of putting young men, of good characters and abilities, to difficulties at their entrance into the world: The greatest expences, he observed, were then incurred. In slight or scanty beginnings, scanty plans must be laid, and pur-

sued. Mr. Galliard then declared, that the younger Danby should have the handsomer fortune with his daughter, if she approved of him, for the very handsome one Miss Danby would carry to his son.

Sir Charles's example, in short, fired every one with emulation; and three marriages, with the happiest prospects, are likely very soon to follow these noble instances of generosity. Mr. Sylvester proposed the celebration on one day: In that case, the gentlemen joined to hope Sir Charles would honour them with his presence. He assentingly bowed. How many families are here, at once, made happy!

Dr. Bartlett, after he had given us this relation, said, on our joining in one general blessing of his patron, You know not, Ladies, you know not, my Lord, what a general *Philanthropist* your brother is: His whole delight is in doing good. It has always been so: And to mend the hearts, as well as fortunes, of men, is his glory.

We could not but congratulate the Doctor on his having so considerable a hand (as Sir Charles always, Lord L. said, delighted to own) in cultivating his innate good principles, at so critical a time of life, as that was, in which they became acquainted.

The Doctor very modestly received the compliment, and, to wave our praises, gave us another instance of the great manner in which Sir Charles conferred benefits; as follows.

He once, said the Doctor, when his fortune was not what it now is, lent a very honest man, a merchant of Leghorn, when he resided there (as he did sometimes for a month or two together, for the conveniency of the English chapel) a considerable sum; and took his bond for it: After a while, things not answering to the poor

man's expectation, Mr. Grandison took notice to me, said the Doctor, that he appeared greatly depressed and dejected, and occasionally came into his company with such a sense of obligation in his countenance and behaviour, that he could not bear it: And why, said he, should I keep it in my power to distress a man, whose modesty and diffidence shew, that he deserves to be made easy?—I may die suddenly: My executors may think it but justice to exact payment: And that exaction may involve him in as great difficulties as those were, from which the loan delivered him.—I will make his heart light. Instead of suffering him to sigh over his uncertain prospects at his board, or in his bed, I will make both his board and his bed easy to him. His wife and his five children shall rejoice with him; they shall see the good man's countenance, as it used to do, shine upon them; and occasionally meet mine with grateful comfort.

He then cancelled the bond: And, at the same time, fearing the man's distress might be deeper than he owned, offered him the loan of a further sum. But, by his behaviour upon it, I found, said Mr. Grandison, that the sum he owed, and the doubt he had of being able to pay it in time, were the whole of the honest man's grievance. He declined, with gratitude, the additional offer, and walked, ever after, erect.

He is now living, and happy, proceeded the doctor; and, just before Mr. Grandison left Italy, would have made him some part of payment, from the happier turn in his affairs; which, probably, was owing to his revived spirits: But Mr. Grandison asked, What he thought he meant, when he cancelled the obligation?—Yet he told him, that it was not wrong in him to make the tender:



For free minds, he said, loved not to be ungenerously dealt with.

What a man is this, Lucy!

No wonder, thus gloriously employed, with my Lord W. and the Danby's, said Lord L. and perhaps in other acts of goodness that we know nothing of, besides the duties of his executorship, that we are deprived of his company! But *some* of these, as he has so good a friend as Dr. Bartlett, he might transfer to him—and oblige us more with his presence; and the rather, as he declares it would be obliging himself.

Ah, my Lord! said the Doctor, and looked round him, his eyes dwelling longest on me—You don't know—He stopped. We all were silent. He proceeded—Sir Charles Grandison does nothing without reason: A good man must have difficulties to encounter with, that a mere man of the world would not be embarrassed by.—But how I engage your attention, Ladies!

The Doctor arose; for breakfast was over—Dear Doctor, said Miss Grandison, don't leave us—As to that Bologna, that Camilla, that Bishop—Tell us more of them, dear Doctor.

Excuse me, Ladies; Excuse me, my Lord. He bowed, and withdrew.

How we looked at one another! How the fool, in particular, blushed! How her heart throbbed!—At what?—

But, Lucy, give me your opinion—Dr. Bartlett guesses, that I am far from being indifferent to Sir Charles Grandison: He must be assured, that my own heart must be absolutely void of *benevolence*, if I did not more and more esteem Sir Charles, for *his*: And would Dr. Bartlett be so cruel, as to contribute to a flame that, perhaps, is with

difficulty kept from blazing out, as one hears new instances of his generous goodness, if he *knew* that Sir Charles Grandison was so engaged, as to render it impossible—What shall I say?—O this cruel, cruel suspense!—What hopes, what fears, what contradictory conjectures!—But all will too soon perhaps—Here he is come—Sir Charles Grandison is come—

O no!—A false alarm!—He is *not* come: It is only my Lord L. returned from an airing.

I could beat this girl! this Emily!—It was owing to her!—A chit!—How we have fluttered each other!—But send for me down to Northamptonshire, my dear friends, before I am quite a fool.

Pray—Do you know, Lucy, What is the business that calls Mr. Deane to town, at this season of the year? He has made a visit to Sir Charles Grandison: For Dr. Bartlett told me, as a grateful compliment, that Sir Charles was much pleased with him; yet Mr. Deane did not tell *me*, that he designed it. I beseech you, my dear friends—Do not—But you would not; you *could* not!—I would be torn in pieces: I would not accept of—I don't know what I would say. Only add not disgrace to distress.—But I am safe, if nothing be done but at the motion of my grandmamma and aunt Selby. They would not permit Mr. Deane, or any-body, to make *improper* visits.—But don't you think, that it must look particular to Sir Charles, to have a visit paid him by a man expressing for me so much undeserved tenderness and affection, so long after the affair was over which afforded him a motive for it?—I dread, as much for Mr. Deane's sake as my own, everything that may be construed into officiousness or particularity, by so nice a discernor. Does he not say, that no

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man is more quick-sighted than himself, to those faults in women which are owing to want of delicacy?

I have been very earnest with Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, that they do not suffer their friendship for me to lay me under any difficulties with their brother. They all took my meaning, and promised to consult my punctilio, as well as my inclination. Miss Grandison was more kindly in earnest, in her assurances of this nature, than I was afraid she would be: And my Lord said, It was fit that I should find even niceness gratified, in this particular.

[I absolutely confide in you, Lucy, to place hooks where I forget to put them; and where, in your delicate mind, you think I *ought* to put them; that they may direct your eye (when you come to read out before my uncle) to omit those passages which very few men have delicacy or seriousness enough to be trusted with. Yet, a mighty piece of sagacity, to find out a girl of little more than Twenty, in Love, as it is called! and to make a jest of her for it!]  
[But I am peevish, as well as saucy.—This also goes between hooks.]

*Adieu, my Dear.*

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## LETTER XLV.

*Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT.*

*Monday Night, Mar. 20.*

**I** AM very much dissatisfied with myself, my dear Dr. Bartlett. What pains have I taken, to conquer those sudden gusts of passion, to which, from my early youth, I have been subject, as you have often heard me confess!

yet to find, at times, that I am unequal—to myself, shall I say?—To *myself*, I *will* say; since I have been so much amended by your precepts and example. But I will give you the occasion.

My guests, and you, had but just left me, when the wretched Jervois, and her O-Hara, and another bullying man, desired to speak with me.

I bid the servant shew the woman into the drawing-room next my study, and the men into the adjoining parlour; but they both followed her into the drawing-room. I went to her, and, after a little stiff civility (I could not help it) asked, If these gentlemen had business with me?

That gentleman is Major O-Hara, Sir: He is my husband. That gentleman is Captain Salmonet: He is the Major's brother-in-law. He is an officer of equal worth and bravery.

They gave themselves airs of importance and familiarity; and the Major motioned, as if he would have taken my hand.

I encouraged not the motion. Will you, gentlemen, walk this way?

I led the way to my Study. The woman arose, and would have come with them.

If you please to stay where you are, madam, I will attend you presently.

They entered; and, as if they would have me think them connoisseurs, began to admire the globes, the orrery, the pictures, and busts.

I took off that sort of attention—Pray, gentlemen, what are your commands with me?

I am called Major O-Hara, Sir: I am the husband of the Lady in the next room, as she told you.

And what, pray, Sir, have I to do, either with you, or

your marriage? I pay that Lady, as the widow of Mr. Jervois, 200 *l.* a year: I am not obliged to pay her more than one. She has no demands upon me; much less has her husband.

The men had so much the air of bullies, and the woman is so very wicked, that my departed friend, and the name by which she so lately called the poor Emily, were in my head, and I had too little command of my temper.

Look ye, Sir Charles Grandison, I would have you to know—

And he put his left hand upon his sword-handle, pressing it down, which tilted up the point with an air extremely insolent.

What am I to understand by that motion, Sir?

Nothing at all, Sir Charles—D——n me, if I mean anything by it—

You are called *Major*, you say, Sir—Do you bear the King's commission, Sir?

I *have* borne it, Sir, if I do not now.

That, and the house you are in, give you a title to civility. But, Sir, I cannot allow, that your marriage with the Lady in the next room gives you pretence to business with me. If you have, on any other account, pray let me know what it is?

The man seemed at a loss what to say; but not from bashfulness. He looked about him, as if for his woman; set his teeth; bit his lip; and took snuff, with an air so like defiance, that, for fear I should not be able to forbear taking notice of it, I turned to the other: Pray, Captain Salmonet, said I, what are *your* commands with me?

He spoke in broken English; and said, He had the honour to be Major O-Hara's brother: He had married the Major's sister.

And why, Sir, might you not have favoured me with the company of all your relations?—Have you any business with me, Sir, on your own account?

I come, I come, said he, to see my brother righted, Sir—

Who has wronged him?—Take care, gentlemen, how—But, Mr. O-Hara, what are your pretensions?

Why look-ye, Sir Charles Grandison (throwing open his coat, and sticking one hand in his side, the other thrown out with a flourish) Look-ye, Sir, repeated he—

I found my choler rising. I was afraid of myself.

When I treat *you* familiarly, Sir, then treat *me* so: Till when, please to withdraw—

I rang: Frederick came in.

Shew these gentlemen into the little parlour—You will excuse me, Sirs; I attend the Lady.

They muttered, and gave themselves brisk and angry airs, nodding their heads at each other; but followed the servant into that parlour.

I went to Mrs. O-Hara, as she calls herself.

Well, madam, what is your business with me, *now*?

Where are the gentlemen, Sir? Where is my husband?

They are both in the next room, and within hearing of all that shall pass between you and me.

And do you hold them unworthy of your presence, Sir?

Not, madam, while *you* are before me, and if they had any business with me, or I with them.

Has not a husband business where his wife is?

Neither wife nor husband has business with me.

Yes, Sir, I am come to demand my daughter. I come to demand a mother's right.

I answer not to such a demand: You know you have no right to make it.

I have been at Colnebrooke: She was kept from me: My child was carried out of the house, that I might not see her.

And have you then terrified the poor girl?

I have left a Letter for her; and I expect to see her upon it.—Her new father, as worthy and as brave a man as yourself, Sir, longs to see her—

Her *new father!* madam.—You *expect to see her!* madam.—What was your behaviour to her, unnatural woman! the last time you saw her? But if you do see her, it must be in my presence, and without your man, if he form pretensions, on your account, that may give either her or me disturbance.

You are only, Sir, to take care of her fortune; so I am advised: I, as her mother, have the natural right over her person. The Chancery will give it to me.

Then seek your remedy in Chancery: Let me never hear of you again, but by the officers of that court.

I opened the door leading into the room where the two men were.

They are not officers, I dare say: Common men of the town, I doubt not, new-dressed for the occasion. O-Hara, as she calls him, is, probably, one of her temporary husbands only.

Pray walk in, gentlemen, said I. This Lady intimates to me, that she will apply to Chancery against me. The Chancery, if she has any grievance, will be a proper *recourse*. She can have no business with me, after such a declaration—Much less can either of you.

And opening the drawing-room door that led to the hall, Frederick, said I, attend the lady and the gentlemen to their coach.

I turned from them, to go into my Study.

The Major, as he was called, asked me, with a fierce air, his hand on his sword, If this were treatment due to gentlemen?

This house, in which, however, you are an intruder, Sir, is your protection; or that motion, and that air, if you mean any-thing by either, would cost you dear.

I am, Sir, the protector of my wife: You have insulted her, Sir—

Have I insulted your wife, Sir?—And I stepped up to him; but just in time recovered myself, remembering where I was—Take care, Sir—But you are safe here.—Frederick, wait upon the gentlemen to the door—

Frederick was not in hearing: The well-meaning man, apprehending consequences, went, it seems, into the offices, to get together some of his fellow-servants.

Salmonet, putting himself into violent motion, swore, that he would stand by his friend, his brother, to the last drop of his blood; and, in a posture of offence, drew his sword half-way.

I wish, friend, said I (but could hardly contain myself) that I were in *your* house, instead of your being in *mine*.—But if you would have your sword broken over your head, draw it quite.

He did, with a vapour. D—n him, he said, if he bore that! My *own* house, on such an insult as this, should not be my protection; and, retreating, he put himself into a posture of defence.

*Now*, Major! *Now*, Major! said the wicked woman.

Her Major also drew, making wretched grimaces.

I was dressed. I knew not but the men were assassins. I drew, put by Salmonet's sword, closed with him, disarmed him, and, by the same effort, laid him on the floor.

O-Hara, skipping about, as if he watched for an op-



portunity to make a push with safety to himself, lost his sword, by the usual trick whereby a man, any-thing skilled in his weapons, knows how sometimes to disarm a *less* skilful adversary.

The woman screamed, and ran into the hall.

I turned the two men, first one, then the other, out of the room, with a contempt that they deserved; and Frederick, Richard, and Jerry, who, by that time, were got together in the hall, a little too roughly perhaps, turned them into the Square.

They limped into the coach they came in: The woman, in terror, was already in it. When they were also in it, they cursed, swore, and threatened.

The pretended Captain, putting his body half-way out of the coach, bid my servants tell me, That I was—That I was—And avoiding a worse name, as it seemed—*No Gentleman*; and that he would find an opportunity to make me repent the treatment I had given to men of honour, and to a Lady.

The Major, in eagerness to say something, by way of resentment and menacelike—(beginning with damning his blood)—had his intended threatening cut short, by meeting the Captain's head with his, as the other in a rage, withdrew it, after his speech to the servant: And each cursing the other, one rubbing his forehead, the other putting his hand to his head, away drove the coach.

They forgot to ask for their swords; and one of them left his hat behind him.

You cannot imagine, my dear Dr. Bartlett, how much this idle affair has disturbed me: I cannot forgive myself—To suffer myself to be provoked by two such men, to violate the sanction of my own house! Yet they came, no doubt, to bully and provoke me; or to lay a foundation

for a demand, that they knew, if personally made, must do it.

My only excuse to myself is, That there were two of them; and that, tho' I drew, yet I had the command of myself so far as only to defend myself, when I might have done any-thing with them. I have generally found, that those who are the readiest to give offence, are the unfittest, when brought to the test, to support their own insolence.

But my Emily! my poor Emily! How must she be terrified!—I will be with you very soon. Let not her know any-thing of this idle affair; nor any-body but Lord L.

*Tuesday Morning.*

I have just parted with one Blagrove, an Attorney, who already had been ordered to proceed against me: But, out of regard to my character, and having, as he owned, no great opinion of his clients, he thought fit to come to me in person, to acquaint me of it, and to inform himself, from me, of the whole affair.

The gentleman's civility intitled him to expect an account of it: I gave it him.

He told me, That if I pleased to restore the swords, and the hat, by him, and would promise not to stop the future quarterly payments of the 200 *l.* a year, about which they were very apprehensive; he dared to say, that, after such an exertion of spirit, as he called a choleric excess, I should not hear any more of them for one while; since, he believed, they had only been trying an experiment; which had been carried further, he dared to say, than they had designed it should.

He hinted his opinion, that the men were common men of the town; and that they had never been honoured with commissions in any service.

The woman (I know not by what name to call her, since it is very probable, that she has not a real title to that of O-Hara) was taken out of the coach in violent hysterics, as O-Hara told him; who, in consulting Mr. Blagrove, may be supposed to aggravate matters, in order to lay a foundation for an action of damages.

She accused the men of cowardice, before Mr. Blagrove; and that in very opprobrious terms.

They excused themselves, as being loth to hurt me; which, they said, they easily could have done; especially before I drew.

They both pretended, to Mr. Blagrove, personal damages; but I hope their hurts are magnified.

I am (however that be) *most* hurt; for I am not at all pleased with myself. They, possibly, tho' they have no cause to be satisfied with their parts in the fray, have been more accustomed to such scuffles, than I; and are above, or rather beneath, all punctilio.

Mr. Blagrove took the swords and the hat with him in the coach that waited for him.

If I thought it would not have looked like a compromise, and encouraged their insolence, I could freely have sent them *more* than what belonged to them. I am really greatly hurt by the part I acted to such men.

As to the annuity; I bid Mr. Blagrove tell the woman, that the payment of that depended upon her future good behaviour; and yet, that I was not sure, that she was intitled to it, but as the *widow* of my friend.

However, I told this gentleman, That no provocation should hinder me from doing strict justice, tho' I were sure that they would go to law with the money I should cause to be paid to them quarterly. You will therefore know, Sir, added I, that the fund which they have to depend upon, to support a law-suit, should they commence

one, and think fit to employ in it so honest a man as you seem to be, is 100 *l.* a year. It would be madness, if not injustice, to pay the other 100 *l.* for such a purpose, when it was left to my discretion to pay it, or not, with a view to discourage that litigious spirit which is one, of a hundred, of this poor woman's bad qualities.

And thus, for the present, stands this affair. I look upon my trouble from this woman as over, till some new scheme arises, either among these people, or from others whom she may consult or employ. You and I, when I have the happiness to attend you and my other friends, will not renew the subject.

*I am, &c.*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

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## LETTER XLVI.

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.*

*Colnebrooke, Wedn. Mar. 22.*

SIR CHARLES arrived this morning, just as we had assembled to breakfast; for Lady L. is not an early riser. The moment he entered, sunshine broke out in the countenance of every one.

He apologized to all, but me, for his long absence, especially when they had *such* a guest, were his words, bowing to me; and I thought he sighed, and looked with tender regard upon me; but I dared not ask Miss Grandison whether she saw any thing particular in his devoirs to me.

It was owing to his politeness, I presume, that he did

not include me in his apologies; because that would have been to suppose, that I had *expected* him. Indeed I was not displeased, in the main, that he did not compliment me as a *third* sister. See, Lucy, what little circumstances a doubtful mind will sometimes dwell upon.

I was not pleased that he had been so long absent, and had my thoughts to myself upon it; inclining 'once to have gone back to London; and perhaps should, could I have fancied myself of importance enough to make him uneasy by it [The Sex! the Sex! Lucy, will my uncle say; but I pretend not to be above its little foibles]: But the moment I saw him, all my disgusts were over. After the Anderson, the Danby, the Lord W. affairs, he appeared to me in a much more shining light than a hero would have done, returning in a triumphal car covered with laurels, and dragging captive princes at its wheels. How much more glorious a character is that of *The Friend of Mankind*, than that of *The Conqueror of Nations*!

He told me, that he paid his compliments yesterday to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. He mentioned Mr. Deane's visit to him; and said very kind, but just, things in his praise. I read not any thing in his eyes, or manner, that gave me uneasiness on the visit that other good man made him.

My dear Emily sat generously uneasy, I saw, for the trouble she had been the cause of giving to her best friend, tho' she knew not of a visit, that her mother, and O-Hara, and Salmonet, made her guardian on Monday, as the Doctor had hinted to us, without giving us particulars.

Sir Charles thanked me for my goodness, as he called it, in getting the good girl so happily out of her mother's way, as *his* Emily would have been too much terrified to see her: And he thanked Lord L. for his tenderness to his ward on that occasion.

My Lord gave him the Letter which Mrs. Jervois had left for her daughter. Sir Charles presented it to the young Lady, without looking into it: She instantly returned it to him, in a very graceful manner. We will read it together by-and-by, my Emily, said he. Dr. Bartlett tells me, there is tenderness in it.

The Doctor made apologies to him, for having communicated to us some of his Letters—Whatever Dr. Bartlett does, said Sir Charles, must be right. But what say my sisters to my proposal of correspondence with them?

We should be glad, replied Lady L. to see all you write to Dr. Bartlett; but could not undertake to write you Letter for Letter.

Why so?

Miss Byron, said Miss Grandison, has put us quite out of heart as to the talent of narrative Letter-writing.

I should be greatly honoured with a sight of such Letters of Miss Byron as you, my Lord, have seen. Will Miss Byron, applying to me, favour *one* brother, and exclude *another*?

*Brother!* Lucy; I thought he was not, at that time, quite so handsome a man as when he first entered the room.

I was silent, and blushed. I knew not what answer to make; yet thought I should say something.

May we, Sir Charles, said Miss Grandison, hope for a perusal of your Letters to Dr. Bartlett for the same number of weeks past, Letter for Letter, if we could prevail on Miss Byron to consent to the proposal?

Would Miss Byron consent, upon that condition?

What say you, Miss Byron? said my Lord.

I answered, that I could not presume to think, that the little chit-chat, which I wrote to please my partial friends in the country, could appear tolerable in the eye of Sir Charles Grandison.

They all answered with high encomiums on my pen; and Sir Charles, in the most respectful manner, insisting upon not being denied to see what Lord L. had perused; and Miss Grandison having said that I had, to oblige them, been favoured with the return of my Letters from the country; I thought it would look like a too meaning particularity, if I refused to oblige him, in the light (tho' not a very agreeable one, I own to you, Lucy) of *another* brother: I told him, that I would shew him very willingly, and without condition, all the Letters I had written, of the narrative kind, from my first coming to London, down to the dreadful masquerade affair, and even Sir Hargrave's barbarous treatment of me, down to the deliverance he had so generously given me.

How did he extol me, for what he called my noble frankness of heart! In that grace, he said, I excelled all the women he had ever conversed with. He assured me, that he would not wish to see a line that I was not willing he should see; and that if he came to a word or passage that he could suppose would be of that nature, it should have no place in his memory.

Miss Grandison called out—But the *condition*, Sir Charles—

Is only this, replied I (I am sure of your *candor*, Sir); that you will correct me, where I am wrong in any of my notions or sentiments. I have been very pert and forward in some of my Letters; particularly, in a dispute that was carried on in relation to Learning and Languages. If I

could not, for *improvement*-sake, more heartily bespeak your correction than your approbation, I should be afraid of your eye there.

Excellent Miss Byron! Beauty shall not bribe me on your side, if I think you wrong in any point that you submit to my judgment: And if I am Beauty-proof, I am sure nothing on earth can bias me.

Miss Grandison said, she would number the Letters according to their dates; and then would give them to me, that I might make such conditions with her brother on the loan, as every one might be the better for.

Breakfast being over, Miss Grandison renewed the talk of the visit made here by Mrs. O-Hara on Sunday last. Miss Jervois very prettily expressed her grief for the trouble given her guardian by her unhappy mother. He drew her to him, as he sat, with looks of tenderness; and called her his dear Emily; and told her, she was the *Child of his compassion*. You are called upon, my dear, said he, young as you are, to a glorious trial; and hitherto you have shone in it: I wish the poor woman would be but half as much the mother, as you would be the child! But let us read her Letter.

His goodness overwhelmed her. He took her mother's Letter out of his pocket: She stood before him, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to suppress her emotion: And when he had unfolded the Letter, he put his arm round her waist. Surely, Lucy, he is the tenderest, as well as bravest of men! What would I give for a picture drawn but with half the life and love which shone out in his looks, as he cast his eyes, now on the Letter, and now up to his Emily!—Poor woman! said he, two or three times,



as he read: And, when he had done, You must read it, my dear, said he; there is the *mother* in it: We will acknowledge the mother, where-ever we can find her.

Why did not the dear girl throw her arms about his neck, just then?—She was ready to do so. O my best of guardians! said she; and, it was plain, was but just restrained, by virgin modesty, from doing so; her hands caught back, as it were, and resting for a moment on his shoulder: And she looked as much abashed, as if she had *not* checked herself.

I took more notice of this her grateful motion, than any-body else. I was affected with the beautiful check, and admired her for it.

And *must* I, Sir, would you *have me*, read it? I will retire to my chamber with it.

He arose, took her hand, and, coming with her to me, put it into mine: Be so good, madam, to fortify this worthy child's heart, by your prudence and judgment, while she reads the *mother*, in the only instance that I have ever known it visible in this unhappy woman.

He bowed, and gave me the Letter. I was proud of his compliment, and Emily and I withdrew into the next room; and there the good girl read the Letter: But it was long in reading; her tears often interrupting her; and more than once, as wanting a refuge, she threw her arms about my neck, in silent grief.

I called her twenty tender names; but I could not say much: What could I? The Letter in some places affected *me*. It was the Letter of a mother who seemed extremely sensible of hardships. Her guardian had promised observations upon it: I knew not then all the unhappy woman's wickedness: I knew not but the husband might be

in some fault.—What could I say? I could not think of giving comfort to a daughter at the expence of even a *bad* mother.

Miss Grandison came to us: She kissed the sobbing girl, and with tenderness, calling us her two Loves, led us into the next room.

Sir Charles, it seems, had owned, in our absence, that Mr. and Mrs. O-Hara, and Captain Salmonet, had made him a visit in town, on their return from Colnebrook, and expressed himself to be vexed at his own behaviour to them.

Miss Jervois gave the Letter to her guardian, and went behind his chair, on the back of which she leaned, while he looked into the Letter, and made observations upon what he read, as nearly in the following words as I can remember.

*An unhappy mother, whose faults have been barbarously aggravated*—My Emily's father was an indulgent husband! He forgave this unhappy woman crimes, which very few men would have forgiven: She was the wife of his choice: He doted on her: His first forgiveness of an atrocious crime hardened her.

When he could not live with her, he removed from place to place, to avoid her: At last, afraid of her private machinations, which were of the blackest nature, he went abroad, in order to pursue that traffick in person, which he managed to great advantage by his agents and factors; having first, however, made a handsome provision for his wife.

Thither, after some time passed in riot and extravagance, she followed him.

I became acquainted with him at Florence. I found him to be a sensible and honest man; and every one whom

he could serve, or assist, experienced his benevolence. Not a single soul who knew him, but loved him, this wife excepted.

She at *that* time insisted upon his giving up to her management, his beloved Emily; and solemnly promised reformation, on his compliance. She knew that the child would be a great fortune.

I was with Mr. Jervois, on her first visit to him at Leghorn; and, tho' I had heard her character to be very bad, was inclined to befriend her. She was specious. I hoped that a mother, whatever *wife* she made, could not but be a *mother*; and poor Mr. Jervois had not been forward to say the worst of her. But she did not long save appearances. The whole English factory at Leghorn were witnesses of her flagrant enormities. She was addicted to an excess that left her no guard, and made her a stranger to that grace which is the glory of a woman.

I am told, that she is less frequently intoxicated than heretofore. I should be glad of the least shadow of reformation in her. That odious vice led her into every other, and hardened her to a sense of shame. Other vices, perhaps, at first, wanted *that* to introduce them; but the most flagitious have been long habitual to her.

Nothing but the justice due to the character of my departed friend, could have induced me to say what I have said of this unhappy woman. Forgive me, my Emily: But shall I not defend your father?—I have not said the worst I could say of his wife.

Yet she writes, *That her faults have been barbarously aggravated, in order to justify the ill usage of a husband, who, she says, was not faultless.* Ill usage of a husband! Wretched woman! She knew I must see this Letter: How *could* she write thus? She knows that I have authentic proofs in

my custody, of his unexceptionable goodness to her; and confessions, under her own hand, of her guilt, and ingratitude to him.

But, my Emily—and he arose, and took her hand, her face overwhelmed with tears, You may rejoice in your father's character: He was a good man, in *every* sense of the word. With regard to her, he had but one fault; and that was, his indulgence.—Shall I say, That after repeated elopements, after other men had cast her off, he took her back? When she had forfeited his love, his *pity* operated in her favour; and she was hardened enough to despise the man who could much more easily forgive than punish her. I am grieved to be obliged to say this; but repeat, that the memory of my friend must not be unjustly loaded. Would to heaven that I could suggest the shadow of a plea that would extenuate any part of her vileness, either respecting him or herself; let whose-soever character suffer by it, I *would* suggest it. How often has this worthy husband wept to me, for those faults of his wife, for which *she* could not be sorry!

I discourage not these tears, my Emily, on what you have heard me say; but let me now dry them up.

He took her own handkerchief, and tenderly wiped her cheeks: It is unnecessary, proceeded he, to say anything further, at this time, in defence of your father's character. We come now to other parts of the Letter, that will not, I hope, be so affecting to the heart of a good child.

She insists upon your making her a visit, or receiving one from her: She longs, she says, to see you; to lay you in her bosom. She congratulates you, on your improvements: She very *pathetically* calls upon you, not to despise her—

My dear girl! You *shall* receive her visit: She shall name her place for it, provided I am present. I shall think it a sign of her amendment, if she is really capable of rejoicing in your improvements. I have always told you, that you must distinguish between the *crime* and the *mother*: The one is intitled to your pity; the other calls for your abhorrence—Do you *choose*, my dear, to see your mother?—I hope you do. Let not even the faulty have cause to complain of unkindness from us. There are faults that must be left to heaven to punish; and against the consequences of which, it behoves us only to *guard*, for our own sakes, I hope you are in a safe protection, and have nothing to fear from her: You are *guarded*, therefore. Can my Emily forget the terrors of the last interview, and calmly, in my presence, kneel to her mother?

Whatever you command me to do, I will do.

I would have you answer this Letter. Invite her to the house of your guardian—I think you should not go to her lodgings: Yet, if you incline to see her there, and she insists upon it, I will attend you.

But, Sir, must I own her husband for my father?

Leave that to me, my dear: Little things, punctilios, are not to be stood upon: Pride shall have no concern with us. But I must first be satisfied, that the man and she are actually married. Who knows, if they *are*, but his dependence on her annuity, and the protection she may hope for from him, may make it convenient to both, to live in a more creditable manner than hitherto she has aimed to do? If she save but *appearances*, for the future, it will be a point gained.

I will in every-thing, Sir, do as you would have me.

One thing, my dear, I think I will advise: If they are really married; if there be any prospect of their living

tolerably together; you shall, if you please, (your fortune is very large) make them a handsome present; and give hope, that it will be an annual one, if the man behave with civility to your mother. She complains, that she is made poor, and dependent. Poor if she be, it is her own fault: She brought not 200 *l.* to your father. Ungrateful woman! he married her, as I hinted, for Love. With 200 *l.* a year, well paid, she ought not to be poor; but *dependent*, she must be. Your father would have given her a larger annuity, had he not known, by experience, that it was but strengthening her hands to do mischief; and to enable her to be more riotous. I found a declaration of this kind among his papers, after his death. This his *intention*, if there could have been any hope of a good use to be made of it, justifies my advice to you, to *enlarge* her stipend: I will put it in such a way, that you, my dear, shall have the credit of it; and I will take upon myself the advice of restraining it to good behaviour, for their own sakes, and for yours.

O Sir! how good you are! You now give me courage to wish to see my poor mother, in hopes that it will be in my power to do her good: Continue to your Emily the blessing of your direction, and I shall be a happy girl indeed. O that my mother *may* be married! that so she may be intitled to the best you shall advise me to do for her.

I doubt, her man is a man of the town, added he; but he *may* have lived long enough to see his follies. She *may* be tired of the life she has led. I have made several efforts to do her service; but have no hope to reclaim her; I wish she may now be a wife in earnest. But this, I think, shall be my last effort—Write, my dear; but nothing of your intention. If she is not married, things must remain as they are.

She hastened up-stairs, and very soon returned, with the following lines

*Madam,*

**I** BESEECH you to believe, that I am not wanting in duty to my mother. You rejoice my heart, when you tell me, that you love me. My guardian was so good, before I could have time to ask him, as to bid me write to you, and to let you know, that he will himself present me to you, whenever you please to favour me with an opportunity to pay my duty to you, at his house in St. James's Square.

Let me hope, my dear mamma, that you will not be so angry with your poor girl, as you was last time I saw you at Mrs. Lane's; and then I will see you with all the duty that a child owes to her mother. For I am, and will ever be,

*Your dutiful Daughter,*

EMILIA JERVOIS.

Sir Charles generously scrupled the last paragraph. We will not, I think, Emily, said he, remind a mother, who has written such a Letter as that before us, of a behaviour that she should be glad to forget.

Miss Grandison desired it might stand. Who knows, said she, but it may make her ashamed of her outrageous behaviour at that time?

She deserves not generous usage, said Lady L.; she cannot feel it.

Perhaps *not*, replied Sir Charles; but we should do proper things, *for our own sakes*, whether the persons are capable of feeling them as they ought, or not. What say *you*, Miss Byron, to this last paragraph?

I was entirely in his way of thinking, and for the reason he gave; but the two Ladies having given their opinion in a pretty earnest manner, and my Lord saying he thought it might pass, I was afraid it would look like bespeaking his favour at their expence, if I adopted his sentiments; I therefore declined giving my opinion. But being willing to keep Emily in countenance, who sat suspended in her judgment, as one who feared she had done a wrong thing; I said, It was a very natural paragraph, I thought, from Miss Jervois's pen, as it was written, I dared to say, rather in apprehension of hard treatment, from what she remembred of the last, than in a spirit of recrimination or resentment.

The good girl declared, it was. Both Ladies, and my Lord, said, I had distinguished well: But Sir Charles, tho' he said no more upon the subject, looked upon each sister with meaning; which I wondered they did not observe. Dr. Bartlett was withdrawn, or I believe he would have had the honesty to speak out, which I had not: But the point was a point of delicacy and generosity; and I thought I should not seem to imagine that I understood it better than they: Nor did I think that Sir Charles would have acquiesced with their opinion.

Miss Jervois retired, to transcribe her Letter. We all separated, to dress; and I, having soon made an alteration in mine, dropt in upon Dr. Bartlett in his closet.

I am stealing from this good man a little improvement in my geography: I am delighted with my tutor, and he professes to be pleased with his scholar; but sometimes more interesting articles slide in: But now he had just begun to talk of Miss Jervois, as if he would have led, I thought, to the proposal hinted at by Miss Grandison,



from the Letter she had so clandestinely seen, of my taking her under my care, when Sir Charles entered the Doctor's apartment. He would have withdrawn, when he saw me; but the Doctor, rising from his chair, besought him to oblige us with his company.

I was silly: I did not expect to be caught there. But why was I silly on being found with Dr. Bartlett?—But let me tell you, that I thought Sir Charles himself, at first addressing me, seemed a little unprepared. You invited me in, doctor: Here I am. But if you were upon a subject that you do not pursue, I shall look upon myself as an intruder, and will withdraw.

We had concluded one subject, Sir, and were beginning another—I had just mentioned Miss Jervois.

Is not Emily a good child, Miss Byron? said Sir Charles.

Indeed, Sir, she is.

We then had some general talk of the unhappy situation she is in from such a mother; and I thought some hints would have been given of his desire that she should accompany me down to Northamptonshire; and my heart throbbed, to think how it would be brought in, and how I should behave upon it: And the more, as I was not to be supposed to have so much as *heard* of such a designed proposal. What would it have done, had I been prevailed upon to read the Letter? But not one word passed, leading to that subject.

I now begin to *fear*, that he has changed his mind, if that *was* his mind. Methinks I am more fond of having the good girl with us, than I imagined it was possible I ever could have been. What a different appearance have things to us, when they are out of our power, to what they had when we believed they were in it?

But I see not, that there is the least likelihood that anything, on which you had all set your hearts, can happen—I can't help it.

Emily, flattering girl! told me, she saw great signs of attachment to me in his eyes and behaviour; but I see no grounds for such a surmise: His affections are certainly engaged. God bless him, whatever his engagements are!—When he was absent, encouraged by his sisters and Lord L. I thought pretty well of myself; but, now he is present, I see so many excellencies shining out in his mind, in his air and address, that my humility gets the better of my ambition.

Ambition! did I say? Yes, ambition, Lucy. Is it not the nature of the passion we are so foolishly apt to call *noble*, to exalt the object, and to lower, if not to debase, one's self?—You see how Lord W. depreciates me on the score of fortune. I was loth to take notice of that before, because I knew, that were slenderness of fortune the only difficulty, the partiality of all my friends for their Harriet would put them upon making efforts that I would sooner die than suffer to be made.

I forget the manner in which Lord W's objection was permitted to go off—But I remember, Sir Charles made no attempt to answer it: And yet he tells my Lord, that fortune is not a principal article with him; and that he has an ample estate of his own. No question but a man's duties will rise with his opportunities. A man, therefore, may be as good with a less estate, as with a larger: And is not goodness the essential part of happiness? Be our station what it will, have we any concern but humbly to acquiesce in it, and fulfil our duties?

But who, for selfish considerations, can wish to *circumscribe* the power of this good man? The greater oppor-

tunities he has of doing good, the higher must be his enjoyment.—No, Lucy, do not let us flatter ourselves.

Sir Charles rejoices, on Sir Hargrave's having just now, by Letter, suspended the appointment till next week, of his dining with him at his house on the forest.

## LETTER XLVII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

I LEFT Sir Charles with Dr. Bartlett. They would both have engaged me to stay longer; but I thought the Ladies would miss me, and think it particular to find me with him in the Doctor's closet.

My Lord and the two sisters were together in the drawing-room adjoining to the library: On my entrance, Well Harriet, said Miss Grandison, we will now endeavour to find out my brother: You must be present to yourself, and put in a word now-and-then. We shall see if Dr. Bartlett is right, when he says, that my brother is the most unreserved of men.

Just then came in Dr. Bartlett—I think, doctor, said Lady L. we will take your advice, and ask my brother all the questions in relation to his engagements abroad, that come into our heads.

She had not done speaking, when Sir Charles entered, and drew his chair next me; and just *then* I thought myself he looked upon me with equal benignity and respect.

Miss Grandison began with taking notice of the Letter from which Dr. Bartlett, she said, had read some passages, of the happiness he had procured to Lord W. in ridding him of his woman. She wished, she told him, that

she knew who was the Lady he had in his thoughts to commend to my Lord for a wife.

I will have a little talk with her before I name her, even to you, my Lord, and my sisters. I am sure my sisters will approve of their aunt, if she accept of my Lord for a husband: I shall pay my compliments to her, in my return from Grandison-hall.—Do you, Charlotte, choose to accompany me thither? I must, I think, be present at the opening of the church. I don't ask you, my Lord, nor you, Lady L. so short as my stay will be there. I purpose to go down on Friday next, and return the Tuesday following.

*Miss Gr.* I think, brother, I should wish to be excused. If, indeed, you would stay there a week or fortnight, I could like to attend you; and so, I dare say, would Lord and Lady L.

*Sir Ch.* I must be in town on Wednesday, next week; but you may stay the time you mention: You cannot pass it disagreeably in the neighbourhood of the Hall; and there you will find your cousin Grandison: He will galant you from one neighbour to another: And, if I judge by your freedoms with him, you have a greater regard for him, than perhaps you know you have.

*Miss Gr.* Your servant, Sir, bowing—But I will take my revenge—Pray, Sir Charles, may I ask (we are all brothers and sisters)—

*Sir Ch.* Stop, Charlotte (*pleasantly*). If you are going to ask any questions by way of *revenge*, I answer them not.

*Miss Gr.* Revenge!—Not revenge, neither—But when my Lord W. as by the *passages* Dr. Bartlett was so good as to read to us, proposed to you this Lady for a wife, and that Lady; your answers gave us apprehension that you are not inclined to marry—

*Lady L.* You are very unceremonious, Charlotte—

Indeed, Lucy, she made me tremble. Sure he can have no notion that I have seen the *whole* Letter—seen myself named in it.

*Miss Gr.* What signifies ceremony among relations?

*Sir Ch.* Let Charlotte have her way.

*Miss Gr.* Why then, Sir, I would ask—Don't you intend one day to marry?

*Sir Ch.* I do, Charlotte. I shall not think myself happy till I can obtain the hand of a worthy woman.

I was, I am afraid, Lucy, visibly affected: I knew not how to stay; yet it would have looked worse to go.

*Miss Gr.* Very well, Sir—And pray, Have you not, either abroad or at home, seen the woman you could wish to call yours?—Don't think me impertinent, brother.

*Sir Ch.* You cannot be impertinent, Charlotte. If you want to know any-thing of me, it pleases me best, when you come directly to the point.

*Miss Gr.* Well, then, if I cannot be impertinent; if you are best pleased when you are most freely treated; and if you are inclined to marry; pray why did you decline the proposals mentioned by Lord W. in behalf of Lady Frances N. of Lady Anne S. and I cannot tell how many more?

*Sir Ch.* The friends of the first-named Lady proceeded not generously with my father, in that affair. The whole family builds too much on the interest and title of her father. I wanted not to depend upon any public man: I chose, as much as possible, to fix my happiness within my own little circle. I have strong passions: I am not without ambition. Had I loosened the reins to the latter, young man as I am, my tranquillity would have been pinned to the feather in another man's cap. Does this satisfy you, Charlotte, as to Lady Frances?

*Miss Gr.* Why, yes: And the easier, because there is a Lady whom I could have preferred to Lady Frances.

I should not, thought I, have been present at this conversation. Lord L. looked at me. Lord L. should *not* have looked at me: The Ladies did not.

*Sir Ch.* Who is she?

*Miss Gr.* Lady Anne S. you know, Sir—Pray, may I ask, Why that *could not be*?

*Sir Ch.* Lady Anne is, I believe, a deserving woman; but her fortune must have been my principal inducement had I made my addresses to her. I never yet went so low as to that alone, for an inducement to see a Lady three times.

*Miss Gr.* Then, Sir, you *have* made your addresses to Ladies—Abroad, I suppose?

*Sir Ch.* I thought, Charlotte, your curiosity extended only to the Ladies in England.

*Miss Gr.* Yes, Sir, it extends to Ladies in England and out of England, if any there be that have kept my brother a single man, when such offers have been made him as we think would have been unexceptionable. But you hint, then, Sir, that there *are* Ladies abroad—

*Sir Ch.* Take care, Charlotte, that you make as free a respondent, when it comes to your turn, as you are a questioner.

*Miss Gr.* By your answers to my questions, Sir, teach me how I am to answer yours, if you have any to make.

*Sir Ch.* Very well, Charlotte. Have I not answered satisfactorily your questions about the Ladies you named?

*Miss Gr.* Pretty well. But, Sir, have you not seen Ladies abroad whom you like better than either of those I have named?—Answer me to that.

*Sir Ch.* I *have*, Charlotte, and at home too.

*Miss Gr.* I don't know what to say to you—But, pray,

Sir, Have you not seen Ladies abroad whom you have liked better than any you ever saw at home?

*Sir Ch.* No. But tell me, Charlotte, to what does all this tend?

*Miss Gr.* Only, Brother, that we long to have you happily married; and we are afraid, that your declining this proposal and that, is owing to some previous attachment—And now *all* is out.

*Lord L.* And now, my dear brother, *all* is out—

*Lady L.* If our brother will gratify our curiosity—

Had I ever before, Lucy, so great a call upon me as now, for presence of mind?

Sir Charles sighed: He paused: And at last said—You are very generous, very kind, in your wishes to see me married. I *have* seen the Lady with whom, of all the women in the world, I think I could be happy.

A fine blush overspread his face, and he looked down. Why, Sir Charles, did you blush? Why did you look down? The happy, thrice happy woman, was not present, was she?—Ah, No! no! no!—

*Sir Ch.* And now, Charlotte, what other questions have you to ask, before it comes to your turn to answer some that I have to put to *you*?

*Miss Gr.* Only one.—Is the Lady a foreign Lady?

How every-body but I looked at him, expecting his answer!—He really hesitated. At last; I think, Charlotte, you will excuse me, if I say, that this question gives me some pain—Because it leads to *another*, that, *if* made, I *cannot at present myself answer* [But why so, Sir, thought I?]: And if *not* made, it cannot be of any signification to speak to this.

*Lord L.* We would not give you pain, Sir Charles: And yet—

*Sir Ch.* What yet, my dear Lord L.?

*Lord L.* When I was at Florence, there was much talk—

*Sir Ch.* Of a Lady of that city.—Olivia, my Lord!—There was.—She has fine qualities, but unhappily blended with others less approveable.—But I have nothing to wish for from Olivia: She has done me too much honour. I should not so readily have named her now, had she been more solicitous to conceal the distinction she honoured me with. But your Lordship, I dare hope, never heard even *ill-will* open its mouth to her disreputation, only that she descended *too much* in her regard for one object.

*Lord L.* Your character, Sir Charles, was as much to her reputation, as—

*Sir Ch. (interrupting).* O my Lord, how *brotherly* partial! But, this Lady out of the question, my peace has been broken in pieces by a tender fault in my constitution—And yet I would not be without it.

The sweet Emily arose, and, in tears, went to the window. A sob, endeavoured to be suppressed, called our attention to her.

Sir Charles went, and took her hand: Why weeps my Emily?

Because you, who so well deserve to be happy, seem not to be so.

Tender examples, Lucy, are catching: I had much ado to restrain my tears.

He kindly consoled her. My unhappiness, my dear, said he, arises chiefly from that of other people. I should but for *that* be happy in myself, because I endeavour to accommodate my mind to bear inevitable evils, and to make, if possible, a virtue of necessity: But, Charlotte, see how grave you have made us all! and yet I must enter



with *you* upon a subject that possibly may be thought as serious by you, as that which, at present, I wish to quit.

“Wish to quit!”—“The question gave him some pain, because it led to another, which he cannot himself, at present, answer!”

What, Lucy, let me ask you, before I follow him to his next subject, can you gather from what passed in *that* already recited? If he is himself at an uncertainty, he may deserve to be pitied, and not blamed: But don’t you think he might have answered, whether the Lady is a foreigner, or not?—How could he *know* what the next question would have been?

I had the assurance to ask Miss Grandison afterwards, aside, Whether any thing could be made out, or guessed at, by his eyes, when he spoke of having *seen* the woman he could prefer to all others? For he sat next me; she over-against him.

I know not what to make of him, said she: But be the Lady native or foreigner, it is my humble opinion, that my brother is in love. He has all the symptoms of it, that I can guess by.

I am of Charlotte’s opinion, Lucy. Such tender sentiments; such sweetness of manners; such gentleness of voice!—Love has certainly done all this for him: And the Lady, to be sure, is a foreigner. It would be strange if such a man should not have engaged his heart in the seven or eight years past; and those from Eighteen to Twenty-six or seven, the most susceptible of a man’s life.

But what means he by saying, “His peace has been broken in pieces by a tender fault in his constitution?”—Compassion, I suppose, for some unhappy object.—I will soon return to town, and there prepare to throw myself into the arms of my dearest relations in Northampton-

shire: I shall otherwise, perhaps, add to the number of those who have broken his peace.

But it is strange, methinks, that he could not have answered, Whether the Lady is a foreigner, or not.

Dr. Bartlett, you are mistaken: Sir Charles Grandison is not so very *un-reserved* a man as you said he was.

But Oh! my dear little flattering Emily, how could you tell me, that you watched his eyes, and saw them always kindly bent on me?—Yes, perhaps, when you thought so, he was drawing comparisons to the advantage of his fair foreigner, from my less agreeable features!—

But this Olivia! Lucy. I want to know something more of *her*. “Nothing,” he says, “to wish for from Olivia.” Poor Lady! Methinks I am very much inclined to pity her.

Well, but I will proceed now to his next subject. I wish I could find some faults in him. It is a *cruel* thing to be under a kind of necessity to be angry with a man whom we cannot blame: And yet, in the next conversation, you will see *him* angry. Don’t you long Lucy, to see how Sir Charles Grandison will behave when he is angry?

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## LETTER XLVIII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

NOW, Charlotte, said he (as if he had fully answered the questions put to him—O these men!) let me ask *you* a question or two—I had a visit made me yesterday, by Lord G. What, my dear, do you intend to do with regard to him?—But, perhaps, you would choose to withdraw with me, on this question.

*Miss Gr.* I wish I had made to you the same overture of withdrawing, Sir Charles, on the questions I put to you: If I had, I should have received more satisfaction, I fancy, than I can now boast of.

*Sir Ch.* I will withdraw with you, if you please, and hear any other questions you have to put to me.

*Miss Gr.* You can put no questions to me, Sir, that I shall have any objection to answer before this company.

*Sir Ch.* You know my question, Charlotte.

*Miss Gr.* What would *you* advise me to do in that affair, brother?

*Sir Ch.* I have only one piece of advice to give you:—It is, That you will either encourage or discourage his address, if you know your own mind.

*Miss Gr.* I believe, brother, you want to get rid of me.

*Sir Ch.* Then you intend to encourage Lord G.?

*Miss Gr.* Does that follow, Sir?

*Sir Ch.* Or you could not have supposed, that I wanted to part with you. But, come, Charlotte, let us retire. It is very difficult to get a direct answer to such questions as these, from Ladies, before company, tho' the company be ever so nearly related to them.

*Miss Gr.* I can answer, before this company, any questions that relate to Lord G.

*Sir Ch.* Then you *don't* intend to encourage him?

*Miss Gr.* I don't see how that follows, neither, from what I said.

*Sir Ch.* It does, very clearly. I am not an absolute stranger to the language of women, Charlotte.

*Miss Gr.* I thought my brother too polite to reflect upon the Sex.

*Sir Ch.* Is it to reflect upon the Sex, to say, that I am not an absolute stranger to their language?

*Miss Gr.* I protest I think so, in the way you spoke it.

*Sir Ch.* Well, then, try if you cannot find a language to speak in, that may *not* be capable of such an interpretation.

*Miss Gr.* I am afraid you are displeased with me, brother. I will answer more directly.

*Sir Ch.* Do, my Charlotte: I have promised Lord G. to procure him an answer.

*Miss Gr.* Is the question he puts, Sir, a brief one—*On*, or *off*?

*Sir Ch.* Trust me, Charlotte: You *may*, even with your punctilio.

*Miss Gr.* Will you not advise me, Sir?

*Sir Ch.* I will—To pursue your inclination.

*Miss Gr.* Suppose, if I knew *yours*, that *that* would turn the scale?

*Sir Ch.* Is the balance even?

*Miss Gr.* I can't say that, neither.

*Sir Ch.* Then *dismiss* my Lord G.

*Miss Gr.* Indeed, brother, you are angry with me.

*Sir Ch.* (*addressing himself to me*). I am sure, Miss Byron, that I shall find, in such points as this, a very different *sister* in you, when I come to be favoured with the perusal of your Letters. Your cousin Reeves once said, That when you knew your own mind, you never kept any one in suspense.

*Miss Gr.* But I can't say that I *know* my mind, absolutely.

*Sir Ch.* That is another thing. I am silent. Only, when you do, I shall take it for a favour, if you will communicate it to me, for your service.

*Miss Gr.* I am among my best friends—Lord L. what is your advice? Sir Charles does not incline to give me his.

*Sir Ch.* It is owing to my regard to your own inclinations, and not to displeasure or petulance, that I do not.

*Lord L.* I have a very good opinion of Lord G. What is yours, my dear? to Lady L.

*Lady L.* I really think very well of my Lord G. What is yours, Miss Byron?

*Harriet.* I believe Miss Grandison must be the sole determiner, on this occasion. If *she* has no objection, I presume to think, that no one else can have any.

*Miss Gr.* Explain, explain, Harriet—

*Sir Ch.* Miss Byron answers as she always does: Penetration and prudence, with her, never quit company. If I have the honour to explain her sentiments in giving mine, take both as follow: My Lord G. is a good-natured, mild man: He will make a woman happy, who has some share of prudence, tho' she has a still greater share of will. Charlotte is very lively: She loves her jest *almost* as well as she loves her friend—

*Miss Gr.* How, brother!

*Sir Ch.* And Lord G. will not stand in competition with her, in that respect: There should not be a rivalry in particular qualities, in marriage. I have known a poet commence a hatred to his wife, on her being complimented with making better verses than he. Let Charlotte agree upon those qualities in which she will allow her husband to excel; and he allow, in her, those she has a desire to monopolize; and all may do well.

*Miss Gr.* Then Lord G. must not be disputed with, I presume, were I to be his wife, on the subject of moths and butterflies.

*Sir Ch.* Yet Lord G. may give them up, when he has a more considerable trifle to amuse himself with. Pardon

me, Charlotte—Are you not, as far as we have gone in this conversation, a pretty trifler?

*Miss Gr. (bowing).* Thank you, brother. The epithets *pretty*, and *young*, and *little*, are great qualifiers of harsh words.

*Sir Ch.* But do you like Sir Walter Watkyns better than Lord G.?

*Miss Gr.* I think not. He is not, I believe, so *good-natured* a man as the other.

*Sir Ch.* I am glad you make that distinction, Charlotte.

*Miss Gr.* You think it a necessary one in my case, I suppose, Sir?

*Sir Ch.* I have a Letter of his to answer. He is very urgent with me for my interest with you. I am to answer it. Will you tell me, my sister (giving her the Letter) what I shall say?

*Miss Gr. (after perusing it)* Why, ay, poor man! he is very much in love: But I should have some trouble to teach him to spell. And yet, they say, he has both French and Italian at his fingers ends.

She then began to pull in pieces the Letter.

*Sir Ch.* I will not permit that, Charlotte. Pray return me the Letter. No woman is intitled to ridicule a Lover whom she does not intend to encourage. If she has a good opinion of herself, she will pity him. Whether she has or not, if she wounds, she should heal. Sir Walter may address himself to a hundred women, who, for the sake of his gay appearance and good estate, will forgive him his indifferent spelling.

*Miss Gr.* The fluttering season is approaching. One wants now-and then a *dangling* fellow or two after one in public: Perhaps I have not seen enough of *either* of these to determine which to *choose*. Will you not allow *one*,

since neither of them have *very* striking merits, to behold them in different lights, in order to enable one's self to judge which is the more *tolerable* of the two? Or, whether a still *more* tolerable wretch may not offer?

She spoke this in her very archest manner, serious as the subject was; and seriously as her brother wished to know her inclinations.

Sir Charles turned to Lord L. and gravely said, I wonder how our cousin Everard is amusing himself, at this instant, at the Hall.

She was sensible of the intended rebuke, and asked him to forgive her.

Wit, my Lord, continued he, inattentive to the pardon she asked, is a dangerous weapon: But that species of it which cannot shine without a foil, is not a wit to be proud of. The Lady before me (what is her name?) and I, have been both under a mistake: I took her for my sister Charlotte: She took me for our cousin Everard.

Every one felt the severity. It seemed to pierce me, as if directed to me. So unusually severe from Sir Charles Grandison; and delivered with such serious unconcern in the manner; I would not, at that moment, have been Miss Grandison for the world.

She did not know which way to look. Lady L. (amiable woman!) felt it for her sister: Tears were in the eyes of both.

At last, Miss Grandison arose. I will take away the impostor, Sir; and when I can rectify my mistake, and bring you back your *sister*, I hope you will receive her with your usual goodness.

My Charlotte! my Sister! (taking her hand) you must not be *very* angry with me. I love to feel the *finer* edge of your wit: But when I was bespeaking your attention upon

a very serious subject; a subject that concerned the happiness of your future life, and, if *yours*, mine; and you could be able to say something that became only the mouth of an unprincipled woman to say; how could I forbear to wish that some *other* woman, and not my sister, had said it?—*Times* and *occasions*, my dear Charlotte!

No more, I beseech you, Sir: I am sensible of my folly. Let me retire.

I, Charlotte, will retire; don't *you*; but take the comfort your friends are disposed to give you. Emily, one word with you, my dear. She flew to him, and they went out together.

There, said Miss Grandison, has he taken the girl with him, to warn her against falling into my folly.

Dr. Bartlett retired in silence.

Lady L. expressed her concern for her sister; but said, Indeed, Charlotte, I was afraid you would carry the matter too far.

Lord L. blamed her. Indeed, sister, he bore with you a great while; and the affair was a serious one. He had engaged very seriously, and even from principle, in it. O Miss Byron! he will be delighted with you, when he comes to read your papers, and sees your treatment of the humble servants you resolved not to encourage.

Yes, yes, Harriet will shine, at my expence; but *may* she!—Since I have lost my brother's favour, I pray to heaven, that she may gain it: But he shall never again have reason to say, I take him for my cousin Everard. But was I *very* wicked, Harriet!—Deal fairly with me: Was I *very* wicked?

I thought you wrong all the way: I was afraid for you. But for what you last said, about encouraging men to dangle after you, and seeming to aim at making new con-



quests, I could have chidden you, had you *not* had your brother to hear it. Will you forgive me? (whispering her) They were the words of a very coquet, and the air was so arch!—Indeed, my Charlotte, you were very much out of the way.

So!—Every-body against me!—I must have been wrong, indeed—

The *time*, the *occasion*, was wrong, sister Charlotte, said Lord L. Had the subject been of less weight, your brother would have passed it off as pleasantly as he has always before done your vivacities.

Very happy, replied she, to have such a character, that every-body must be in fault who differs from him, or offends him.

In the midst of his displeasure, Charlotte, said Lady L. he forgot not the brother. The subject, he told you, concerned the happiness of your future life; and, if *yours*, his.

One remark, resumed Lord L. I must make, to Sir Charles's honour (take it not amiss, sister Charlotte): Not the least hint did he give of your error relating to a certain affair; and yet he must think of it, so lately as he has extricated you from it. His aim, evidently, is, to amend, not to wound.

I think, my Lord, retorted Miss Grandison, with a glow in her cheeks, you might have spared your remark. If the one brother did not *recriminate*, the other needed not to *remind*. My Lord, you have not my thanks for your remark.

This affected good Lady L. Pray, sister, blame not my Lord: You will lose *my* pity, if you do. Are not we *four* united in one cause? Surely, Charlotte, we are to speak our whole hearts to each other!

So!—I have brought man and wife upon me now. Please the Lord I will be married, in hopes to have *some-body* on my side. But, Harriet, say, Am I wrong *again*?

I hope, my dear Miss Grandison, replied I, that what you said to my Lord, was in pleasantry: And, if so, the fault was, that you spoke it with too grave an air.

Well, well, let me take hold of your hand, my dear, to help me out of this *new* difficulty. I am dreadfully out of luck to-day. I am sorry I spoke not my pleasantry with a pleasant air—Yet were not you likewise guilty of the same fault, Lady L.? Did not you correct me with too grave an air?

I am very willing, returned Lady L. it should pass so: But, my dear, you must not, by your petulance, rob yourself of the sincerity of one of the best hearts in the world; looking with complacency at her Lord.

He bowed to her with an affectionate air.—Happy couple!

As I hope to live, said Miss Grandison, I thought you all pitied me, when Sir Charles laid so heavy a hand upon me. And so *he* seemed to think, by what he said at going out. How did you deceive me, all of you, by your eyes!

I do assure you, said my Lord, I did pity you: But had I not thought my sister in fault, I should *not*.

Your servant, my Lord. You are a *nice* distinguisher.

And a *just* one, Charlotte, rejoined Lady L.

No doubt of it, Lady L. and that was *your* motive too: I beseech you, let me not be *deprived of your pity*. I have *yours* also, Harriet, upon the same kind consideration.

Why now *this* archness becomes you, Charlotte, said I [I was willing it should pass so, Lucy]: This is *pretty* pleasantry.

It is a *pretty* specimen of Charlotte's penitence, said Lady L.

I was glad Lady L. spoke this with an air of good humour; but Miss Grandison withdrew upon it, not well pleased.

We heard her at her harpsichord, and we all joined her. Emily also was drawn to us, by the music. Tell, me my dear, said Miss Grandison to her (stopping). Have you not had all my faults laid before you, for your caution?

Indeed, madam, my guardian said but one word about you; and this was it: I love my sister: She has amiable qualities: We are none of us right at all times. You see, Emily, that I, in chiding her, spoke with a little too much petulance.

God for ever bless my brother! said Miss Grandison, in a kind of rapture: But now his goodness makes my flippancy odious to myself—Sit down, my child, and play your Italian air.

This brought in Sir Charles. He entered with a look of serenity, as if nothing had passed to disturb him.

When Emily had done playing and singing, Miss Grandison began to make apologies: But he said, Let us forget each other's failings, Charlotte.

Notice being given of dinner, Lord L. took my hand, and Sir Charles complaisantly led his sister Charlotte to her seat at the table; Lady L. being gone into the dining-parlour before.

A most *intolerable* superiority!—I wish he would do something wrong; something cruel: If he would but bear malice, would but stiffen his air by resentment, it would be something. As a MAN, cannot he be lordly, and assuming, and where he is so much regarded, I may say *feared*, nod his imperial significance to his vassals about him?—Cannot he be imperious to servants, to shew his displeasure with principals?—No! it is *natural* to him to

be good and just. His whole aim, as my Lord observed, is "to convince and amend; and not to wound or hurt."

After dinner, Miss Grandison put into my hands the parcel of my Letters which I had consented Sir Charles should see. Miss Byron, Sir, said she, will oblige you with the perusal of some of her Letters. You will in them see another sort of woman than your Charlotte. May I amend, and be but half as good!—When you have read them, you will say, Amen; and, if your prayer take place, will be satisfied with your sister.

He received them from me, standing up, bowing, and kissed the papers, with an air of gallantry that I thought greatly became him [O the vanity of the girl! methinks my uncle says, at this place.] He put them in his pocket.

Without conditions, Harriet? said Miss Grandison. Except those of candor, yet correction, answered I. Again he bowed to me.

I don't know what to say to it, Lucy; but I think Sir Charles looks highly pleased to hear me praised; and the Ladies and my Lord miss no opportunity to say kind things of me. But could he not have answered Miss Grandison's question, Whether his favourite was a *foreigner*, or not? Had any other question arisen afterwards, that he had not cared to answer, he could but have declined answering it, as he did that.

What a great deal of writing does the reciting of half an hour or an hour's conversation make, when there are three or four speakers in company; and one attempts to write what each says in the *first* person! I am amazed at the quantity, on looking back. But it *will* be so in narrative Letter-writing. Did not you, Lucy, write as long Letters, when you went with your brother to Paris?—I forget. Only this I remember, that I always was sorry when

I came to the end of them. I am afraid it is quite otherwise with mine.

By the way, I am concerned that Lady D. is angry with me: Yet, methinks, she shews, by her anger, that she had a value for me. As to what you tell me, of Lord D's setting his heart on the proposed alliance; I am not so much concerned at that, because he never saw me: And had the affair been in his own power, 'tis likely he would not have been very solicitous about his success. Many a one, Lucy, I believe, has found an ardor, when repulsed, which they would never have known, had they succeeded.

Lady Betty, and Miss Clements, were so good as to make me a visit, this afternoon, in their way to Windsor, where they are to pass two or three days. They lamented my long absence from town; and Lady Betty kindly regretted for me, the many fine entertainments I had lost, both public and private, by my country excursion at this unpropitious season of the year, as she called it, shrugging her shoulders, as if in compassion for my rustic taste.

Good Lady! she knew not that I am in company that want not entertainments out of themselves. They have no time to kill, or to delude: On the contrary, our constant complaint is, that time flies too fast: And I am sure, for my part, I am forced to be a manager of it; since, between conversation and writing, I have not a moment to spare: And I never in my life devoted so few hours to rest.

I have often wished for Miss Clements to be with us; and so I told her: Sir Charles spoke very handsomely of her, on occasion of Miss Grandison's saying, She was a plain, but good young woman. She is not a beauty, said he; but she has qualities that are more to be admired than mere beauty.

Would she not, asked Lady L. make a good wife for

Lord W.? There is, said Sir Charles, too great a disparity in years. She has, and must have, too many hopes. My Lord W's wife will, probably, be confined six months, out of twelve, to a gouty man's chamber. She must therefore be one who has outlived half her hopes: She must have been acquainted with affliction, and known disappointment. She must consider her marriage with him, tho' as an act of condescension, yet partly as a preferment. Her tenderness will, by this means, be engaged; yet her dignity supported: And if she is not too much in years to bring my Lord an heir, he will then be the most grateful of men to her.

My dear Brother, said Miss Grandison, forgive me all my faults: Your actions, your sentiments, shall be the rule of mine!—But who can come up to you? The Danby's—Lord W.—

Any-body may, Charlotte, interrupted Sir Charles, who will be guided by the well-known rule of *Doing to others, as you would they should do unto you*. Were you in the situation of the Danby's, of Lord W. would you not wish to be done by, as I have done, and intend to do, by them? What must be those who, with hungry eyes, wait and wish for the death of a relation? May they not be compared to savages on the sea-shore, who look out impatiently for a wreck, in order to plunder and prey upon the spoils of the miserable? Lord W. has been long an unhappy man from want of principles: I shall rejoice, if I can be a means of convincing him, by his own experience, that he was in a wrong course, and of making his latter days happy. Would I not, in *my* decline, wish for a nephew that had the same notions? And can I expect such a one, if I set not the example?

Pretty soon after supper, Sir Charles left us; and Miss Grandison, seeing me in a resverie, said, I will lay my life, Harriet, you fancy my brother is gone up to read your Letters—Nay, you are in the right; for he whispered as much to me, before he withdrew. But do not be apprehensive, Harriet (for she saw me concerned); you have nothing to fear, I am sure.

Lady L. said, That her brother's notions and mine were exactly alike, on every subject: But yet, Lucy, when one knows one's cause to be under actual examination, one cannot but have some heart-akes.—Yet why?—If his favourite woman is a *foreigner*, what signifies his opinion of my Letters?—And yet it does: One would be willing to be well thought of by the worthy.

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## LETTER XLIX.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

*Thursday, Mar. 23.*

WE sat down early to breakfast this morning: Miss Grandison dismissed the attendants, as soon as Sir Charles entered the room.

He addressed himself to me, the moment he saw me: Admirable Miss Byron, said he, what an entertainment have your Letters given me, down to a certain period!—How, at and after that, have they distressed me, for your sufferings from a savage—It is well for him, and perhaps for me, that I saw not sooner this latter part of your affecting story. I have read thro' the whole parcel.

He took it from his bosom, and, with a respectful air, presented it to me—Ten thousand thanks for the favour

—I dare not hope for further indulgence—Yet not to say, how desirous I am—But, forgive me—Think me not too great an incroacher—

I took them.

Surely, brother, said Miss Grandison, you cannot already have read the whole!

I have—I could not leave them—I sat up late—

And so, thought I, did your *sister* Harriet, Sir.

Well, brother, said Miss Grandison, and what are the *faults*?

Faults! Charlotte.—Such a noble heart! such an amiable frankness! No prudery! No coquetry! Yet so much, and so justly, admired by as many as have had the happiness to approach her!—Then, turning to me, I adore, madam, the goodness, the *greatness*, of your heart. Woman is the glory of all created existence:—But you, madam, are *more* than woman!

How I blushed! how I trembled! How, tho' so greatly flattered, was I delighted!

Is Miss Byron, in those Letters, all-perfect, all-faultless, all-excellent, Sir Charles? asked Miss Grandison: Is there no—But I am sensible (tho' you have raised my envy, I assure you) that Miss Byron's is another sort of heart than your poor Charlotte's.

But I hope, Sir, said I, that you will correct—

You called upon me yesterday, interrupted he, to attend to the debate between you and Mr. Walden: I think I have something to observe upon that subject. I told you, that Beauty should not bribe me. I have very few observations to make upon it.

*Lady L.* Will you give us, brother, your opinion, in writing, of what you have read (*a*)?

(*a*) This subject is spoken to hereafter by Sir Charles.



*Sir Ch.* That would fill a volume: And it would be almost all panegyric.

• How flattering—But *this* foreign Lady, Lucy!—

Lady L. began another subject.—

Pray, brother, said she, let me revive one of the topics of yesterday—Concerning Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns—And I hope you, Charlotte, will excuse me.

*Miss Gr.* If it *can* be revived, without reviving the memory of my flippancy folly—Not else will I excuse you, Lady L. And, casting her eye bashfully round her, Dr. Bartlett withdrew; but as if he had business to do.

*Lady L.* Then let me manage this article for my sister. You said, brother, that you have engaged to give Lord G. either hope, or otherwise—

*Sir Ch.* Lord G. was very earnest with me for my interest with my sister. I, supposing that she is now absolutely disengaged, did undertake to let him know what room he had for hope, or if any; but told him, That I would not, by any means, endeavour to influence her.

*Lady L.* Charlotte is afraid, that you would not, of yourself (from displeasure) have revived the subject—Not that she values—

There she stopt.

*Sir Ch.* I might, at the time, be a little petulant: But I *should* have revived the subject, because I had engaged to procure an answer for an absent person, to a question that was of the highest importance to him: But, perhaps, I should have entered into the subject with Charlotte when we were alone.

*Lady L.* She can have no objection, I believe, to let all of us, who are present, know her mind, on this occasion.

*Miss Gr.* To be sure I have not.

*Lady L.* What signifies mincing the matter? I under-

took, at *her* desire, to recal the subject, because you had seemed to interest yourself in it.

*Sir Ch.* I think I know as much of Charlotte's mind already, from what you have hinted, Lady L. as I ought to be inquisitive about.

*Lady L.* How so, brother? What have I said?

*Sir Ch.* What meant the words you stopt at—*Not that she values?*—Now, tho' I will not endeavour to lead her choice in behalf of a *prince*; yet would I be *earnest* to oppose her marriage with a man for whom she declaredly has no value.

*Lady L.* You are a little sudden upon me, Sir Charles.

*Sir Ch.* You must not think the words you stopt at, Lady L. slight words: *Principle*, and Charlotte's future happiness, and that of a worthy man, are concerned here. But perhaps you mean no more, than to give a little specimen of Lady-like pride in those words. It is a very hard matter for women, on such occasions as these, to be absolutely right.—Dear Miss Byron, bowing to me, excuse me.—There is one Lady in the world that ought not, from what I have had the honour to see, on her *own* account, to take amiss my freedom with her Sex, tho' she perhaps will on *that* of those she loves. But have I not some reason for what I say, when even Lady L. speaking for her sister on this concerning subject, cannot help throwing in a salvo for the pride of her Sex?

*Harriet.* I doubt not, Sir, but Lady L. and Miss Grandison will explain themselves to your satisfaction.

Lady L. then called upon her sister.

*Miss Gr.* Why, as to value—and all that—To be sure—Lord G.—is not a man, that—(and she looked round her on each person)—that a woman—Hem!—that a woman—But, brother, I think you are a little too ready

—to—to—A word and a blow, as the saying is, are two things.—Not that—And there she stopt.

*Sir Ch. (smiling)* O my dear Lord L.! What shall we say to these *Not that's*? Were I my cousin Everard, I am not sure but I should suppose, when Ladies were suspending unnecessarily, or with affectation, the happiness of the man they resolve to marry, that they were reflecting on themselves by an indirect acknowledgement of *self-denial*—

*Miss Gr.* Good God, brother!

I was angry at him, in my mind. How came this *good* man, thought I, by such thoughts as these, of our Sex? What, Lucy, could a woman do with such a man, were he to apply to her in courtship, whether she denied or accepted of him?

*Sir Ch.* You will consider, Lady L. that you and Charlotte have brought this upon yourselves. *That* I call female pride, which distinguishes not either time, company, or occasion. You will remember, that Lord G. is not *here*; we are *all* brothers and sisters: And why, Charlotte, do you approve of entering upon the subject in this company; yet come with your exceptions, as if Lord G. had his father present, or pleading for him? These *Not that she values*, and so-forth, are so like the dealings between petty chapmen and common buyers and sellers, that I love *properly* (observe that I say *properly*) to discourage them among persons of sense and honour. But come, Charlotte, enter into your own cause: You are an excellent pleader, on occasion. You know, or at least you *ought* to know, your own mind. I never am for encouraging *agency* (Lady L. excuse me—Will you give up yours?) where principals can be present.

*Lady L.* With all my heart. I stumbled at the very

threshold. E'en, Charlotte, be your own advocate. The cause is on.

*Miss Gr.* Why, I don't know what to say.—My brother will be *so* peremptory, perhaps—

*Sir Ch.* A good sign for somebody—Don't you think so, madam? to me.—But the snail will draw in its horns, if the finger hastily touch it—Come, *no* good sign, perhaps, Charlotte.—I will *not* be peremptory. You shall be indulged, if you have not already been indulged enough, in all the pretty *circum-ambages* customary on these occasions.

*Miss Gr.* This is charming!—But pray, Sir, What is your advice, on this subject?

*Sir Ch.* In our former conversation upon it, I told you what I thought of my Lord's good-humour; what of your vivacity—Can you, Charlotte, were you the wife of Lord G. content yourself now-and-then to make him start, by the lancet-like delicacy of your wit, without going deeper than the skin? Without exposing him (and yourself for doing so) to the ridicule of others? Can you bear with *his* foibles, if he can bear with *yours*? And if the forbearance is greater on *his* side, than on *yours*, can you value him for it, and for his good-humour?

*Miss Gr.* Finely run off, upon my word!

*Sir Ch.* I am afraid only, that you will be able, Charlotte, to do what you will with him. I am sorry to have cause to say, that I have seen very good women who have not known how to bear indulgence!—Waller was not absolutely wrong, as to *such*, when he said, "that women were born to be controuled." If controul is *likely* to be necessary, it will be with women of such charming spirits as you know whose, Charlotte, who will not confine to time and place their *otherwise* agreeable vivacities.

*Miss Gr.* Well, but, Sir, if it should chance to *be* so, and I were Lord G's upper servant; for *controul* implies *dominion*; what a fine advantage would he have in a brother, who could direct him so well (tho' he might still, perhaps, be a bachelor) how to manage a wife so flippan't!

*Sir Ch.* Bachelors, Charlotte, are close observers. It is not every married couple, if they were solicitous to have a bachelor marry, that should admit him into a very close intimacy with themselves.

*Miss Gr.* (*archly*). Pray, Lord L. Did we not once hear our *cousin Everard* make an observation of this nature?

*Sir Ch.* Fairly retorted, Charlotte!—But how *came* your cousin Everard to make this observation? I once heard you say, that he was but a *common* observer. Every married pair is not Lord and Lady L.

*Miss Gr.* Well, well, I believe married people must do as well as they can. But may I ask you, brother, Is it owing to such observations as those you have been making, that you are now a single man?

*Sir Ch.* A fair question from you, Charlotte. I answer, It is not.

*Miss Gr.* I should be glad, with all my heart, to know what is.

*Sir Ch.* When the subject comes fairly on the carpet, your curiosity may perhaps be gratified. But tell me, Do you intend that the subject you had engaged Lady L. to introduce, in relation to Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, should be dismissed, at present? I mean not to *be peremptory*, Charlotte: Be not *afraid* to answer.

*Miss Gr.* Why that's kind. No, I can't say, that I do: And yet I frankly confess, that I had much rather *ask*, than *answer* questions. You *know*, Sir, that I have a wicked curiosity.

*Sir Ch.* Well, Charlotte, you will find me, wicked as you call it, very ready, at a proper time, to gratify it. To some things that you may want to know, in relation to my situation, you needed not now to have been a stranger, had I had the pleasure of being more with you, and had you yourself been as explicit as I would have wished you to be. But the crisis is at hand. When I am certain myself, you shall not be in doubt. I would not suppose, that my happiness is a matter of indifference to my sisters; and if it be not, I should be ungrateful, not to let them know every-thing I know, that is likely to affect it.

See! Lucy. What can be gathered from all this? But yet this speech has a noble sound with it: Don't you think it has? It is, I think, worthy of Sir Charles Grandison. But by what clouds does this sun seem to be obscured? He says, however, that the *crisis is at hand*—Solemn words, as they strike *me*. Ah Lucy!—But this is my prayer—May the crisis produce happiness to him, let who will be unhappy!

*Miss Gr.* You are always good, noble, uniform—*Curiosity*, get thee behind me, and lie still!—And yet, brother, like a favoured squirrel repulsed, I am afraid it will be soon upon my shoulder, if the crisis be suspended.

“Crisis is at hand,” Lucy! I *cannot* get over these words; and yet they make my heart ache.

*Sir Ch.* But now, Charlotte, as to your two admirers—

*Miss Gr.* Why, Sir, methinks I would not be a *petty-chapwoman*, if I could help it: And yet, What can I say?—I don't think highly of either of the men: But, pray now, *what*—Lady L. (affecting an audible whisper) Will you ask a question for me?—

*Lady L.* What is it, Charlotte?

*Miss Gr. whispering* (but still loud enough for every one to hear). What sort of a man is Beauchamp? —

*Lady L.* Mad girl!—You heard the question, brother.

• *Miss Gr.* No—You did *not* hear it, Sir, if it will displease you. The whispers in conversation are no more to be heard, than the *asides* in a play.

*Sir Ch.* Both the one and the other are wrong, Charlotte. Whisperings in conversation are censurable, to a proverb: The *asides*, as you call them, and the soliloquies, in a play, however frequent, are very poor (because unnatural) shifts of bungling authors, to make their performances intelligible to the audience. But *am* I to have heard your whisper, Charlotte, or not?

*Miss Gr.* I think the man my brother so much esteems, must be worth a hundred of such as those we have just now heard named.

*Sir Ch.* Well, then, I am supposed to be answered, I presume, as to the two gentlemen. I will shew you the Letter, when written, that I shall send to Sir Walter Watkyns. I shall see Lord G. I suppose, the moment he knows I am in town—

*Miss Gr.* The Lord bless me, brother!—Did you not say, you would not be *peremptory*?

*Lord L.* Very right. Pray, Sir Charles, don't let my sister part with the *two*, without being sure of a *third*.

*Miss Gr.* Pray, Lord L. do you be quiet: Your sister is in no hurry, I do assure you.

*Sir Ch.* The female drawback again, Lady L.—*Not that she values.*

*Harriet.* Well, but, Sir Charles, may I, without offence, repeat Miss Grandison's question in relation to Mr. Beauchamp?

*Miss Gr.* That's my dear creature!

*Sir Ch.* It is impossible that Miss Byron can give offence.—Mr. Beauchamp is an excellent young man;

about Five-and-twenty; not more: He is brave, learned, sincere, chearful; gentle in his manners, agreeable in his person. Has my good Miss Byron any further questions to ask? Your frankness of heart, madam, intitles you to equal frankness. Not a question *you* can ask, but the answer shall be ready upon my lips.

Is thè Lady, Sir, whom you could prefer to all others, a foreign or an English Lady?—Ah, Lucy! And do you think I asked him this question?—O no! but I had a mind to startle you. I *could* have asked it, I can tell you: And if it had been proper, it would have been the first of questions with me. Yet had not the answer been such as I had liked, perhaps I should not have been able to stay in company.

I only bowed, and I believe blushed with complacency at the kind manner in which he spoke to me: Every one, by their eyes, took notice of it with pleasure.

*Lady L.* Well, brother, and what think you of the purport of Charlotte's question? Charlotte says, That she does not think highly of either of the other men.

*Sir Ch.* That, at present, is all that concerns me to know. I will write to Sir Walter; I will let Lord G. know, that there is a man in the clouds that Charlotte waits for: That Ladies must not be easily won. Milton justifies you, in his account of the behaviour of your common grandmother, on the first interview between her and the man *for whom she was created*. Charming copiers! You, Miss Byron, are an exception. You know nothing of affectation. You—

*Miss Gr.* (*unseasonably interrupting him*). Pray, Sir, be pleased, since we are such fine copiers of the old Lady you mentioned, to repeat the lines: I have no remembrance of them.



*Sir Ch.* She heard me thus; and, tho' divinely brought,  
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd.  
I follow'd her. She what was honour knew,  
And with obsequious majesty approv'd  
My pleaded reason——

I have looked for the passage, since, Lucy. He missed several lines.

Now, Charlotte, said Sir Charles, tho' these lines are a palpable accommodation to the future practice of daughters of the *old Lady*, as you call her, and perhaps intended for an instruction to *them*, since it could not be a natural behaviour in Eve, who was *divinely brought* to be the wife of Adam, and it being in the state of innocence, could not be conscious of *dishonour* in receiving his address; yet, if you know what is meant by *obsequious majesty*, you had as good try for it: And as you are *followed*, and should not *follow*, approve of the *pleaded reason* of one or other of your admirers.

*Miss Gr.* After hearing the *pleaded reason* of both, should you not say? I have the choice of two; that had not Eve. But, hold! I had like to have been drawn in to be flippant, again; and then you would have enquired after my cousin Everard, *and-so-forth*, and been angry.

*Sir Ch.* Not now, Charlotte: We are now at play together. I see there is constitution in your fault. The subjects we are upon, *courtship* and *marriage*, cannot, I find, be talked seriously of by a Lady, before company. Shall I retire with you to solitude? Make a Lover's *Camera Obscura* for you? Or, could I place you upon the mossy bank of a purling stream, gliding thro' an enamelled mead; in such a scene, a now despised Lord G. or a Sir

Walter, might find his account, sighing at your feet. No witnesses but the grazing herd, lowing Love around you; the feathered songsters from an adjacent grove, contributing to harmonize and fan the lambent flame—

*Miss Gr. (interrupting).* Upon my word, brother, I knew you had travelled thro' Greece, but dreamt not that you had dwelt long in the fields of *Ar-ca-dy*!—But, one question let me ask you, concerning your friend Beauchamp—We women don't love to be slighted—Whether do you think him *too* good, or not good enough, for your sister?

*Sir Ch.* The friendship, Charlotte, that has for some years subsisted, and I hope will for ever subsist, between Mr. Beauchamp and me, wants not the tie of relation to strengthen it.

*Lord L.* Happy Beauchamp!

*Sir Ch.* Lord L. himself is not dearer to me, brother, as I have the honour to call him, than my Beauchamp. It is one of my pleasures, my Lord, that I am assured you will love him, and he you.

Lord L. bowed, delighted; and if *he* did, his good Lady, you may be sure, partook of her Lord's delight. They are a happy pair! They want not sense; they have both fine understandings! But, O my Lucy, they are not the striking, dazzling qualities in men and women, that make happy. Good sense, and solid judgment, a natural complacency of temper, a desire of obliging, and an easiness to be obliged, procure the silent, the serene happiness, to which the fluttering, tumultuous, impetuous, fervors of passion can never contribute. Nothing violent can be lasting.

*Miss Gr. Not that I value—*There, brother—You see, I am a borrower of Lady L.—

*Lady L.* Upon my honour, Charlotte, I believe you led me into those words; so don't say you borrowed them.

• *Sir Ch.* Far be it from me to endeavour to cure women of affectation on such subjects as that which *lately* was before us—I don't know what is become of it (looking humorously round, as if he had lost some-thing which he wanted to recover); but that, permit me, Ladies, to say, may be an affectation in one company, that is but a necessary reserve in another.—Charlotte has genius enough, I am sure, to vary her humour to the occasion; and, if she would give herself time for reflexion, to know when to be grave, when to be airy.

*Miss Gr.* I don't know *that*, brother: But let me say for Charlotte, that I believe you sometimes think better of her (as in the present case), sometimes worse, than she deserves. Charlotte has not much reflexion; she is apt to speak as the humour comes upon her, without considering much about the fit or the unfit. It is *constitution*, you know, brother; and she cannot easily cure it: But she will try.—Only, Sir, be so good as to let me have an answer to my last question; Whether you think your friend too good, or not good enough? Because the answer will let me know what my brother thinks of me; and that, let me tell you, is of very high importance with me.

*Sir Ch.* You have no reason, Charlotte, to endeavour to come at this your end, by indirect or comparative means. Your brother loves you—

*Miss Gr.* With all my faults, Sir?—

*Sir Ch.* *With all your faults, my dear*; and I had almost said, *for* some of them. I love you for the pretty playfulness, on serious subjects, with which you puzzle yourself, and bewilder me: You see I follow your lead. As to the other part of your question (for I would always an-

swer directly, when I can), my friend Beauchamp deserves the best of women. *You* are excellent in my eyes; but I have known too very worthy persons, who, taken separately, have been admired by every one who knew them, and who admired each other before marriage, yet not happy in it.

*Miss Gr.* Is it possible? To what could their unhappiness be owing?—Both, I suppose, *continuing* good?

*Sir Ch.* To an hundred almost nameless reasons—Too little consideration on one side; too much on the other: Diversions different: Too much abroad the man—Too much at home will sometimes have the same effect: Acquaintance approved by the one—Disapproved by the other: One liking the town; the other the country: Or either preferring town or country in different humours, or at different times of the year. Human nature, Charlotte—

*Miss Gr.* No more, no more, I beseech you, brother—Why this human nature, I believe, is a very vile thing! I think, Lady L. I won't marry at all.

*Sir Ch.* Some such trifles, as these I have enumerated, will be likely to make you, Charlotte, with all your excellencies, not so happy as I wish you to be. If you cannot have a man of whose understanding you have a higher opinion than you have of your own, you should think of one who is likely to allow to yours a superiority. If—

*Miss Grandison* interrupted him again: I wished she would not so often interrupt him: I wanted to find out his notions of our Sex. I am afraid, with all his politeness, he thinks us poor creatures. But why should not the character of a good, a prudent woman, be as great as that of a good, a prudent man?

*Miss Gr.* Well, but, Sir; I suppose the gentleman abroad has more understanding than I have.

*Sir Ch.* A good deal will depend upon what *you'll* think of that: Not what I, or the world, will judge.

*Miss Gr.* But the judgment of us women generally goes with the world.

*Sir Ch.* Not *generally*, in *matrimonial* instances. A wife, in general, may allow of a husband's superior judgment; but in particular cases, and as they fall out one by one, the man may find it difficult to have it allowed in any one instance.

*Miss Gr.* I think you said, Sir, that bachelors were *close* observers.

*Sir Ch.* We may in the *sister*, sometimes, see the *wife*. I admire you, myself, for your vivacity; but I am not sure that a husband would not think himself hurt by it, especially if it be true, as you say, "that Charlotte has not much reflexion, and is apt to speak as the humour comes upon her, without troubling herself about the fit or the unfit."

*Miss Gr.* O, Sir, what a memory you have! I hope that the man who is to call me *his* (that's the dialect, i'n't it?) will not have half your memory.

*Sir Ch.* For his sake, or your own, do you hope this, Charlotte?

*Miss Gr.* Let me see—Why for *both* our sakes, I believe.

*Sir Ch.* You'll tell the man, in courtship, I hope, that all this liveliness is "constitution;" and "that you know not how to cure it."

*Miss Gr.* No, by no means, Sir: Let him in the *mistress*, as somebody else in the *sister*, guess at the *wife*, and take warning.

*Sir Ch.* Very well answered, Charlotte, in the play we are at; but I am willing to think highly of my sister's prudence, and that she will be happy, and make the man so,

to whom she may think fit to give her hand at the altar. And now the question recurs, What shall I say to Lord G.? What to Sir Walter?

*Miss Gr.* Why I think you must make my compliments to Sir Walter, if you will be so good; and, after the example of my sister Harriet to the men she sends a grazing, very civilly tell him, he may break his heart as soon as he pleases; for that I cannot be his.

*Sir Ch.* Strange girl! But I wish not to lower this lively spirit—You will put your determination into English.

*Miss Gr.* In plain English, then, I can by no means think of encouraging the address of Sir Walter Watkyns.

*Sir Ch.* Well, And what shall I say to Lord G.?

*Miss Gr.* Why that's the thing!—I was afraid it would come to this—Why, Sir, you must tell him, I think—I profess I can't tell what—But, Sir, will you let me know what you would have me tell him?

*Sir Ch.* I will follow your lead as far as I can—Can you, do you think, love Lord G.?

*Miss Gr.* Love him! love Lord G.? What a question is that!—Why no! I verily believe, that I can't say that.

*Sir Ch.* Can you esteem him?

*Miss Gr.* Esteem!—Why that's a quaint word, tho' a female one. I believe, if I were to marry the honest man, I could be civil to him, if he would be very complaisant, very observant, and all that—Pray, brother, don't, however, be angry with me.

*Sir Ch.* I will not, Charlotte; smiling. It is *constitution*, you say.—But if *you* cannot be *more* than civil; and if *he* is to be very observant; you'll make it your agreement with him, before you meet him at the altar, that he shall subscribe to the woman's part of the vow, and that you shall answer to the man's.

*Miss Gr.* A good thought, I believe! I'll consider of it. If I find, in courtship, the man will bear it, I may make the proposal.—Yet I don't know but it will be as well to *suppose* the vow changed, without *conditioning* for it, as other good women do; and act accordingly. One would not begin with a singularity, for fear of putting the parson out. I heard an excellent Lady once advise a good wife, who, however, very little wanted it, to give the man a hearing, and never do any thing that he would wish to be done, except she *chose* to do it. If the man loves quiet, he'll be glad to compound.

*Harriet.* Nay now, Miss Grandison, you are much more severe upon your sex, and upon matrimony, than Sir Charles.

*Sir Ch.* Have I been severe upon either, my dear Miss Byron?

*Harriet.* Indeed I think so.

*Sir Ch.* I am sorry for it: I only intended to be *just*. See, Charlotte, what a censure, from goodness itself, you draw upon me!—But I am to give encouragement (*am I?*) to Lord G.?

*Miss Gr.* Do as you please, Sir.

*Sir Ch.* That is saying nothing. Is there a man in the world you prefer to Lord G.?

*Miss Gr.* In the world, Sir!—A very wide place, I profess.

*Sir Ch.* You know what I mean by it.

*Miss Gr.* Why no—Yes—No—What can I say to such a question?

*Sir Ch.* Help me, Lady L. You know, better than I, Charlotte's language: Help me to understand it.

*Lady L.* I believe, brother, you may let Lord G. know, that he will not be denied an audience, if he come—

*Sir Ch.* "Will not be denied an audience, if he come!"

And this to Charlotte's brother! Women! Women! Women!—*You*, Miss Byron, I repeat with pleasure, are an exception—In *your* Letters and behaviour we see what a woman is, and what she ought to be—But I know, as you once told Sir Rowland Meredith, that you have too much greatness of mind, to accept of a compliment made you at the expence of your Sex.—But my *heart* does you justice.

Lord L. See, however, brother Grandison, this excellence in the two sisters! You say, indeed, but just things in praise of Miss Byron; but *they* are more than women: For they *enjoy* that praise, and the acknowledged superiority of the only woman in Britain to whom they can be inferior.

Do you think I did not thank them both for compliments so high? I did.

You DID, Harriet?

Ah, Lucy! I had a mind to surprise you again. I *did* thank them; but it was in downcast silence, and by a glow in my cheeks, that was even painful to me to feel.

The sisters have since observed to me (flattering Ladies!) that their brother's eyes—But is it not strange, Lucy, that they did not ask him, in this long conversation, Whether his favourite of our Sex is a *foreigner*, or not? If she be, what signifies the eye of pleasure cast upon your Harriet?

But be this as it may, you see, Lucy, that the communicating of my Letters to Lord L. and the two Ladies, and of some of them to their brother, has rivetted the three first in my favour, and done me honour with Sir Charles Grandison.

But what do you think was Miss Grandison's address to me, on this agreeable occasion? You, my grandmamma,



will love her again, I am sure, tho' she so lately incurred your displeasure.

• Sweet and ever-amiable Harriet! said she; Sister! Friend! enjoy the just praises of two of the best of men! —You *can* enjoy them with equal modesty and dignity; and we can (What say *you*, Lady L.?) find *our* praise in the honour you do our Sex, and in being allowed to be seconds to you.

And what do you think was the answer of Lady L. (generous woman!) to this call of her sister?

I can chearfully, said she, subscribe to the visible superiority of my Harriet, as shewn in all her Letters, as well as in her whole conduct: But then you, my Lord, and you, my brother, who in my eye are the first of men, must not let me have cause to dread, that your Caroline is sunk in yours.

I had hardly power to sit, yet had less to retire; as I had, for a moment, a thought to do. I am glad I did not attempt it: My return to company must have been awkward, and made me look particular. But, Lucy, what is in my Letters, to deserve all these fine speeches?—But my Lord and his sisters are my true friends, and zealous well-wishers: No fear that I shall be too proud, on this occasion. It is humbling enough to reflect, that the worthy three thought it all no more than necessary to establish me with somebody; and yet, after all, if there be a *foreign* Lady, what signify all these fine things?

But how (you will ask) did the brother acknowledge these generous speeches of his sisters and Lord L.?—How? Why as he ought to do. He gave them for their generous goodness to their Harriet, in preference to themselves, such due praises, as more than restored them, in my eye, to the superiority they had so nobly given up.

Sir Charles afterwards addressed himself to me jointly with his sisters: I see, with great pleasure, said he, the happy understanding that there is between you three Ladies: It is a demonstration, to me, of surpassing goodness in you all. To express myself in the words of an ingenious man, to whose works your Sex, and if *yours, ours*, are more obliged, than to those of any single man in the British world,

*Great souls by instinct to each other turn,  
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.*

The two sisters and your Harriet bowed as they sat.

Encouraged by this happy understanding among you, let me hope, proceeded he, that *you*, Miss Byron, will be so good as to inform your-*self*, and let *me* know, what I may certainly depend upon to be *our* Charlotte's inclinations with respect to the two gentlemen who court her favour; and whether there is any man that she *can* or *does* prefer to the most favoured of either of them. From *you* I shall not meet with the "Not that she values"—The depreciating indifferences, the affected slights, the *female circumambages*, if I may be allowed the words; the coldly-expressed consent to visits not deserving to be discouraged, and perhaps not *intended* to be so, that I have had to encounter with in the past conversation. I have been exceedingly diverted with my sister's vivacity: But as the affair is of a very serious nature; as I would be extremely tender in my interposition, having really no choice but hers; and wanting only to know on whom that choice will fall, or whether on *any* man, at present; on *your* noble frankness I can rely; and Charlotte will open her mind to you: If not, she has very little profited by the example

you have set her in the Letters you have permitted her to read.

• He arose, bowed, and withdrew; Miss Grandison called after him, Brother, brother, brother—One word—Don't leave us—But he only kissed his hand to us at the door; and bowing, with a smiling air, left us looking at each other in a silence that held a few moments.

## LETTER L.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

**L**ORD L. broke the silence. You are a delightful girl, Charlotte; but your brother has had a great deal of patience with you.

O my Lord, said she, if we women play our cards right, we shall be able to manage the best and wisest of you all, as we please. It is but *persevering*; and you men, if not out-argued, may be out-teazed.—But, Harriet—upon my word—The game seems to be all in your own hands.

We want but my brother to be among us, said Lady L. Beauty would soon find its power: And *such* a mind—And then they complimented me, that their brother and I were born for each other.

Miss Grandison told us all three her thoughts, in relation to the alliance with Lord G. She said, she was glad that her brother had proposed to know her mind from *me*. Something, Harriet, said she, may arise in the tête-à-tête conversation, that may let us into a little of his own.

But shall I trust myself with him alone, Lucy? Indeed I am afraid of him, of my-self, rather. My own concerns

so much in my head, I wish I don't confound them with Miss Grandison's. A fine piece of work shall I make of it, if I do. If I get it so happily over, as not to be dissatisfied with myself for my part in it, I shall think I have had a deliverance.

But, Lucy, if all these distinctions paid me in this conversation, and all this confidence placed in me, produce nothing—If—Why, what *if*?—In one word, Should this *if* be more than *if*—Why then it will go the harder, that's all, with your Harriet, than if she had not been so much distinguished.

At afternoon-tea, the Danby's being mentioned, Lord L. asked Sir Charles, What was the danger from which he relieved their uncle? And we all joining in requesting particulars, he gave the following; which I will endeavour to repeat, as near as possible, in his own words. My heart interested itself in the relation.

Mr. Danby, said he, was a merchant of equal eminence and integrity: He was settled at Cambray: He had great dealings in the manufactures of cambricks and lace. His brother John, a very profligate man, had demanded of him, and took it ill that he denied him, a thousand guineas; for no better reason, but because he had generously given that sum to each of the wicked man's children. Surely, he pleaded, he was as nearly related to his brother as were those his children. No plea is too weak for folly and self-interest to insist upon. Yet my Mr. Danby had often given this brother large sums, which he squandered away almost as soon as he received them.

My father used to make remittances to Mr. Danby, for my use; for his dealings in other branches of commerce extended to the South of France and Italy: This brought me acquainted with him.

He took a great liking to me. I saw him first at Lyons; and he engaged me to visit him at Cambray, whenever I should go to Paris or Flanders.

Accompanying a friend, soon after, to Paris, I performed my promise.

He had a villa in the Cambresis, at a small distance from the city, which he sometimes called his *cottage*, at others his *dormitory*. It was a little lone house: He valued it for its elegance. Thither, after I had passed two days with him at his house in the city, he carried me.

His brother, enraged at being refused the sum he had so unreasonably demanded, formed a plot to get possession of his whole fortune. My Mr. Danby was a bachelor, and, it was known, had, to that time, an aversion to the thoughts of making his will.

The wretch, in short, hired three ruffians to murder him. The attempt was to be made in this little house, that the fact might have the appearance of being perpetrated by robbers; and the cabinets in the bed-chamber, if there were time for it, after the horrid fact was perpetrated, were to be broke open, and rifled, in order to give credit to that appearance. The villains were each to be rewarded with a thousand crowns, payable on the wicked man's getting possession of his brother's fortune; and they had fifty crowns apiece paid them in hand. Their unnatural employer waited the event at Calais, tho' he told them he should be at Dunkirk.

I had one servant with me, who lay with a man-servant of Mr. Danby in a little room over the stable, about a hundred yards from the house. There were only conveniencies in the house for Mr. Danby and a friend, besides two women-servants in the upper part of it.

About midnight I was alarmed by a noise, as of vio-

lence used at the window of Mr. Danby's room. Mine communicated with his. The fastening of the door was a spring-lock, the key of which was on my side. •

I slipt on my cloaths in an instant, and, drawing my sword, rushed into the next room, just as one villain, with a large knife in his hand, had seized the throat of Mr. Danby, who, till then, was in a sound sleep. The skin of his neck, and one hand lifted up to defend himself, were slightly wounded before I ran the ruffian into the shoulder, as I did with my sword, and in the same moment disarmed him, and threw him, with violence, from the bed, against the door. He roared out, that he was a dead man.

A second fellow had got up to the window, and was half in: He called out, to a third below, to hasten up after him, on a ladder, which was generally left in an outhouse near the little garden.

I hastened to this second fellow, who then fired a pistol; but happily missed me; and who, feeling my sword's point in his arm, threw himself, with a little of my help, out of the window, upon the third fellow, who was mounting the ladder, and knock'd him off: And then both made their escape by the way they came.

The fellow within had fainted, and lay weltring in his blood.

By this time, the two women-servants had let in our men, who had been alarmed by the report of the pistol, and by the screams of the women from their window; for they ventured not out of their chamber till they were called upon for entrance, by their fellow-servant from below.

The two footmen, by my direction, bound up the ruf-

fian's shoulder: They dragged him down into the hall: He soon came to himself, and offered to make an ample confession.

Poor Mr. Danby had crept into my room, and in a corner of it had fainted away. We recovered him with difficulty.

The fellow confessed, before a magistrate, the whole villainy, and who set him at work: The other two, being disabled by their bruises from flying far, were apprehended next day. The vile brother was sent after to Dunkirk, according to the intelligence given of him by the fellows; but he having informed himself of what had happened, got over from Calais to Dover.

The wounded man, having lost much blood, recovered not. They were all three ordered to be executed; but, being interceded for, the surviving villains were sent to the gallies.

It seems they knew nothing of Mr. Danby's having a guest with him: If they had, they owned they would have made their attempt another night."

We were about to deliver our sentiments on this extraordinary event, when Sir Charles turning to Lady L. Let me ask you, said he, (the servant being withdrawn) Has Charlotte found out her own mind?

Yes, yes, Sir; I believe she has opened all her heart to Miss Byron.

Then I shall know more of it in ten minutes, than Charlotte would let me know in as many hours.

Stand-by, every-body, said the humorous Lady—Let me get up, and make my brother one of my best courtesies.

Sir Charles was just then called out to a messenger, who brought him Letters from town. He returned to us, his complexion heightened, and a little discomposed.

I intended, madam, said he, to me, to have craved the honour of your company for half an hour in my Lord's library, on the subject we were talking of: But these Letters require my immediate attention. The messenger must return with my answers to two of them, early in the morning. You will have the goodness, looking round him, to dispense with my attendance on you at supper. But perhaps, madam, to me, you will be so good, as, in one word, to say, No, or Yes, for Charlotte.

*Miss Gr.* What, Sir, to be *given up* without a preface!—I beg your pardon. *Less than ten words* shall not do, I assure you, tho' from my sister Harriet.

*Sir Ch.* Who given up, Charlotte? *yourself*? If so, I have my answer.

*Miss Gr.* Or Lord G.—I have not said which. Would you have my poor Lord rejected by a slighting monosyllable only?

*Lady L.* Mad girl!

*Miss Gr.* Why, Lady L. don't you see that Sir Charles wants to take me by *implication*? But my Lord G. is neither so soon lost, nor Charlotte so easily won. Harriet, if *you* would give up yourself at a first question, then I will excuse you if you give up *me* as easily, but not else.

*Harriet.* If Sir Charles thinks a conference upon the subject unnecessary—Pray don't let us give him the trouble of holding one. His time, you see, is very precious.

Can you guess, Lucy, at the humour I was in when I said this?—If you think it was a very good one, you are mistaken; yet I was sorry for it afterwards. Foolish self-



betrayed! Why should I seem to wish for a conference with him? But that was not all—To be petulant with such a one, when his heart was distressed; for so it proved: But he was too polite, too great, shall I say? to take notice of my petulance. How little does it make me in my own eyes!

Had I, said he, ever so easily obtained a knowledge of my sister's mind, I should not have known how to depend upon it, were it not strengthened, madam, from your lips. The conference, therefore, which you gave me hopes you would favour me with, would have been absolutely necessary. I hope Miss Byron will allow me to invite her to it to-morrow morning. The intended subject of it is a very serious one with me. My sister's happiness, and that of a man not unworthy, are concerned in it, lightly as Charlotte has hitherto treated it. He bowed, and was going.

*Miss Gr.* Nay, pray, brother—You must not leave me in anger.

*Sir Ch.* I do not, Charlotte. I had rather bear with you, than you should with me. I see you cannot help it. A lively heart is a great blessing. Indulge it. Now is your time.

Dear Doctor, said Miss Grandison, when Sir Charles was gone out, What can be the meaning of my brother's gravity? It alarms me.

*Dr. B.* If goodness, madam, would make a heart lively, Sir Charles's would be as lively as your own; but you might have perceived by his air, when he entered, that the Letters brought him affected him too much to permit him to laugh off a light answer to a serious question.

*Miss Gr.* Dear Doctor!—But I do now recollect, that he entered with some little discomposure on his countenance. How *could* I be so inattentive?

*Harriet.* And I, too, I doubt, was a little captious.

*Dr. B.* A *very* little. Pardon me, madam.

Just then came in the excellent man.

*Dr. Bartlett,* I would wish to ask you one question, said he.

*Miss Gr.* You are angry with me, brother.

*Sir Ch.* No, my dear!—But I am afraid I withdrew with too grave an air. I have been a thousand times pleased with you, Charlotte, to one time displeased; and when I have been the latter, you have always known it: I had something in my hand that ruffled me a little. But how could patience be patience, if it were not tried? I wanted to say a few words to my good *Dr. Bartlett*: And, to say truth, being conscious that I had departed a little abruptly, I could not be easy till I apologized in person for it; therefore came to *ask* the favour of the Doctor's advice, rather than *request* it by message.

The Doctor and he withdrew together.

In these small instances, said my Lord, are the characters of the heart displayed, far more than in greater. What excellence shines out in full lustre, on this unaffected and seemingly little occasion! Fear of offending; of giving uneasiness; solicitude to remove doubts; patience recommended in one short sentence, more forcibly than some would have done it in a long discourse, as well as by example; censuring himself, not from a consciousness of being wrong, but of being *taken* wrong. Ah! my dear sister Charlotte, we should all edify by such an example—But I say no more.

*Miss Gr.* And have *you* nothing to say, Harriet?

*Harriet.* Very little, since I have been much to blame myself: Yet let me remind my Charlotte, that her brother was displeased with her yesterday, for treating too lightly

a subject he had engaged in seriously; and that he has been forced to refer to her friend, rather than to herself, to help him to the knowledge of her mind. O Charlotte! regret you not the occasion given for the expedient? And do you not [Yes, I see you do] blush for giving it? Yet to see him come voluntarily back, when he had left us in a grave humour, for fear the babies should think him angry with them; O how great is he! and how little are we!

*Miss Gr.* Your servant, sister Harriet!—You have made a *dainty* speech, I think: But, great and good as my brother is, we know how it comes to pass, that your pretty imagination is always at work to aggrandize the man, and to lower the babies!

*Harriet.* I will not say another word on the subject. You are not generous, Charlotte.

She took my hand: Forgive me, my dear—I touch'd too tender a string. Then turning to Miss Jervois, and with the other hand taking hers, Why twinkles thus my girl?—I charge you, Emily, tell me all you think.

I am thinking, said she, that my guardian is not happy. To see him bear with every-body; to have him keep all his troubles to himself, because he would not afflict any-body; and yet study to lighten and remove the troubles of every-body else—Did he not say, that he should be happy, but for the unhappiness of other people?

Excellent young creature! said Miss Grandison: I love you every day better and better. For the future, my dear, do not retire, whatever subjects we talk of. I see, that we may confide in your discretion. But well as you love your guardian, say nothing to him of what women talk to women. My Lord L. is an exception, in *this* case: He is one of us.

*Harriet.* O Miss Grandison! what a mix'd character

is yours! How good you can be, when you please! and how naughty!

*Miss Gr.* Well, and you like me, just now?—That's the beauty of it; to offend and make up, at pleasure. Old Terence was a shrewd man: The falling out of Lovers, says he (as Lord L. once quoted him) is the renewal of Love. Are we not now better friends, than if we had never differed? And do you think that I will not, if I marry, exercise my husband's patience now-and-then for this very purpose?—Let *me* alone, Harriet: Now a quarrel; now a reconciliation; I warrant I shall be happier than any of the yawning see-saws in the kingdom. Everlasting *summers* would be a grievance.

*Harriet.* You may be right, if you are exceeding *discreet* in your perversenesses, Charlotte; and yet, if you *are*, you will not lay out for a quarrel, I fancy. The world, or you will have better luck than your brother seems to have had, will find you opportunities enow for exercising the tempers of both, without your needing to study for occasions.

*Miss Gr.* Study for them, Harriet! I sha'n't study for them, neither: They will come of course.

*Harriet.* I was about to ask a question—But 'tis better let alone.

*Miss Gr.* I *will* have it. What was your question? Don't you see what a good-natured fool I am? You may say any-thing to me: I won't be angry.

*Harriet.* I was going to ask you, If you were ever concerned two hours together, for any fault you ever committed in your life?

*Miss Gr.* Yes, yes, yes; and for two-and-twenty hours: for sometimes the inconveniencies that followed my errors, were not presently over, as in a certain case, which

I'll be hang'd if you have not in your head, with that sly leer that shews the rogue in your heart: But when I got rid of consequences, no bird in spring was ever more blith. I carolled away every care at my harpsichord.—But Emily will think me mad—Remember, child, that Miss Byron is the woman by whose mind you are to form yours: Never regard *me*, when *she* is in company.—But now (and she whimsically arose, and opened the door, and saying *Begone*, shut it, and coming to her place) I have turned my folly out of door.

*Friday morn. Seven o'clock.*

I have written for these two days passed at every opportunity; and, for the two nights, hardly knowing what sleepiness was, two hours, each night, have contented me. I wonder whether I shall be summoned by-and-by to the proposed conference; but I am equally sorry and apprehensive, on occasion of the Letters which have given Sir Charles Grandison so much anxiety: Foreign Letters, I doubt not!—I wish this ugly word *foreign* were blotted out of my vocabulary; out of my memory, rather. I never, till of late, was so narrow-hearted—But that I have said before, twenty times.

I have written—How many sheets of paper!—A monstrous Letter—Pacquet, rather. I will begin a new one, with what shall offer this day. Adieu, till by-and-by, my Lucy.